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Duke Undergraduate Literary Monthly



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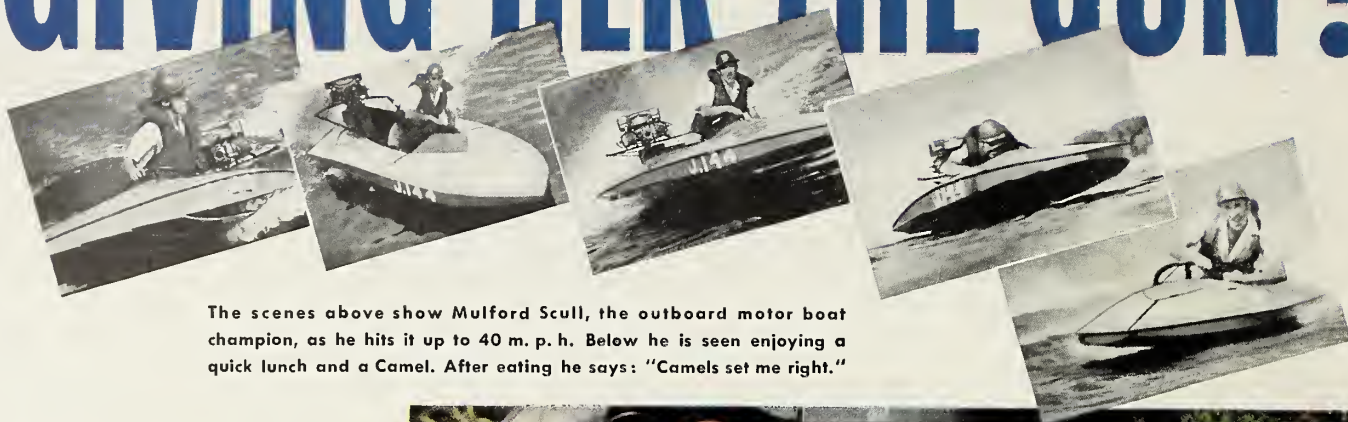
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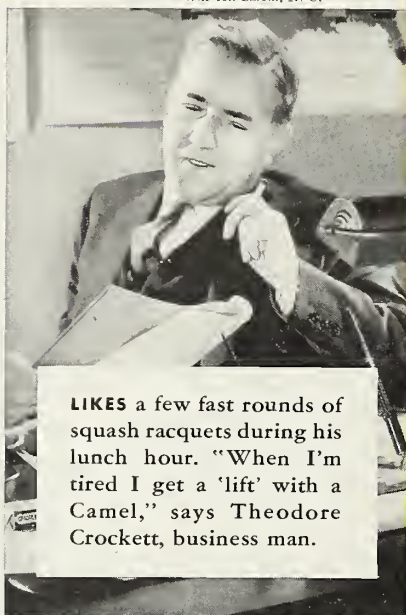
Editorial and Contributors

GIVING HER THE GUN!



The scenes above show Mulford Scull, the outboard motor boat champion, as he hits it up to 40 m. p. h. Below he is seen enjoying a quick lunch and a Camel. After eating he says: "Camels set me right."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



LIKES a few fast rounds of squash racquets during his lunch hour. "When I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel," says Theodore Crockett, business man.



IN 1929, Mulford Scull became National Amateur Champion. This year he made a clean sweep of the Class "A" Outboard events at the Miami Regatta. The trophies he's won in his years of racing fill a room.

Jolts, vibration, nervous tension—are all part of what an outboard driver undergoes. In Mulford Scull's own words:

"The way these outboards bounce knocks the daylight out of digestion. Yet when chow comes around, I'm right there—all set with Camels. They help keep my digestion on an even keel. And they never jangle my nerves."

JACK OAKIE IS BACK ON THE AIR!

Tune in on the fun-making President of Oakie College and his college variety show, including *Benny Goodman's Swing Band*, this Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T.—WABC-CBS.

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"A SALESGIRL can't afford jangled nerves," says Maxine Hollen. "I've chosen Camels—once and for all. Camels don't upset my nerves or irritate my throat."

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!

The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LI

OCTOBER, 1937

NUMBER ONE

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

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Editorial

It would be fatuous naivete to hope that this, the first issue of the 1937-38 ARCHIVE, will be greeted with anything but the usual apathy. For you see, we can't confine ourselves solely to sex and football. And there isn't anything else that interests the Duke University student body.

There is however a small minority on the campus who will read our magazine with interest. We ask that they tender us their opinions and suggestions for improvement. More than that, we implore them not to be bashful in submitting to us anything literary they may have created. We're here on the campus to serve the purpose of publishing your work.

As for the majority who will pick this up with their minds framing epithets of derogation, we ask that you ignore us. One enlightened member of that political hangover—the Publication's Board—reminded us last year that as the majority of you are not interested, and

have no active interest, in matters Archivan, you are thus being greatly imposed upon in having to pay the exorbitant sum of \$1 per year for a magazine you don't want.

We thought at the time of pointing out to him that the majority of you are paying a hell of a lot more than that each year for an education you don't want. And we thought, subsequently, of pointing out to him the egregious evidences of the adolescent character of the Duke University student body in general, and of showing him that the sum total of extra-curricular reading done by the Duke student body included nothing but the sports page of the *Morning Herald* and that book Joe has on the relations of young married couples, and of trying to convince him that the highest emotional pitch reached by his majority could be found only in that "rah" feebly uttered at one of the home games, and of going on to tell him frankly that we didn't give a damn about his majority.

But then we decided that that would not befit our dignity, and that we would just wait, and sometime take occasion to refer that majority to the *Duke & Duchess* and a package of cubebs—and let it go at that.

The whole matter resolves itself into this very simple problem. If nowhere else, a literary magazine should have a place on a university campus. If it doesn't find that place, is it the fault of the magazine or the campus?

A new feature which we hope to continue throughout the year is an article of some kind from alumni formerly connected with the ARCHIVE. We hope somehow to link the outside world of bread and butter with the college world of beer and oddly matched coats and trousers.

We were particularly fortunate in procuring for this issue an extremely competent article (the first one) by Hubert Hayes, with the ARCHIVE back around 1926, and now an accredited playwright. His is the voice of an authority, and a surprisingly pleasant one at that. A. T. West's class should benefit therefrom. His letter will tell you all about him.

44 North Liberty St.,
Asheville, N. C.

Robert Wilson, editor,
THE ARCHIVE,
Duke University,
Durham, N. C.

In case you want to know a bit of my experiences since leaving Duke, I will touch chiefly on some of the high spots. I've tried my hand at almost everything. Namely: Hotel clerk, summer seasons in stock, real estate salesman, newspaper work, independent stage producing, short story writing, and finally into the hazardous profession of fire fighting—a job that fits my scheme of life perfectly.

For several years one phase of our duty consisted of standing up all night for seven days at the switchboard waiting for an alarm to be 'phoned in, or sent to us by telegraph box. Now, our department answers on the average of about four hundred calls a year, but there were long intervals when the hardest job was to sit—and wait! With every turn at the 'board', I became more restless. I felt that *something* could be done to convert those long stretches into profitable hours. There was. I had a brain-storm. Why not, since I had *acted* in numerous plays, write a drama of my own? I confided in no one—just procured a long, yellow pad and got busy. I came up—at the end of that par-

(Continued on Page 20)



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

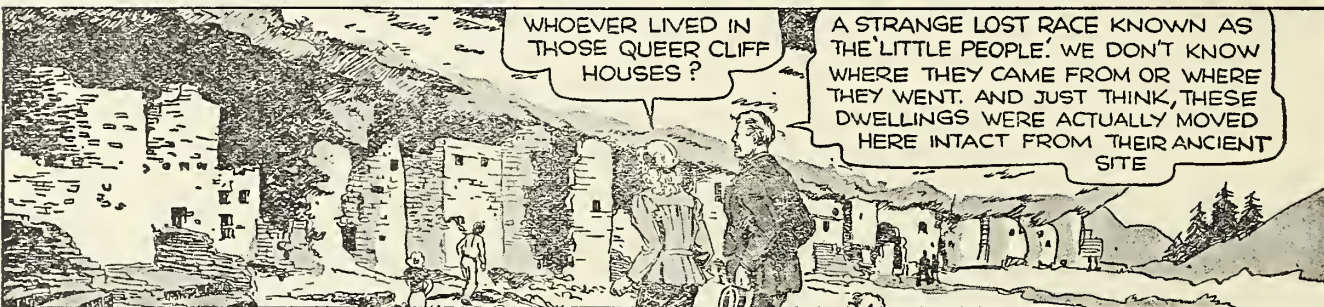
AT PIKE'S PEAK

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS! WHY, DADDY, IT'S AS PRETTY AS - AS A PICTURE POSTCARD

IT'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY GRAND THINGS TO BE SEEN IN THIS PIKE'S PEAK REGION, CHUBBINS

O-O-OH- THIS BALANCED ROCK GIVES ME A SCARY FEELING

WELL, IT'S BEEN STANDING HERE A LONG TIME - I DON'T THINK IT WILL FALL TODAY



WHOEVER LIVED IN THOSE QUEER CLIFF HOUSES?

A STRANGE LOST RACE KNOWN AS THE 'LITTLE PEOPLE'. WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM OR WHERE THEY WENT. AND JUST THINK, THESE DWELLINGS WERE ACTUALLY MOVED HERE INTACT FROM THEIR ANCIENT SITE

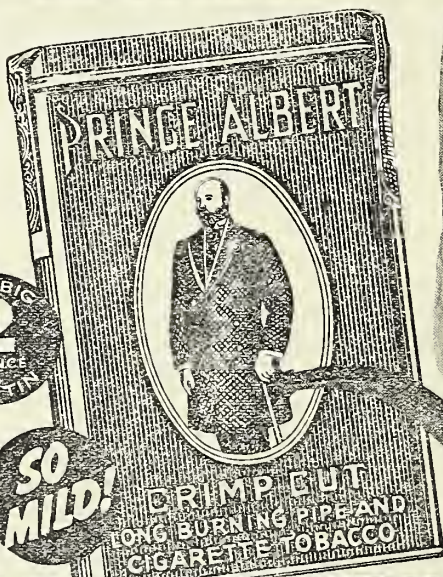
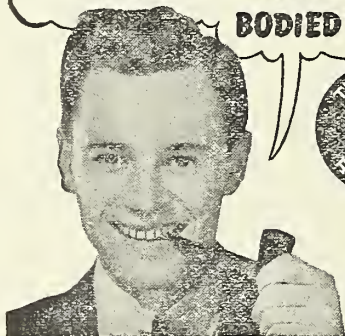
OH, DADDY, THERE'S THE FAMOUS COG-RAILWAY CAR. I WISH WE HAD COME UP ON IT. YOU MUST BE TIRED FROM THAT DRIVE

NOT AT ALL. I JUST KEPT THINKING HOW GOOD THIS PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WOULD TASTE WHEN WE GOT UP HERE

NOW FOR A MILD, MELLOW SMOKE. YOU KNOW, CHUBBINS, THE LONGER A MAN GOES WITHOUT PRINCE ALBERT, THE MORE HE APPRECIATES HOW GOOD IT IS. IT ALWAYS SMOKES SO COOL, WITHOUT A BIT OF 'TONGUE-BITE'!

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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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DUKE UNDERGRADUATE LITERARY MONTHLY

VOLUME LI



NUMBER ONE

October, 1937

This Thing Called Play Writing

HUBERT HAYES

Duke, 1924

PLAYS are not written, they're rewritten!

No one seems to know the author of that little aphorism; but it is needle-sharp truth, Embryonic Playwrights, and a shackle from which you will never escape: for the dramatist's workaday life is an endless gamut of rechecks, rebuilds and rewritings of, many times, often, his entire opus. It is his ghost in the garret—his literary Sword of Damocles.

Why, most budding O'Neills ask, *should* a play be rewritten? If the dramatist has given his 'all', and if the play reads well, why waste the time? I shall answer those inevitable queries by reconstructing, in playlet form, just what transpired between this author and a fair young thing with a play under her arm. It happened during her second visit to my workshop. The skit might aptly be called:

THE AUTHOR KNOWS BEST

Characters

HE: A playwright, and selling—occasionally.

SHE: A novice.

SCENE: A room. The furnishings are ordinary and there is an atmosphere of disorder about the place. A home-made bookcase stands up C. Other distinctly male

effects rear ugly heads hither and yon. A long table—upon which rests a typewriter and numerous pages of alleged bond paper, second sheets, etc.—is near window L. An assortment of crumpled sheets are lying around nearby wastebasket.

AT RISE: He is pecking feverishly at the typewriter. After a stretching pause, he lights a cigarette, inhales deeply, and returns to business of writing. A knock is heard at the room's only door U. R.

HE: Yes?—Come in! (*Pause. The door opens and SHE, a striking young lady of twenty-two, comes into room. There is a drawn, triumphant look on her face and she is carrying a rolled, beribboned manuscript.*)

SHE: Well, I'm back.

HE: Oh, it's Miss—! (*Rising, shakes hands with eye on script.*) Say! You haven't finished SMOKY MOUNTAIN ANGEL—already?

SHE: I most certainly have, or I wouldn't be here. (*Offering script to him.*) Followed that outline you gave me, too—wrote in every scene.

HE: Hm-m-m! (*Taking script dubiously.*) That 'telling off' scene in act three was quite lengthy. Are you sure that. . . .

SHE: (*Breaking in.*) Oh, yes! I even added two of my own. You'll just love the opening scene. Mother said it almost made her cry.

HE: That's fine. That's—just—fine. Sit down, Miss—. (*Indicates straight chair R; she smiles, sits primly.*) I still can't understand how you finished so quickly. (*Removing ribbon from script, sits at table.*) A full length drama in six days! I'm still on that little one act piece HELD FOR CALL, and . . .

SHE: (*Quickly, with tremendous surprise.*) Surely, not! Why, it would take you a month to write a three act play—wouldn't it?

HE: (*Hiding a smile.*) I was eleven months writing TIGHT BRITCHES—and ten years collecting material for it. (*Arranging her script; quickly, apologetically.*) But I'm a painfully slow worker. We'll get on with your play.

SHE: Eleven months! That's—why, that's nearly a year. I could write the History of Egypt in that time. (*Looks up, he is reading; rises, moves to bookcase up C., takes out three plays in published form.*) Smoky Joe!—The Red Spider!—Blackberry Winter! (*Checks other books in case, turning in surprise.*) Are these all you've had published?

HE: (*Without looking up.*) Yes. The others—the professional plays—are in mimeographed form.

SHE: Mimeographed form! (*He nods abstractly.*) But—why?

HE: Cheaper to furnish a director's script, for one thing. (*Trying*

to read and explain.) The idea, with professional plays, is not to get them published but *produced*—to collect a royalty fee now and then.

SHE: (*Admiring play books.*) Oh, I hope you'll help get my play into print. I'd make whoopee for six months.

HE: (*Looking up for first time.*) Your first scene is laid in a wagon—a moving covered wagon! The outline I gave you called for a mountain cabin throughout.

SHE: (*Glibly, replacing plays in bookcase.*) I know, but can't you just *see* the young mother bumping along with a sick baby in her arms? I—It's slanted that way for all mothers.

HE: Rosetta opens the first act praying for her baby. She continues the intercession from Smoke-mont to Beech Flats. (*With a wry smile.*) That—to quote her husband—is about two hours ride. Some prayer! (*Now very serious.*) Didn't you remember what I told you about 'timing' your speeches?

SHE: Yes—but I wanted to place Rosetta's character. (*As though nothing else mattered.*) She's a real mother, you can't deny that.

HE: (*In a guarded, tolerant voice.*) Too real, I'm afraid, for a play mother. (*Looking thoughtfully at script.*) On page two the scene changes to a mountain doctor's living room. Does act one end at the doctor's home?

SHE: No, in scene three—where the baby dies—they're at Rosetta's Mother's house. In a little cabin on Silver Bald Ridge.

HE: Three changes of scenery in one act! How many scenes in the whole play?

SHE: Only ten—three in act two, and four in act three. I needed at least two more but you said to be stingy with them.

HE: Stingy was too mild. I should have said downright *frugal*. (*Warming to a hard task.*) I'm sorry Miss—, but your play will have to be rewritten.

SHE: Rewritten! You mean, you don't—like it?

HE: What I like does not matter. Sit down, Miss—. (*She sits, eyeing him quizzically.*) Are you really

serious about wanting to write plays?

SHE: I'm more than serious. I—I'm just *dying* to have a play on Broadway.

HE: Broadway! Times Square! (*Philosophically.*) Like trying to enter college without first passing the under-grades.

SHE: What do you mean? I've been to college—*junior* college. I graduated with honors.

HE: But you had to pass eleven years of under-grade work before entering college. Didn't you?

SHE: Well—yes.

HE: Writing takes the same pound of flesh. You want to see your name in lights *on your first play*. It has happened once or twice, I'll admit, but the odds are too great against you. (*Without trying to dishearten her.*) My guess is, it can't be done!

SHE: (*A great light finally dawning.*) Are you trying to tell me that my play is—*no good*?

HE: No criticism is worth listening to, Miss—, unless it's honest. I'm trying to be honest now. (*Awkward pause.*) In its present state, your play is impossible. Not so much the. . .

SHE: Oh! (*Recoiling as if she had been slapped.*) Oh! And I worked so hard. Why, one night I sat up 'till—till three o'clock!

HE: When you write does not matter, it's what you put on the pages.

SHE: But Mother liked it; so did Aunt Jenny, and she's *been* to New York.

HE: We write plays because some producer, or editor, is paying money for such work. We—want—that—money! (*With a tolerant, half-smile.*) Mother and Aunt Jenny make a grand audience but, unfortunately, they don't hand out the acceptance checks.

SHE: If I'm that far off, why did you help me in the first place?

HE: I helped you because you have the gift of, and the ability to write, dramatic suspense. It is the first requisite of play writing. (*Looking her squarely in the eye.*) You may not realize it, but I'm complimenting you—immensely. Now, if you will really get to work on this play, work like a Trojan

and take your time, it might have a chance in the Little Theatre field.

SHE: (*Haughtily.*) I feel that I could only write for Broadway.

HE: Forget Broadway! (*Beginning to lose patience.*) Forget everything, but writing a play. Go home and follow that outline I gave you. Take out *nine* of those scenes. Write your show using only the mountain cabin. You're writing a play, not a movie scenario.

SHE: (*Childishly stubborn.*) But I won't have the freedom to. . .

HE: (*Cutting in relentlessly.*) And another thing, cut all your speeches to at least four lines. You might get by with a longer one during the climax but even then, for a beginner, it's dangerous. Write as people talk—naturally and to the point. Do you understand what I'm driving at?

SHE: Yes, I think I do. (*Crosses to table, gathering up script.*) You're trying to steal my plot.

HE: Your—! (*Aghast.*) Why, my dear young lady, that's absurd!

SHE: Oh, don't act so innocent. (*Flaring on him, with rising anger.*) I know your kind. This play is good, and you know it! You gave me all those things to do, hoping I'd fold up. You're just waiting for the chance to call it *your own*!

HE: Call *what* my own?

SHE: My idea. My play! Oh, you wouldn't do anything for awhile. You'd wait a year—maybe two. But sooner or later, you'd write a play *like mine* and you'd sell it. (*Folding script possessively, moves up R.*) Well, your plan didn't work. I'm sending my play to New York *tonight*!

HE: But it isn't ready for New York. It's—it won't play.

SHE: Huh! It's as good as anything you've ever done. (*Sweeping majestically out door U. R.*) Good Afternoon! (*The door slams. He looks after her for a moment; shrugs, turns slowly to typewriter as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Overdrawn? Hardly. It happened one sunny afternoon, in my own house. The young lady 'just couldn't stand' subjecting her brainchild to a major operation. A

year has passed and no sponsor, to date, has gathered SMOKY MOUNTAIN ANGEL to his bosom. Most lamentable, though, is the fact that my young caller had the makings of a good play. Even her first draft showed promise.

The above skit, let me hasten to add, is not an indictment against the fairer sex. Far from it. Too many of the Blue Stocking Guild have proven they can write even better than their male contemporaries. Only one woman has invaded my camp seeking advice, as against fully a dozen men. Yet in almost every case the violations were in parallel—up the same blind alleys. I will list a few of those most common.

PLOT

Incident is never a story. The same holds true with a play. Only a series of incidents will stack up correctly. The house must be built, if you please, with many bricks—not one. Roughly, plot is beginning as nearly as possible to the climax—or highest peak—of one's drama, building a *logical* series of incidents, each one necessary to the climax, and unfurling a complete story. Plot should never move in a straight line. Follow the detour route—always! Motivate characters *away* from the goal, at times, but keep them forever trying to win. The football team that could march rough-shod over any and all opponents would soon lose its gallery. Balanced conflict is what fills the stadium, because conflict begets drama. Opposing forces in a play are merely 'Literary Quarter-backs', each trying to out-general the other. And—remember this well—if one general resorts to underhand tactics, let the clean general win. Fair-minded audiences demand it.

CHARACTERIZATION

Successful delineation of character comes, as a rule, after long months of study and effort. It is an intangible art, requiring thorough observation of those living and careful study into the works of other dramatists. Not with the plagiarist's eye—never!—but study *how* he, or she, made a hobo down on his luck; a trollop immoral; or

a miser greedy. The desired earmarks must be there at all times, else the character will be 'thin'—hopelessly anaemic.

Avoid everyday types; tinsel heroes; lackadaisical leading ladies; and even though the temptation be great, the easiest way out, steer away from other writer's creations. For a character, to please an audience, or a reader, must radiate diverse color—that different 'little something'—or best of all, clear-cut novelty. He must be consistent. If lazy at rise of curtain, he must be avoiding active work when the play ends. A character must be necessary to moving the play forward. Never inject a drunkard, for instance, solely to exploit his alcoholic wit. His inebriate traits must somehow form a stout rib in the play's structure. If he fails, drop him. He's deadly.

Never overlap characters. Each must stand out from all others like a sore thumb. One girl is correctly gowned, another tawdry; the audience must jump. There is one man is a rascal, another clean to the bone; Jane wants a career, Mary pines for a home—and laughing babies. *Diversified* characters at once suggest conflict. They are invaluable to plot.

DIALOGUE

Direct discourse might fittingly be called the play's 'Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes'. Keep them presentable at all times. Dialogue not only unfolds plot, it bares character—counts the spectator's pulse. It invites pathos; inveigles laughter; and, most important, it holds the emotional hoop through which the audience must jump. There is no secret formula for turning out sparkling dialogue. It comes simply with writing, *and rewriting!* After endless, patient effort those page-devouring speeches dwindle to lengths of shocking brevity. Characters begin to speak with ease—saying exactly what the writer intended, and saying it only as the imaginary person *should* talk. John Beginner would have the mountain doctor say:

DOCTOR: Mrs. Edney, your baby does not have a bronchial infection. I gave him a thorough examina-

tion just now, and he is suffering from a bad case of dyphtheria. At least, it looks that way to me.

But if Johnny would keep hammering away, get into his character's head and think *for* him, the speech would condense to:

DOCTOR: It ain't croup, Lucy. Th' young-un's got dyphtheria, an' he's got it *bad*.

The second speech is brutally frank; unforgivably crude for a doctor some may think, but it's dead-center: for the upland physician is called upon, day in and day out, to treat the mountain man, his wife, children and creatures; and even though city-bred, he will unconsciously absorb—and use—his clients' mode of speaking. Moreover, to be a success, he is *driven* to use such words as 'thar' and 'git' and 'hain't', etc. If he doesn't, he is 'uppity' and 'quar'.

Now, let us study—abridging with description—two brief sketches of Broadway-tested dialogue. Even turn a critical ear as we go along to plot and character building. For best results, we must open the action 'cold', checking later on what the characters have told us. The scenes we shall analyze are from the New York production, which this writer wrote in collaboration with John Taintor Foote, called:

TIGHT BRITCHES*

(Act II; Scene I; Page 16)

(Enter JESS CABE from outside door U. R.)

JESS: (*Coming slightly down R., with a long face.*) Folks, I got awful bad news. (*Silence: all look at JESS inquiringly. VISTIE finally breaks.*)

VISTIE: What's happened now?

JESS: (*Mysteriously.*) We're in a powerful, bad fix!

VISTIE: Us?

JESS: I mean ever-body 'round here. Th' arn bridge over Minnie Ball Creek's went out, an' Parson Bostic can't git a-crost.

ULYS: Oh, I might a-knowned *somethin'd* happen!

LOW: Never mind, Ulys. They'll hold meetin' again next second Sunday.

* Produced by Laurence Rivers, Inc., Avon Theatre, New York, 1934.

JESS: We bin tryin' t' git th' Reverend a-crost Right Fork. Tied a lot o' cow rope togedder, but. . . (*Shaking his head dolefully.*) . . . twern't no use.

VISTIE: Guess it's jest as well. Ulys couldn't do th' Parson's text-readin' 'thout makin' a bauble, no how.

JESS: (*Perking up.*) Well, sir! When he see'd he couldn't git a-crost with no rope, Bostic done a powerful, resky thing.

VISTIE: Lord help us! He ain't drowned, is he?

JESS: No, hit's wosser'n that. He hollered over an' said: (*Cupping hand over mouth, speaks clearly.*) Tell Ulys Palmer t' do th' preachin' fer me! Tell Ulys Palmer t' do th' preachin' fer me! (*Smiling surreptitiously.*) Now, ain't that awful!

VISTIE: Well, I-god!*

LOU: (*Running to ULYS, throws her arms around him.*) Ulys! Oh, Ulys! (*He disengages her arms and places hand on her head in gesture suggesting benediction. Assumes ministerial air, which he holds throughout scene.*)

BRAD: (*Ripping off shirt, sees VISTIE staring at ULYS with a frozen smile.*) Visty, don't stand there grinnin' like a mule eatin' briars! Whur's my Sunday britches?

VISTIE: (*Coming abruptly back to earth.*) Thought you had t' mind yer hog.

BRAD: Damn th' hog! Git my pants! (*Drops suspenders, rushes out door R.*)

VISTIE: (*Calling after him.*) Git 'em yerself, if ye haf't tear down th' house doin' it!

JESS: (*To ULYS, with mock-seriousness.*) Howdy, parson! Like t' have ye come up t' dinner some Sunday.

ULYS: (*With tremendous new dignity.*) I'd be more'n glad t' eat with ye. . . (*Hands locked behind him, bows deeply.*) . . . Brother Cabel!

JESS: (*Puzzled for moment. To others.*) Well! Don't take him long t' git parson-i-fied, does it?

VISTIE: (*Showing grave concern.*)

* A purely unsacriligious byword, used by Vistie throughout play.

What's come over ye, son? Ain't ailin', air ye?

ULYS: No, I ain't ailin'. I've got t' preach God's Word today—an' I'm thinkin' o' what that means!

Jess decides that Ulys needs a collar—since folks will be gazing at him for two or three hours—and offers his new 'celly-lied' one. Lou and Ulys go to the nearby Cabe homestead for the collar, and during the interim, Jess proposes to Vistie. She stalls him off—explaining that since her sister's death, she has vowed to remain with the Palmers until she got Marthy's boy settled. But Jess, afraid the widower, Brad, might snatch her up, pursues his conquest all the harder. To which Vistie replies: "Now, listen, Jess. That gal o' yore'n is a plum set-an'-heave fool about that quar-headed nephew o' mine." Jess agrees, and she continues emphatically, "Now, th' day we git 'em on that farm you promised Lou—with her a-lookin' ater 'im—an' a-keepin' 'im bendin' his back over work he's fittin' to do—I'll marry up with ye that very day." Jess would amorously follow up Vistie's brief concession, but Lou and Ulys—now bedecked in a tall, glistening collar—come back into room. Vistie, after another critical inspection, offers her black waist-belt, which Lou fashions gaudily around Ulyses' neck. Jess calls to Brad who is dressing off R.:

Jess: Brad! Come look at th' new parson now! (*BRAD enters from R., wearing his Sunday-best.*)

BRAD: (*Strutting proudly. Rubbing his hair, now plastered down with groundhog grease.*) His pappy don't look so bad, does he?

VISTIE: (*Sniffing, frowns.*) You'll be dang lucky if they let you in th' church.

ULYS: (*Speaking as the typical mountain exhorter.*) Maybe you folks don't believe in miracles. I jest want t' tell ye that th' Good Lord jest brought one about. He done it 'specially fer me. (*Moving just behind table C.*) I wuz a-cussin' th' freshet this mornin'—'cause we nearly lost our hog an' part uv th' corn crap. But jest while I wuz a-cussin' it, that freshet wuz a-makin' ol' Minnie Ball rise up. An' she done riz up—an' held

Preacher Bostic on t'other side t' give me my chance!

VISTIE: (*Taking up ULYSES' coat from chair L.*) Yeah. You got yer chanc't, an' we got ye ready. (*Helping him into coat.*) But don't fer-get—you'll be up there on yer own s'mornin', 'thout nobody t' help ye.

ULYS: Yes, I'll need help. I won't never need it any more'n I do right now. (*Doubtful for moment; then, with conviction.*) I'd like fer ye t' git down on yer knees with me, while I axe God Almighty t' show me th' way. (*Moves to chair L. of table, kneels. LOU kneels besides R. of table. BRAD and JESS exchange blank glances, but kneel quietly. VISTIE kneels grudgingly beside the bed. As the prayer progresses, she raises her head; first, in unbelief; then, her expression changes to inspired awe. ULYS speaks as one lifted into another world.*) Heavenly Father, You have seen fit t' call me—without warnin'—t' preach Yore Word. (*With mounting fervor.*) Oh, Lord! These mountains have shet us off from gittin' th' learnin' an' understandin' that other folks is got. But You have teachd us with these great mountains uv Yore'n how little we air. (*Humbly.*) You have teachd me how little I am, 'thout Yore guidin' hand. (*Body becomes taut, grips sides of chair.*) Help me t' be strong! T' lift up th' down-trodden! An' comfort th' needy! (*Clasps hands, ends with stirring appeal.*) Give me th' understandin' t' bring Yore Word like a shinin' light t' these people hemmed in by th' darkness uv Yore ever-lastin' hills! I ask it in th' name uv our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen! (*Dead silence for moment. Then all rise. VISTIE, particularly, and LOU almost equally, continue to stare at ULYS, who takes his old Bible from table and stands as one transfixed with the Holy Spirit.*)

Well, what have we learned about the play? Quite a few things. We know, by reading only twenty-nine speeches, that Ulys is that unhappiest of all mortals—a near-genius born among people totally unable to comprehend him. We know that he is a born speaker. And in spite of the fact that it is forensic, we know—assuredly after

the prayer—that he *is* too big for his britches; and Ulys needed only five of the twenty-nine speeches to prove it. True, it took more than a four-line speech for the prayer, (And how I've argued against it!) but when one makes an honest appeal to his Maker, it is something apart—in this case, the inner man soaring to emotional heights.

All the scenes, from Jess Cabe's entrance to the prayer, were 'built' for Ulys. After an act and a half of frustration, knocks from Vistie and indifference from his father, the boy *had* to come through. It was his lone chance to rise from a bawling calf to a logging ox. The last paragraph by way of explanation.

We have learned that Vistie is hard-headed and practical, and that she is holding the Palmer household together. We know that she tries to conceal her own softer moments, but her love for Ulys shines through at all times.

Jess, we learn immediately, is the best type of mountaineer. He is a good 'liver'. Has *two* farms, (Unusual for the mountain man) and each seems to be thriving. We find him wise in wanting Vistie, and that he is equally wise in branding Ulys as a good husband for his motherless daughter.

Lou we discover greatly enamored of Ulys and by her very

actions, would *help* him fulfill his ambition to preach. We assume that she is educated—since her speech is practically void of the mountain dialect—and that, alone, would show that she is able to help the man she loves.

In Brad's few lines we recognize the simple, fun-loving highlander who takes life where he finds it; and that he has never cared much for his boy's 'quar idees'; but when the big chance rides forth, his pride in his son becomes humorously manifest.

The above dialogue covers only three typewritten pages—the *whole script a hundred and six*—so it is not hard to judge the amount of plot, characterization *and* dialogue one must pack into a full-length play in order to reach the masses. Mere words will not do. It must *march*—the whole two hours of playing time.

MISCELLANEOUS

Write only about the bits of life, and people, you know! If you live in a mining town, write about miners—and their families. A mill worker cannot, surely, unfold authentic drama pertaining to Broadway night life. Nor can the Times Square 'playboy' give true bits of life from those who toil with the good earth. The same rule holds

in *all* walks of life. If you have never been to London, forget about Limehouse—the Iron Bridge that crosses to Canning Town. Forget everything, except writing of people and situations you know.

Have faith in producers, in publishing house editors! They're pearl diving every day, hoping to come up with new talent—and they won't steal your precious ideas! No reputable producer, or first-line publisher, does business by the plot-lifting route. They want ideas, yes, but they're willing to pay for them.

Keep working. Give your dramatic ability a chance to grow. Remember, it takes a plumber four years to get a practising license; a doctor—ofttimes—ten. The writing game requires a period of apprenticeship—a barren era loaded with heart-break and worry—but it's a grand feeling when that first play 'sticks'.

So undergraduates—and graduates, bless you, if you *must* write that play—the field of drama is yours to explore. Mind you, there's trouble in every act. There's a headache in every scene. A wee-little speech may sometimes play havoc with your religion. But, by and large, it's 'tops' in excitement—and there's plenty of room astride the proverbial upper rung. As Sidney once said:

"Look into thy heart and write."



"Immortality consists in the quality of existence, not the quantity." Walter Pater, *Marius the Epicurean*.

Or, if you shy at immortality, you may apply, and profit thereby, the same line of reasoning to matters of sex and football.

Victory

A STORY

J. WILLIAM VINSON

WHEN Bertha had come to work for us she had asked for every Saturday night off. She had said that she couldn't work all week, cooking food and washing dishes unless she could pleasure herself one night a week. Sunday afternoons and evenings off didn't count because she wasn't pleasuring herself; she was going to church then.

So every Saturday evening after dinner, Bertha would wrap her pink taffeta evening dress in a brown paper sack and go across town. Late the next Sunday morning when Father would be calling for his breakfast, Bertha would slip in the kitchen door and begin making the coffee before she had taken off her hat. In a few minutes she would bring breakfast into the dining room, and Father, noticing how frazzled she looked, would say jokingly: "That boy friend of yours must be giving you bad liquor again." Bertha would pucker her face and say: "I drunk him liquor for the last time."

But all week long while Bertha was cooking food and washing dishes, she would be restless about her boy friend. Once or twice a week he would come out to see her at night, and we could hear their voices in Bertha's room out by the garage. We could always tell when he was coming, for Bertha would bake a cake or a batch of cookies that afternoon and tote half of them out with her at night when she had finished her work. One afternoon Bertha had slipped out some of Father's Jamaica rum, and we had been awakened late that night with loud voices and laughing from Bertha's room. Father had gotten angry and shouted from the bedroom window for her boy friend to get the hell out of here. Pretty soon a model T Ford started up and we knew that he had gone.

For awhile after that, Bertha was more conscientious about her work. But her boy friend didn't come out so often. For two weeks he didn't come out at all, and Bertha saw him only on Saturday night. After that Saturday night, she went about her work stolidly, quietly. Twice during that week, on Monday and on Wednesday, Bertha telephoned his boarding house, and each time a woman's voice told her that he wasn't there.

"That voice sound natural," Bertha said. "It sound like Gloria. I swear 'fore God it sound like Gloria."

Complaining of a toothache, Bertha got off from work Wednesday afternoon to go to the dentist. The excuse to go uptown sounded queer, for she had never had a toothache before; and instead of coming back and resting, she stayed out till late Wednesday night.

But Bertha kept on cooking food and washing dishes. With long brown hands she would polish the silverware and cutlery, laying the knives in neat rows on the table. There was no need for the ice picks, now that we had a frigidaire; but, along with the rest of the cutlery, she would take them from the drawer and clean them till they glittered in the afternoon light. Bertha told me, that Thursday afternoon, while she was polishing the kitchenware, that next to Father's revolver, the surest weapons in the house were those ice picks. She said: "You can jab a ice pick clean through a person. And there ain't nobody can cure that wound." She paused. "But a ice pick ain't handy to tote. A knife totes better."

I told Bertha that she ought to have the scalpel I used at Medical School, but she said: "I'm used to toting a knife."

That next Saturday evening

when I went into the kitchen after dinner, Bertha was drying dishes and putting them away in the pantry cupboard.

"Going jucking tonight, Bertha?" I asked.

Bertha's high cheek bones looked polished in the kitchen light, and her eyes grew long and slanting. She said: "Chile, this is one Saturday night I'm doing more than pleasuring myself."

The single light suspended from the ceiling glazed the room in bright bleakness. The light glittered on the glass cupboard windows, on the silverware in the sink, and then was absorbed by Bertha. Her goldplated earrings—those her boy friend had given her—sparkled against her brownness.

"The devil hurries some women," Bertha said. "She ever was a meddlesome woman."

I said: "Who was?"

She said: "I done call him up twice. She done answer the 'phone."

I said: "Call who, Bertha?"

She said: "I done been by there. He was working. She be there."

I said: "Who was where, Bertha?"

She said: "Living with that woman. Sleeping next her fat belly."

I said: "Do you mean Gloria?"

She said: "She done bothered me. I swear fore God she won't never bother nobody else."

Bertha had finished putting away the dishes and was sitting on a stool. She was slipping off her sloppy overrun work shoes and stuffing her feet into white satin pumps. They were too small for her and she wrinkled her face. Her tightened lips were rolled back and showed her clenched white teeth. When she at last had pulled on the shoes, she reached to the table and took a pocket knife. The metal handle was long and curved to fit a clenched fist. The blade,

as her wiry hands opened the knife, gleamed in the bare light. Bertha passed her brown thumb over the blade and said: "Ain't nobody better meddle with me." She lifted her dress and slipped the knife in her stocking, where she had rolled it, next to her knee. She took a deep, slow breath, got up, and walked over to the wall. Her pink taffeta dress was hanging there where she had put it after pressing it that afternoon. As she walked to the dress, her eyes seemed glazed over and her hips were swinging sinuously. She spoke in a singsong voice—not to me, but as though she were praying to a fetish: "Last night I dreamed. I dreamed I was standing on the edge of a big hole. A big hole with serpents hissing down in it and crawling over each other. And everything is black, blacker 'n night in that hole. That woman, that woman sleeping with men that don't belong to her. That woman, she walk up to the edge of that hole. The serpents hissing and crawling over each other. That woman, that woman Gloria jump in that hole. The serpents hissing 'Victory' and I shouting 'Victory' seven times."

Bertha's body was writhing and heaving. She was half singing, half chanting "Victory" as she took down her dress and began folding it carefully. She was putting it in a brown paper sack.

I said: "Play that number on Bolita tonight. Where's your dreambook?"

Scornfully Bertha finished rolling up the sack. The heavy paper crackled. She looked at me as if she were a long way off and said softly: "Chile, I done know that number without looking it up. It be number twenty-one."

She took the dollar bill I gave her to play across the board and put it in her purse.

"If it comes out, we split," I said.

For a minute her face lost its tenseness. She put on her pink hat that matched her pink evening dress and walked out. When she turned the key in the back door lock, she chanted: "Victory, Lord, yes, Victory!" As her white satin pumps carried her down the walk,

down the street to the bus line, across town, she was chanting: "Victory, Lord, yes, Victory!"

We were in the kitchen having a bottle of beer before going to bed when the telephone rang. I answered it.

"Mister Charles," a voice said, "this is Ruby, Bertha's friend. She been hurt bad. Please don't let the police get her. I swear fore God it wasn't no fault of hern. Yes, sir! She say for you to please come get her. She's here at the juck house on North B Street. Yes, sir, near the Union Station. Please don't let 'em get her! O Lord!"

"All right!" I said. "I'll be there in a minute, Ruby."

When I told Father what had happened, he said: "My God! Go get the nigger."

I took the emergency kit that I had acquired in Medical School and drove across town. I had a hard time finding North B—the streets were narrow in that part of town and there were few street signs. As I drove up North B Street, I saw a low yellow building that crouched near the sidewalk like a dirty cur. In front of it was a crowd of colored people gathered in little groups, talking in loud voices. As I entered the juck house, their lips remained hanging open, and they whispered to each other at the black satchel I was carrying. Inside the air was stifling. The night was hot, and the floor was crowded with sweaty couples dancing on the rough boards . . . great brown bucks in sleazy suits and stout negresses in bright dresses. Their stale, liquored breaths filled the air with coarse laughing. An automatic gramophone was blaring out "Sugar Blues." At one end of the long low room was the bar, an improvised one painted red. Behind it was a greasy, fat white man, bald-headed, and with pink eyeballs.

The dancers made a path for me to pass to the bartender, but immediately started dancing again. By the side wall were slot machines and a booth where the Bolita tickets were sold. A tall drunken fellow was pulling the handle of one of the slot machines. Near him

was the only clear place in the room. In this open space, a small colored boy was wiping up the floor with a wet mop. Whatever he was cleaning up was dark and thick on the gritty floor. It lay in little stagnant pools, sticky and scabbed over. It looked dark and reddish-brown. The drunk nigger at the slot machine reeled away from the machine and shouted: "Goddamn' bitches, fighting with men's weapons."

Ruby came rushing out of a swinging door by the bar and screamed: "Hush your dirty mouth, Taggy." When she saw me, she started crying and motioned me to come through the door with her.

"Where's Bertha?" I asked.

"O Lord!" Ruby said.

There wasn't much light in the small back room. When the door swung closed, it shut out most of the light and the noise. To the left there were several negroes standing around an iron bed. Bertha, covered with bloody towels, was lying on it.

"Do Jesus," she moaned. "Do Jesus."

Ruby sat down at the foot of the bed while I was taking off the bloody towels. Her eyes were swollen from crying. "Don't let the police get her," she sobbed. "It wasn't her fault. I swear fore God, Mister Charles, it wasn't her fault. O Lord!"

"Go get some warm water, Ruby," I said.

"Do Jesus," Bertha moaned. "Do Jesus."

There was blood all over her. In her hair, where it couldn't stain for the grease, it had dried and formed tiny hard balls. The wound on her face had bled profusely, and the blood had dripped down inside her dress and had splattered on the outside, changing the pink taffeta to a reddish-brown. What there was left of the pink taffeta. . .

"It was her fault." A sleek mulatto across the room, smoking a cigarette, sneered. "Gloria ain't harming her. She just setting there drinking."

"Hush your dirty mouth!" Ruby was back with the warm water. "And get yourself outen here."

"Do Jesus," Bertha moaned. "Do Jesus."

. . . What there was left of the pink taffeta. A clean stroke had ripped it from the neckline to the waist. It lay open to her stomach now. The razor—it must have been a razor—had barely missed a breast.

"Don't let the police get her, Mister Charles," Ruby sobbed. "I swear fore God it wasn't no fault of hern."

"Do Jesus, do Jesus!"

The wound wasn't so bad as I had thought at first, now with the blood washed off.

"It was her fault," the sleek mulatto repeated. "Gloria tending her own business. Setting there, drinking her own liquor with her own boy friend."

"Whose liquor that she drinking? Whose boy friend that she drinking it with? Liquor Bertha should have been drinking; Bertha's boy friend she should have been drinking it with."

"Do Jesus, yes, do Jesus!"

The mulatto said: "Gloria minding her own business. He wasn't Bertha's boy friend no longer. Bertha done lost her holt on him."

"Hush your damn' dirty mouth," Ruby said. "And get outen here."

The mulatto took the last puff on her cigarette. "'Tain't no use hushing me. Pulling knives outen stockings ain't getting no boy friend back."

In the main room the drunk was again shouting: "Goddamn' bitches using men's weapons."

"Victory, Lord, yes, Victory," Bertha moaned.

Ruby turned to the mulatto. "What you think Gloria was toting a razor around in her pocketbook for? What you think she pulled it

out and came at Bertha for? Gloria struck out first."

Bertha chanted: "Ahissing Victory and ashouting Victory. O Lord, give me strength."

The razor had made a clean cut on Bertha's forehead. It wasn't very deep. Exept for the jagged skin cut on her side, that was the only bad cut there was.

The mulatto dropped her cigarette on the floor and stepped on it. "What victory that she talking 'bout? That woman ain't had no victory."

"Hush your damn' mouth," Ruby said. "And get outen here."

"What victory that she moaning 'bout? The police done be after her. Her boy friend done left town."

Bertha chanted: "Victory, Lord, yes, Victory."

"That's a lie," Ruby said. "He can't be left town!"

The mulatto tilted her head casually and drawled: "It ain't no lie; and it ain't no lie that I'm meeting him in Atlanta, neither."

"Get outen here!" Ruby screamed.

The mulatto glided to the door, "It sure won't be no victory when the *po*-lice come get her."

"Do Jesus. Victory, Lord," Bertha said.

I had almost finished putting the bandages on Bertha's wounds when Ruby started sobbing again: "Don' let the *police* get her, Mister Charles! I swear fore God it weren't no fault of hern."

"If Gloria's hurt bad, she sure going to get the police after her," one of the other negroes said.

"Gloria ain't hurt bad," Ruby cried. "O Lord, she can't be hurt bad. If we hadn't pulled 'em off

each other, Gloria would sure have seen her Lord this here night."

Bertha was sitting up now. Her bloodshot eyes were glistening and she looked first at the blood stains on her white satin pumps and then at the ceiling. She said quietly: "Victory, Lord, yes, Victory."

I told her that the car was outside, and that she'd better come on back to the house and go to bed. She didn't want to go out the back door. She said: "Chile, I got to finish proving my dream to them in yonder."

Bertha was feeling steady again. She didn't have to grasp the bedpost as she stood up and pulled her dress together. When she opened the door and began walking into the room, the gramophone hushed, everybody stopped dancing, and stared at her. At first in a low voice, and then gradually getting louder and louder until her voice filled the whole room in a steady throbbing rhythm, Bertha shouted *VICTORY* seven times. As she walked to the outside door, the crowd fell back from her and shouted: "Amen, sister!"

When we were in the car, riding toward home, Bertha pulled off one of her bloodstained white satin pumps and drew out twenty dollars. She handed a ten-dollar bill to me in the front seat and said contentedly: "Bolita done come out twenty-one on two houses this here night."

* * * *

In the back seat she was half singing, half chanting herself into a doze. Suddenly she leaned forward and said: "Mister Charles, the surest weapon on the place is a ice pick. But it ain't handy to tote. If I had toted a ice pick this here night. . . ."



"The amazing thing about education is the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts."

The Education of Henry Adams, Henry Adams.

But, then, how else is the book store going to make its 200% profit?

Interview With a Hero

ANONYMOUS

PERHAPS more space has been devoted to a discussion of the various aspects of football than any other subject treated by university publications. Most of these articles represent a thoroughly standardized attitude, since it has seemed well to a deeply concerned administration or student activities board to carefully cultivate a public taste just as an advertiser would for his product to be marketed.

This attitude is quite understandable. Football represents an investment of considerable proportions which is capable of incurring a potential loss almost compatible to its profits. Thus it is not solely spiritual trepidation which prompts a dean to plead with his disappointingly sane freshmen to attend a pep rally.

Out of this conception of football publicity have risen standardized ideas about the men who play the game. They are deeply interested and engrossed with their sport. They maintain the spirit of sportsmanship and feel the weight of school honor upon them, and so forth all the way down the line of the usual modifiers found in any student paper. So the word passes and the conception grows in the immortal fashion of any other propaganda.

But, being thrown amongst many of the men whose vocation in a University is football, I learned to understand them, respect them, and in many instances deplore the ironic sportsmanship which has created them. One in particular was more confiding than the others, and from him I learned the players' attitude. Perhaps he is not typical, possibly his attitude not even the general rule, but it is significant enough that even one of these men would speak so.

"I come from a small town near Pittsburgh. My father works in one of the mines there. You've never heard of the town, I guess.

It's not much. Just one of those small mining towns in that part of the state. Jim—comes from nearby, and so does Harry—.

"I got into this game in the usual way. You see, I played football in high school. I was All-State end on my high school team. We were state champions. I had a scholarship to go to Pitt but another scout talked to me and the proposition sounded better than Pitt—less work—so here I am.

When I got here they tried to put me in the dining hall. But I wouldn't stand for it. I just told coach if I had to do that work I'd



go home, so I got a job at the information desk instead. It's not that I'm afraid of work, but you must remember that I'm damn tired after a football practice. We spend a lot of our time in ordinary exercise, and that's hard enough, but it's the scrimmages that you really feel. When some of those first team men hit you, you stay hit. That's where most of us get hurt, you know.

The other day Jim—went to the hospital with a broken collar bone and something wrong with his kidneys. He's out for the rest of the season—maybe for the whole

year. But about that job. Besides all this we're supposed to do some studying. As for me, by 11 o'clock I can just about keep one eye open. Of course, the tutoring class helps a good deal. Those fellows sit up there and go over all the work with you just like a class, only it doesn't count. Then when I come to the regular class I know pretty much what I'm supposed to say. It's all paid for by the athletic department. I guess they realize that's about the only way we'd ever stay in school."

"Well, if all these other things hardly leave you time to study at all, why did you ever get into this in the first place?"

"When I got out of high school I couldn't get a job anyway. I'd worked in the mines a little, but there were much older men who were looking for work. Besides, I didn't like the work very much. I'm taking a physical education major and some coaching work. After my four years I might be able to get a position as gym instructor or maybe even a coach's job in a high school. And, of course, I liked high school football, but this is a lot different."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing, this is a much more serious affair. There is no place for a fellow who hasn't played the game in high school in college football. The other day a fellow who hadn't played much ball came down here. The coach put him in a game and he broke his neck. It wasn't anybody's fault. He just should never have come down.

Then for another thing, the game is played differently. There might be a man on the other team who is causing trouble. The coach doesn't tell us in so many words to get that man out of the game—But we know what he means. Then there is this business about dirty playing. Coach told

us not to play that way. But I'll tell you how he did it. He rolled over on his back and put his shoes up above his chest in the proper way—you know, so as to catch a man in the chest or face. He showed us how to swing our elbows to catch a man in the belly in a line plunge. He told us not to do it, all right. But he showed us exactly how it was done."

"Would you yourself use such tactics in a game?"

"Listen, I don't care who the fellow is or how large he is. If he starts anything with me he'll get all and more than he gave me. After all, it's the man who is tough and knows how to handle himself who lasts a full sixty minutes in a football game. Those are the only rules that I play by. And remember, I'd rather see that other fellow in the hospital than me."

"But how do you actually feel while playing? Do you act prompted by a sort of routine or do you play it through for the sake of the game?"

"For the sake of the game? Don't

be foolish. I don't give a damn about the game or whether the school loses or wins. But I am very much interested in myself. And I have no choice. If I go back home, then what? I can't get a job and if I do it will be simply one in the mines. Besides, I can't ask my folks to permit me to hang around for a whole year. Here I am taken care of for the most part by the school. In the summer I can get my usual life-guard job at the swimming pool. There is a chance that I can stick for four years—get that job.

But I'll tell you what I am sorry about. I wish to hell I had never started to play the game in high school. Maybe I could have done something with my swimming—I don't know. But I promise you no kid of mine will ever play football. I'll break his neck first. It is no longer a question of whether or not I like the game. It is a job with me and I'll stick it out. But I'll thank God when the football season is over."

This is the gist of his conversa-

tion with me. Let me repeat, his attitude may not be typical or even the general rule. It is the personal reflections of one football player with whom I came in contact. Yet there are many others who will approximately repeat his appraisal. The commercialization of football is a well known fact, and the physical aspects of his remarks can be substantiated by any intern at the hospital. The scouting methods are an old story too. It is for this purpose that we give our benediction to an alumnus. Whether or not all these practices are worthwhile from a standpoint of publicity or sport does not concern this article.

If these words have proved that there is another side to football besides the honey and molasses of the usual propaganda this article has achieved its purpose. It is so common to either stupidly idolize or casually dismiss the men behind the sport that a humanization of the matter should stand as meritorious. Perhaps it is somewhat interesting to know what we are cheering at.



REASON FOR MORTALITY

VIRGINIA HODGES

Once I rebelled at beauty flown,
All loveliness by death undone
Still in its flower. But now I see
A reason for mortality.
Better that flying beauty should
Go out still at its fullest flood,
Leaving a sharp white grief behind,
Perfection's mark upon the mind;
Leaving astonished heart and brain,
Too shaken to stagnate again,
Than that the lingering beautiful
Be lost upon the eye grown dull

And senses sated with excess
Of beauty poised and motionless.
Cherish the shrill and clamorous grief
For beauty that seemed all too brief,
For, scored by her lash, you will be
Immune to leaden lethargy,
And beauty's fierce, incessant dart
From memory will spur the heart.
Now I accept the passing of
All loveliness, and even love,
Before I grasp it, and I go
Somehow content it should be so.

*The Three Musketeers
of Smoking Pleasure*

...refreshing MILDNESS
TASTE that smokers like
Chesterfields SATISFY



Chesterfield

Don't Date Duke Men

TERRY HARRIS

I HAVE come to a very grave conclusion. Duke men are not worth dating. Through processes of introspection and cold collection of facts from a representative cross section of Eastern Maids, I have collected evidence to bear out my accusations.

My original contention, made about a year ago, was that the Eds were either too young or too stupid. Further reflection made obvious the fact that this statement covered the proverbial "multitude of sins." Out came the scalpel, the microscope, and the dating book—and lo, the experiment gave birth to definite results. My equipment consisted of an interest in normal, healthy things and a desire for some degree of satisfaction for intellectual curiosity with a peppering of jolly, good fun. My assistants, and I assure you they were numerous, comprised women as the active agents and males as the subjects. (And here I wish to thank all those who aided me in this instance. This being the type of article in which all names, for the sake of kindness, must be omitted, I bid you read carefully and discern for yourself the help you have afforded me.) Just one apology. I realize the incompleteness of my evidence. Given more time these few paragraphs would surely broaden into Anthony Adversical proportions.

For the sake of simplicity I shall confine myself to definite types. Understand me, there are cases where the individual combines two characteristics, and even rare instances where he may develop three—but beyond that his mind becomes fuddled. The majority of cases, however, conform to the type. The boy is happy, well versed in his art, and his mind, singular tho' it may be, reacts correctly to a peculiar stimulus.

SEX EGOTIST

Type I I have chosen to call, with no claim to originality, the

"Sex Egotist." You meet him at any kind of gathering. In the mixed crowd he exerts all of his energy gazing soulfully into feminine eyes. When alone with the girl he takes one of two courses: he delivers a line which would flatter the most popular of sirens (were she gullible), or he becomes so engrossed in his own irresistibility that he utters no articulate sentence. The latter needs no explanation. The former is exemplified by the "deep ache in his heart" or the "utter loveliness of you." (Remember?)

SPORT FAN

And then we girls all remember those evenings spent with the "Sport Fan." He may or may not indulge personally, but the date conversation is always the same. A pointedly bored monosyllable until his field of glory is reached—and then he's off! This score and that, detailed criticisms of his favorite players, baseball, basketball, polo, football, soccer and ping-pong. No move made but what he could improve it, this horse will come in tomorrow and the Yanks will get the pennant. Suzie Q. stopped in my room at ten thirty, sat in the middle of the floor and had hysterics. One more word about Dizzy Dean and she'd have pushed a baseball down "his" throat. And of course I never did appreciate the Colgate game when friend date shoved a surprisingly sharp elbow in my ribs and shrieked the caution that I "watch that sleeper." I don't pretend to be a genius, but I don't require *every* play explained to me.

PHYSICAL ENTHUSIAST

A great many of the girls have had the misfortune of meeting type number three more than once. He is the "Physical Enthusiast." Make no mistake, we do appreciate a good physique; but we still bruise easily—mentally and physically. One strong boy went so far as to spend two hours of the evening

looking for a stray telephone directory in order to prove to Clementine his ability to tear it to shreds. Of course you all know the "say Uncle" variety, and we don't forget the escort who picks up a bottle cap, contemplates it lovingly, and then crushes it between thumb and index finger. Perhaps I'm abnormal but instead of gazing in wonder I experience an almost uncontrollable desire to run. On bended knee we beg you to save it for the frat section.

AMUSE ME

A very common species is the "Amuse Me" sort, often erroneously termed strong and silent. He makes his engagements with the condescension of Nero, but he doesn't even have a fiddle. He has the idea that woman was made for the sole purpose of amusing him in his spare moments. Sometimes he may be kind enough to start the ball rolling with "Well, what do you know?" However, the more usual system is to sit back in an expectant pose and wait for the girl friend to produce a one man show. There are some among our ranks who have developed an amazing amount of wit, but even they sometimes require a stooge. One night, in a fit of exasperation, I suggested bridge—but the camel's back broke in twelve places when Napoleon answered with, "Can you show me any new card tricks?"

CAPACITY BRAGGART

And now for the "Capacity Braggart." If you are one of the boys who talks about nothing but how many beers you consumed last night, how much gin you can hold and retain your equilibrium, I do wish you'd go in for knitting. But then you'd probably tell me how many stitches you created in ten seconds cold. Dixie Lee came in one night with the oath on her lips that she'd never date that one again. It seems she doesn't like

to have peoply dying on her hands, and she was certain that if his consumption of various things didn't cause his finish, overtaxation of his energies in narrating them would. And besides, we rather share Shakespeare's suspicions when he injected the sentiment:

"The Lady doth protest too much, methinks."

GAMBLING HABITER

Closely connected with the "Capacity Braggart" is the ordinary "Gambling Habiter." His intellectual discourse is confined to a description of this crap game and that poker session. Sometimes he varies the discussion with an account of how much he put on "Blue Blood's" nose. One little bunch of femininity knocked on my door and asked if I could contribute to her fund. She was trying to collect enough money to send a certain boy to Monte Carlo—or at least Hialeah; she could stand it no longer. Yes. I shelled out. I was afraid I might date him by mistake.

MALE GOSSIP

Seventh on our list is the "Male Gossip." Why, oh why is this characteristic projected on the female of the species? The male, I assure you, is much more deadly and far less subtle. The next time one of them wastes one of my evenings asking me the business of everybody on and off campus and telling me all the bits of scandal he has stored up in his little mind, I'm going to start a revolution; I'm going to use the loudest cannons I can find; I'm going to put bombs and seven inch salutes in the most unexpected corners and under the easiest chairs (that's where they breed, you know). I'm going to arouse them to the fact that things more important can and do hap-

pen; I'm going to do it through sheer noise and horror.

COURSE ADDICT

Not quite as bad as the above category, but certainly just as boring is the "Course Addict." What angers me most here is that the boy does have good possibilities. He usually is clever in his work, but alas, it ends there! Instead of applying what he has been able to absorb and relating it to various interesting things, his originality is nil. He does not know what *real* intelligence means. Hour after hour he can fill with the usual superfluous comments on numberless courses. He can tear any professor to bits in five minutes and elaborate for timeless periods on what he is taking now and why. If you try to get him to express an individual idea, or dare to expose one of your own, he calls you a communist. He's not only regimented, but he's a Fascist and doesn't know it. Roommate had a date with a seemingly serious-minded lad and looked forward to Saturday night with much pleasure and relief. At eleven o'clock she strolled in with an irrational gleam in her eye. "I thought he was very sweet when he started telling me about his work, but when eleven o'clock rolled around and he stopped long enough to assure me that he had enjoyed it lots and would call me tomorrow, I very sweetly told him not to bother, that he had inspired me to new heights and I would spend the rest of the year studying." Then, gazing at me very thoughtfully, she added, "I never knew I liked dancing so well, at least the intermissions are short."

LIGHT FANTASTICER

The "Light Fantastic-er" is not quite so much of a menace as the

rest because he only blossoms forth when he can display his abilities on the waxed floor. He is usually full of rhythm and an asset to any stag line—but as the escort he fails miserably. The gentle art of conversation is beyond his domain.

ESCAPADER

Tenth and no less an important bore is the "Escapader." He is simply full of the devil, or at least he tells you so. We all like to hear funny experiences, we all have them, but even here there is a limit. This fellow is the converse of the "Amuse Me" type. He literally bubbles over. Eulenspiegel called for me at eight. He was in a happy mood. He had been razzing freshmen all day. The first ten stories weren't bad, but then I stifled a yawn and he changed the subject—he told me what happened, and in great detail, the night he and two other boys managed to collect sixteen road signs in three hours, escape a traffic cop, and almost turn the car over when some drunken driver hogged three-fourths of the road on a dangerous curve. And then there was the night—but you know them all. I'm sure you hear them in your bull sessions, but you can walk out of a bull session!

Honestly, Joe, we're not so snobbishly intellectual that we don't like a fast dance and a good joke; we're not so dull that we're not interested in the war in China, the revolution in Spain, and the Wagner Bill in the U. S. A., we're not so abnormal that we don't need affection. Honestly, Joe, we like the Ballet and the shag, we like Mickey Mouse and Katherine Cornell, we like Thackeray and Runyan. But it takes two to make a bargain.

I have come to a very grave conclusion. Duke men are not worth dating. . . .

How to Write a Short Story

HELEN LESLIE

THIS business of being an author, so-called is, we say this from the heart, a cinch. After reading this stirring exposition of the trade you too can be an author and that with ease. But you won't. Not if you still have one last gleam of despairing sanity left.

What started me is of course the melancholy fact that I, uninspired, generally dead to the world, and suffering the greatest head cold of an active and honorable career must needs write a short story—4,000 words or so in two days. Culture must be carried on. We must all carry on our bit or do *we* just carry on? Or, if a bit, daintily between the teeth? Do and die for good old culture and the literary art. Well, we will do and we may die (we hope not) and the results of our doing will be, to say the least, questionable.

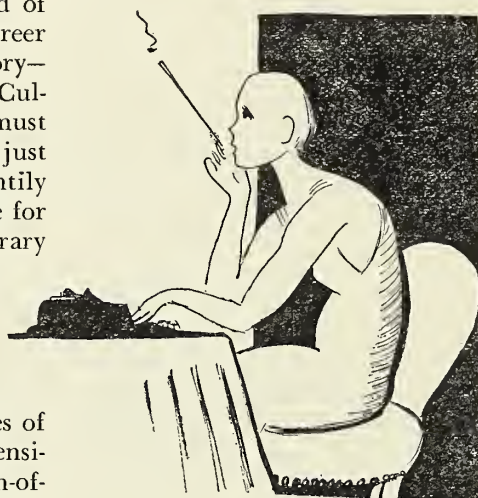
Now then there are two types of short stories: type A, comprehensible and dull; type B, stream-of-consciousness. Having determined, are we determined?—no!!

I

Well, Type A you sprawl about comfortably chatting with the girls (some night when you haven't got a date or is that any night?) and during the pauses you write down all the most tiresome and trivial details you can think of, they don't have to be related or anything—just so they're dull. This is the beginning of your beginning. Your beginning must go on for a long, long time, almost to the end in fact or you will have a short, short story and *that* is not culture—that is *Liberty and Colliers* and Anathema to Art. It does pay, though, you know. I've often wondered—Well. If you smoke a pipe it is the correct accessory to the well-done literary

mood. Cigarettes will do and cigars are no, my dear, it simply isn't done. As a matter of fact I don't smoke a pipe myself. I am definitely the wrong gender.

However, from the beginning of your beginning you progress to the middle and then to the end of your beginning; bearing carefully in mind—with a mind like yours you should be careful anyhow—the fact



that if your tiresome details also progress to more and more tiresome ones you are progressing along the same line. Progressing as a literary artist, I mean. Well when you have four or five thousand words you haul off and slap on a little curley-cue tail of an ending and send your little pig out to market. You know, though, I am a trifle dubious about this hauling off and slapping on business. Perhaps you, as a beginner, better just haul off and I'll slap on. It takes a seasoned literata like myself properly to haul off and slap it on or do I mean lay it on. Anyhow I can dish—Hey!

You are now a short story author and I hope you're happy. God knows I'm not. (Not what? Not an author—not happy—not happy that you're an author—not happy

that you're happy? See? Now there's an example of the ambiguous subtlety of the trained literary mind in action.) As a really skillful short storiér you must be prepared not only to produce—(you know, I do like that expression “produce”. When called upon in class you can rouse from languid abstraction probably the result of—well, we won't go into that—and say that mentally you are producing.) Not only to produce but having produced—no matter what—to defend. When called upon to defend, your answer that will cover the greatest multitude of sins is that you are too subtle for your reader. All your tiresome details are the subtlest of the subtle, indications of character and circumstance.

Example. “She looked at him listlessly and slowly tamped out her newly lit cigarette.” “Now what in hell, says your reader, has her mouldy cigarette got to do with the price of eggs?” “Soulless one,” you reply gently and with obvious patience, “the girl, whoever she was, was laboring under great emotion, mental stress, internal chaos. She puts out a *newly* lit cigarette, and she a thrifty soul. Has that *no* significance, you dummy? And it certainly was not a mouldy cigarette—all my characters smoke fresh cigarettes, Chesterfields to be exact.” (Liggett & Myers Co. please remit). Realism can be too sordid and besides we are now in Durham. See—subtlety conquers all.

This subtlety business, if you are ingenious, and you'd better be, can be spread around to whitewash anything. There are, of course, numerous other points of defense. But you must work out *something* for yourself and anyhow who's writing this short story, you or I—to say nothing of defending it? I have my own bacon to cure.

II

Now for type B. The stream of consciousness. It is, of course, really the stream of *unconsciousness* but that's what it is called and you're getting all this for nothing anyway, with technical terms thrown in. This type is really not as simple as it seems. Because in delving into the sub-conscious you are postulating a conscious which is frequently absent in aspiring young authors—in other people too, by the way. Thus there are two steps in the writing of stream-of-consciousness, or type B.

Step I. The writer must have both a consciousness and a streaming sub-consciousness. If you do not possess these important attributes stop now and write significant detail stories. If on the contrary you have a good fluid sub-consciousness and a profound natural morbidity you may proceed gingerly to step II.

For step II you call forth all your knowledge of psychology and of yourself—meager probably and almost certainly distorted. You get yourself good and depressed by fair means or foul and they usually *are* foul. My God—the things I've done in the interests of Art! Then you stir around in the murk like a goldfish in a bowl too full of greenery. Think of the most unpleasant situation you can imagine — incestuous, murderous, maudlin — something like that. Think of the most unpleasant people you know or can invent and think yourself into the situation as the most unpleasant person there. (This saves inventing a character.) And then my budding "streamer" (streaming banner?), then spout!

You can spout on and on—it's awfully good for your psyche if a bit hard on your reading public—releases the inhibitions and that sort of thing. Personally, I don't release my inhibitions in public print, but that's a mere matter of taste. And some of our foremost modern lights are simply (complexly, really) misdirected inhibitionists burning their typewriters at both ends. You can spout in this fashion as long as paper and

complexes hold out. Stream-on-consciousness.

Your defense for this sort of thing—if you have the out and out brass to defend it—is also based on subtlety, the great literary "out." When, with truly righteous indignation, your reader demands to know what is the point if any, and why is one phrase repeated 343 times, and why have you such a filthy mind anyhow, you reply that that is psychological subtlety. The human mind doesn't work connectedly. And anyhow we're all afflicted with sex neuroses today. Everything is motivated by the sex impulse and you are a reflective observer of the human animal, undeceived by superficial decencies. You know—give him the old "haven't you read Freud" stall.

If your reader as a human animal denies your blazing realism and threatens to become violent, or at any rate difficult, you'd better switch to main defense number II, namely that you have a cold in the head and your psychiatrist, an understanding chap, advised you to do this sort of thing for quick relief.

III

In conclusion, if you have read this carefully you can become a short story writer in not ten, but one easy lesson. You are at liberty—God save us all—to hand in your efforts to the Archive. All contributions gratefully received and minutely criticized.

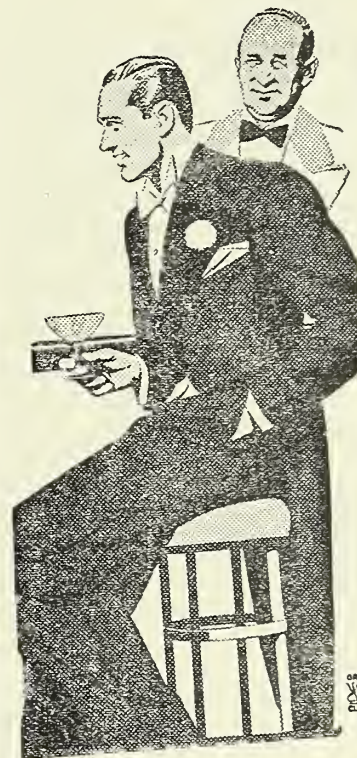
If on the other hand, you are not now a short story writer and are more than ever determined not to be one, and I can't say I blame you—(It's a dog's life)—I have nevertheless done my good deed for the next ten years. In addition to filling considerable space I have anticipated some five hundred Freshman themes on writing a Freshman theme all of which begin "I sharpen two pencils and wait for inspiration which seems slow in coming—". Nevertheless, weary, snuffling strongly and reeking of Vick's I sit proudly back to await the flood of stunning manuscripts—I'll bet they'll be stunning—to come pouring in.

Après moi, le déluge!

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FRESHMAN THEMES

Le Cygne

NOMA LEE GOODWIN

ROWS of gleaming shirt fronts interspersed with prism-hued evening gowns melt slowly into a tapestry of rose, blue, and old ivory as the lights of the auditorium grow dim. A last spasmodic rustling of programs precedes an eerie silence. Then, so softly that no one at first realizes its presence, a fragment of melody steals out of the black depths of the orchestra pit and glides up the aisles. As its haunting echoes fill the dome, the massive curtain is swept back, revealing a lone figure in the vastness of a stage flooded with blue light.

For a moment the figure hovers, perfectly balanced, on the tips of tiny toes, then, with a single bound,

it leaps into life. It glides and soars, never seeming to touch the floor, so joyous it is with its free and happy life.

It has the lightness of a fluff of thistledown, yet its graceful flutterings reveal the plumage of a swan. A human swan, gifted by some kind spirit with the power to leave the earth and all its sordidness behind, and glide down some far-off, hidden stream.

Being human, however, its joy is not unbounded, and soon its dancing ceases and it comes to rest, quivering delicately like the gossamer wings of a butterfly. The delicate droop of its arms and the curve of

its throat reveal the ache of a deep sorrow and the choking of unshed tears. The beautiful smile is a pure acceptance of the death which comes all too soon. Then, suddenly, with a last futile flutter the tiny figure drops to the floor . . . dead. Motion . . . all life . . . has ceased.

Then the music sobs softly into nothing, and there is no sound. The vast audience sighs as one person, realizing with a strange emotion that in this dance of the swan Death was brought into poignant reality before them by one who loved above all else, Life—Anna Pavlova.

"The Wide World Full of Sounds and Nothing"

GEORGE ZABRISKIE

This latest work of Conrad Aiken is finished, mature, and remarkably free from those juvenile excrescences which mar so greatly much recent poetry of the mind. *TIME IN THE ROCK* is a fine and delicate analysis of the innermost mind, written in exquisite verse that often touches perfection. In terms of the familiar and unfamiliar Aiken has enmeshed private mental processes which frequently startle the reader by their likeness, and, for some, by their dissimilarity to his own. The poems constitute a portrait gallery of pictures drawn with the aid of mental, not physical sight, although the physical world intrudes often through the mind's thin veil.

In the subtitle, "Preludes to Definition", is embodied the theme of the book, for Aiken pictures man as a creature in terror, cringing from his abysmal existence, one who "came from darkness" remembering:

darkness, terror, windows to a world,
horror of light, cold hands in violence thrust,
tyrants diastole and systole.

We are in a world

vast bright and cruciform on which too soon
ascending we must die.

Man here is god; god is man, and

each is the other's fancy. The inexpressible blackness, bitterness, and beauty of life is here expressed, and yet remains unexpressed, for even Aiken himself cannot go beyond the last curtain, to reach that ultimate omega so close to madness. Walking both the way of intellect and the way of daily trivialities, he has perceived that much of this is only words. In the midst of this darkness are only words and voices which have outgrown their gods and theology, and we, their creatures in a twofold identity, like that of man and god, are hopelessly lost. Not since T. S. Eliot's *WASTELAND* has defeat found such a brilliant poet for its

voice. However, this is not pure defeat, but a reluctant, indefinable tottering on the brink of nothing.

Conrad Aiken is greatly occupied with the word, the logos that keeps us from chaos, although he sees even this in a kind of chaos. Words and more words build up his poetry until

. . . each single syllable
is ringed with heaven and hell.

To the reader of his work comes the knowledge that this is his guiding sentiment, for few of the modern writers in American poetry handle words with such care and reverence as does Aiken. The texture of the verse is fine and subdued, with a kinship to the cathedral organ, not the calliope. After each poem has been read it is to be reread time and again for the soft music like a gentle wind sweeping over the words. Who once hears in his mind

but never across, never to reach
the last
the final remembrance, the all
knowing shore—
where death looks backward from
the shading tree
and perfect stillness stares at perfect stream.

or

The house of evening, the house
of clouds, vast hall
of which the walls are walls of
everywhere,
enfolds them, like a wind which
blows out lights.
And they are there, lying apart,
lying alone,
those three who went forth suddenly in the morning
and now return estranged and
changed;
each is alone with his extinguished lamp;
each one would weep, if he had
time to weep;

but, before tears can fall, they
are asleep.

will know that these are the words of a master who has taught himself well.

Aiken, in his style, has few followers, for, like Blake, he stands where others are afraid to tread. The comparison with Blake is perhaps inappropriate, since Aiken is not essentially a deep mystic, yet in both is a strangeness deep as the foundations of sorrow, and an individuality which lifts them above the level of distinction. Conrad Aiken has stamped these poems with his own maturity and development, revealing a subtle sureness of technique. He needs no followers, and if he lacks a great body of readers at present, many will come later to discover the depth and meaning here. Throughout these poems, throughout this book, is woven the hard melancholy of beauty.

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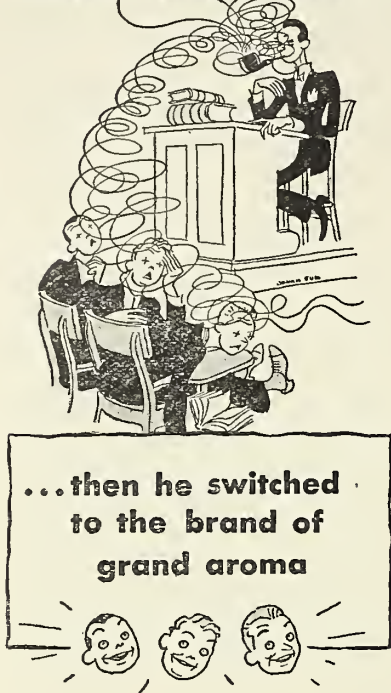
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EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 1)

ticular week—with a few pages of workable dialogue. I had a situation. It was definitely heading toward a mystery, though unintended at first, and after six months (I worked during *all* my spare time after that first week) the play spread out before me in its entirety. I call it **THE RED SPIDER**.

But shades of Belasco! There was no point in writing a play unless it could be produced. I worried and fretted, looking all the while for some happy landing. Finally—the year being 1932, and money needed to feed a host of local unfortunates—I struck a bargain. Captain "Bill" Gearing, at that time head of our local Salvation Army Office, agreed to sponsor **THE RED SPIDER**. On the condition, he warned me, that I would stand all responsibility. I jumped at the chance. I handpicked a cast, rehearsed at night (off duty and on) in the Fire Department gymnasium, and presented my own show at the Plaza Theatre, in Asheville, that October. It caught on—hit is the better known term, I believe—and the Salvation Army was in the black by almost a thousand dollars.

We gave the play again, two months later, for the Christmas Cheer Fund. Another substantial cash return went to charity. I rewrote the mystery opus, tightened it a turn here and there, and submitted it to Walter H. Baker Co., of Boston. They routed it into print—and there you have the history of my maiden effort.

After the mystery offering, I was accosted on all sides by local theatre patrons. They wanted another 'Flesh and Blood' play. They were starved for the speaking stage—or so they claimed—and I cast about for another idea. It became manifest from the least expected source:

Since high school days, my chief joy in life has been derived from intermittent visits to the deep Smokies. I've learned to understand and *know* the mountaineers. Moreover, my very kith and kin sprang from the flanks of those rugged peaks. An idea was forming! I would bear the hearts—yes, the *inner being* of those self-same folk on the speaking stage. An easy task? No! True, I had generations of the folklore and tradition they believed and practised at my finger tips, but I had *too much* material! The upshot was that I decided to take ten of the most colorful mountain characters I'd ever known and let them write my new play. This they did—with wonderful results. Many times those simple, illiterate puppets took the pen from my cramped fingers and *did their own motivating*. They were alive! They breathed!

I had barely finished Scene I, Act II, when a bit of luck fell into my lap. I met the nationally known playwright, and author, John Tainter Foote. He had been told—to an over-drawn degree, I

suspect—of my former stab at play writing, and arranged a meeting. I read the half-completed version of my opus to him that afternoon. He called it a play. And backed up his conviction, right out of a clear sky, by offering to finish the opus in collaboration. I accepted. We arranged a fair working contract (based on work to do, and done) and after an endless amount of combined effort, we came up—not it, but *with* **TIGHT BRITCHES**.

A New York producer took the play on its first trip North—or, rather, *our* first trip North; and after signing a Dramatist's Guild Contract, they asked me if I would formulate a local cast and 'premier' **TIGHT BRITCHES** in Asheville. Naturally, I said yes. Back home, and after looking over about two hundred applicants (they flocked to the rehearsal hall after **THE RED SPIDER**), a close-knit cast came into being. We opened before our New York delegation Dec. 7, 1933—at the Plaza Theatre again, and on our own. It clicked! We gave a demand-repeat the following week, and subsequently toured North and South Carolina. In 18 performances we played to almost 20,000 paid customers. During the Rhododendron Festival here in 1935, we gave **TIGHT BRITCHES** again at the Plaza and broke all house records. (Cornell held it up to that time with **THE BARRETS OF WIMPOLE STREET**). The cock-eyed part is, Asheville wants it again this Fall.

But I've had a breakdown—five months flat on my back with a lung abscess—and I'm trying to utilize my spare time solely in writing plays. The production end has proven too costly. Then too, the Walter H. Baker Co., in Boston, and The Dramatic Publishing Co., in Chicago, are placing their imprint upon my efforts with heartening regularity; and the Dramatists' Play Service, Barrett Clark's new venture, in New York, has proven quite friendly—so I'm tempted to play ball with them for a long time to come. They represent the more sure-fire play market in America today.

Of course, if another 'hard' play idea rears its ugly head, I'll be off on another nerve killing jamboree. The old 'saw dust smell' is one hard will-o-the-wisp to break completely away from! so don't be surprised any day if you see a new Broadway offering with my stamp thereon. My prime worry is time, and strength, enough to hammer one out. And, oh, how I hate those long months of digging in. They're tough—pure unadulterated hades! I know. I've crawled every foot of the way.

With kindest regards,

HUBERT HAYES.

P.S.—Am enclosing an 'Archive only' agreement for the article. My reason for bothering you is simple: Should any other

magazine, or paper, wish to pick the thing up and reprint it, I could do nothing about it without first obtaining consent—since TIGHT BRITCHES is quoted in part—from the co-owners in New York. It will merely keep the both of us on solid ground.

H. H.

Another feature we plan to continue throughout the year, is the publication of the best freshman theme, or themes, of each month. They are offered not primarily as works of excellence, but merely as examples of freshman work. You will find in this issue two of the first, best examples of freshman work this year—written in a hurry.

CONTRIBUTORS

Noma Lee Goodwin, freshman authoress of *Le Cygne*, is a native of Durham, born 1919. Not of Russian ancestry, but a spirited interest in the ballet inspired her to the description of Anna Pavlova's last rendition of *The Swan* given in America some 20 years ago. She is an avid reader of biography of ballet figures, considers Pavlova greater as a woman dancer than Nijinsky as a man. One of her

greatest experiences was the *Ballet Russe* here last year. Her contribution is short, but a fine example of style-writing.

George Zabriskie, freshman author of the review of Aiken's poems. He is a Dutchman from New Jersey. His is a competent evaluation of Aiken's book, and much more mature than we would expect from a first year man.

Anonymous, the author of *Interview with a Hero*, prefers to remain unknown for personal reasons that are good ones. Note that his article is presented as fiction, with no air of contention indicated.

Helen Leslie, the senior authoress of the satire, *How to Write Short Stories*, is a sophisticated New Yorker. She is a past contributor. Our Dorothy Parker. One of the most witty and intelligent girls on that drab East Campus. There is nothing weak or clinging about Helen. We wonder how the East Campus let her in.

Terry Harris, senior authoress from Dover, N. J., is a new contributor. Her article, *Don't Date Duke Men*, reveals an independence of spirit that we didn't think existed on the other campus. May-

be our opinion of those girls is wrong.

J. William Vinson, author of the short story *Victory*, is a junior, from Tampa, Fla. He is a past contributor, a product of Prof. Blackburn's short story course, hitherto one of our main sources of material. The absence of his course on the campus this year is a cultural loss to the university. Vinsons' story should have enough gory details to interest you—and there are no mis-prints in the story.

Ed Post, author of the poem *Anselm and the Lark*, is from Shelby, N. C. He is last year's editor, in his fifth year at Duke for the purpose of taking English Honors. He is one of Duke's most promising undergraduate artists. You're safe in liking his stuff.

Virginia Hodges, authoress of *Reason for Mortality*, is another past contributor. She is from Charleston, W. Va. We're no poetry critic, but we're sure her offerings are good also.

Lorenz Eitner, a sophomore from Florence, S. C., is our art man this year. All we know about him is that he's German. And we like his accent.

EDITOR.

"For, be it remembered that man alone of animals plays the ape to his dreams. Romance it is undoubtedly who whispers to every man that life is not a blind and aimless business, not all a hopeless waste and confusion: and that his existence is a pageant (appreciatively observed by divine spectators), and that he is strong and excellent and wise: and to romance he listens, willing and thrice willing to be cheated by the honeyed fiction. The things of which romance assures him are very far from true: yet it is solely by believing himself a creature but little lower than the cherubim that man has by interminable small degrees become, upon the whole, distinctly superior to the chimpanzee: so that, however extravagant may seem these flattering whispers today, they were immeasurably more remote from veracity when men first began to listen to their sugared susurrus, and steadily the discrepancy lessens."

James Branch Cabell, *Beyond Life*.

This, perhaps, excuses the distinction made between freshmen and seniors, sane and mad men, women and gods.

A DEAD GIRL

KIFFIN HAYES

By way of small tribute to Kiffin Hayes, a stalwart member of the ARCHIVE staff last year who could not return to *Duke* this year, we are reprinting this poem, which we think one of the best things produced by any undergraduate since we've been around. These lines do not represent the glib maneuvering of syllables which most undergraduates consider poetry. They touch upon the essence of poetry, its thin ecstasy, its bewildered omniscience, its delight and desire recollected in moments of tranquillity. Here, in these lines, one of your contemporaries has sounded notes far, far above the ordinary collegian's "rah, rah".—EDITOR.

Where sparks fly upward from the rolling plain
Between the Appalachian and the sea
You caught the restless sorrow in your heart,
The wind's sad singing in the mountain pines
And the unceasing grieving of the sea.

Being compounded of sea, fire, and air,
What could the spirit do but madly cry,
Locked in the body, teased by body's cares?

The heart shrinks, fearing never to be free
And envies the tired circling of the bird
Whose heart can soar until slow pinions droop,
But human heart is weak, and cannot hold
The rage that flows within the walls of blood.
And mind outruns old teaching in desire
To seek the unpermitted, and to know
The long-forgotten or the never-known.

You feared to live imprisoned, but no fear
Of aught untested tamed your injured soul,
And now your body melts into the earth;
Your soul sings in the pines, chants in the sea.

BOOKS

Reading List of a Duke Senior

I know a senior here at Duke who hopes to achieve from his attendance at college only a list of about ten books which he can re-read for the rest of his life. He has tentatively drawn up that list.

Now this student is in accord with Shelley's opinion that college is only a place where a student should be allowed to enjoy a four year period of leisure in which to read. Perhaps to those who come to college for the purpose of learning the intricacies of some particular skill, that seems a careless, unambitious attitude. But, then, you see, he did not come to Duke to perfect himself in a skill so particularized and tangible.

He came to college for the purpose of learning how to think; with the belief that by contact with great minds of the past (the libraries have hundreds of thousands of them stored up) he could prevent his thoughts from becoming limited to the narrow gossip of the day; and with the desperate hope of insuring the continuation of his thinking when he leaves here and enters the market place to toil and barter for an air-conditioned home and a new television set.

Pursuit of those first two aims entailed for him a highly variegated mass of reading, which he could not give me. The problem involved in the latter was one of selection, the synthesis of which he could give me, in ten titles.

Now he does not posit that in these ten books is all the world's wisdom, nor will he even go so far as to say that these ten books contain a satisfactory education. He offers them only as a representative list of books which he feels he can read and re-read constantly, and with each reading *feel* and have his mind urged to the energy of

thought. He reads these books, and will read these books, not for the acquisition of wisdom, but for intellectual and emotional stimulation; not for rules of life, but for an attitude toward life.

Beyond Life, James Branch Cabell

Marius the Epicurean, Walter Pater

Sartor Resartus, Thomas Carlyle
Education of Henry Adams, Henry Adams

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, James Joyce

Dialogues and Republic, Plato

Poems, Wordsworth

Poems, Arnold

Cyrano de Bergerac, Edmond Rostand

Life of Samuel Johnson, Boswell.

Perhaps that list has little significance. Certainly, let it be understood, he does not claim for it any import other than a personal one. But, objectively, it represents the only tangible profit one Duke student has gleaned from four year's time and trouble.

Howbeit, the diversity of titles in his list interested us greatly, and we sought for some clue that would link some of those we thought totally unrelated. And we learned this.

"That list of books is very personal. Perhaps I shouldn't be giving it to you. I make no claims for their relative excellence or importance. I only know I like them, and need them. When I pack my frugal belongings and head out for a garret in Paris, those are the books I will take with me. Note that they are all available in inexpensive editions.

"Seriously, the clue to those books lies in this. I am not interested in things scholarly, in mastering some dead man's way of

thinking, nor am I interested in learning a trade. You know that I am perverse enough to want to write.

"Well, to write with any degree of vitality and freshness, there must be in my thought vitality and freshness. If you have read any or all of those books you will know that that is one quality they all have in common. That, and a predominant tone of rationality and intellectual honesty.

"I couldn't very well give you an elaborate treatise of my reasons for liking each individual one of those books. That would require a book review of each one. Can you imagine anyone writing a book review of Plato's *Dialogues*? And can you imagine me sitting down and listing those poems of Wordsworth and Arnold which I would include?

"I could tell you that I liked Wordsworth because he could write lines like these

"... know that pride,

Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,

Is littleness; that he who feels contempt

For any living thing, hath faculties Which he has never used: that thought with him

Is in its infancy."

and I could tell you—but no, I couldn't, not in less than 50 pages, tell you why I pick those 10 books in preference to the thousands I might have chosen. I have but one reason: thought with me is in its infancy; I have faculties which I have never used, and I'm counting on those books to keep my mind going when I leave here. But you have your list, let it go at that."

And we did.

EDITOR.

Anselm and the Lark

EDWARD POST

"Before the sun comes, hot and hasty, high
To noon, I'll wander in these timeless fields,"
Thought Father Anselm. "Timeless fields grown thick
And green and white with old, old daisy-flowers.
How long, I wonder, have they held this ground?
Too simple far they are to say they must
Have blown asced on some long tireless wind
Across wide oceans now filled up or pushed
Aside to bring the earth up under heaven:
As simple as the stones and sands they are—
I feel they must be quite as old, as much
A native portion of the earth wherever
They spring up, here or on the other side
Of any ocean. . . . Yet it may be so!
A tiny captive kernel-flesh wrapped up
Within a husk and tossed upon a wind,—
A wind that is a world to it, as all
The earth and heaven and winds between are *world*
To us. It may be so! The wind may be
The daisy's brain: it may be in the wind
The daisy takes its flight as we in dreams,
And finds new homes for life and stronger dust
In which to root. . . . It is a fantasy.
But there is much that's madness in this scheme
Of life. We call it madness, shudder when
We speak the word, or feel a pity. Why?
With all his vigorous flesh, there is no man
Among us does not live more by his thoughts
Than by the energy that swings his arms
And straps his muscles in a tensioned power:
A madman's muscle is his brain. I put
It crude,—but what a wild and vital strength
Is in his tireless train of mind! A life
Of dreams! And what if we who dream are mad
And he who never dreams but lives in dreams
Is sane? Another fantasy. And yet
Our lives are what our dreams may make them. Which,
I wonder, set the wheels around—our dreams,
Our aims: I wonder, do we dream, and strive
To carnify our dreams; or do we strive,
And dream the distant end of purpose. Oh!
What chance has put me at this hen-or-egg
Perplexity? Perhaps the dream I had
Last night. It puzzles me. I think I was
A bronze-like statue in a square and years
By years the temples and the mints and marts
Were powdered down to ruins; fools ran by
And rich men went aspeed in golden haste.
Three drunken clowns once pissed upon my legs
And sparrows chirped and trod upon my hands,
And cool rains washed me clean again. I heard
The generations' Babel-roar of talk
And game by game I watched the knights and pawns
And crooks of politics. But now I can
Recall just one man's words: a poor man came
One day with long-collected dust upon
His boots and sat below my feet and watched
And listened for a while. He turned and smiled
At me and swung his hands around the square
And muttered low but loud enough to hear:
*The long day fills its fleshless growth and waste,
And I who kiss the gentle molding hands
Of idleness regret the clumsy haste
That fails to filter out eternal sands.*
He went away and never came to me
Again; but all those years no word nor sight
Nor sound nor touch affected me. I stood
In stony peace without a sigh or oath—
Without the inward stir to weep or smile,

With no desire to bless or curse. I felt
Becalmed from vein to vein—indeed carved out
Of concrete peace. What is it I have heard
Is ecstasy? To feel and not to know.
Then peace must be to know and not to feel.
But time at last swept off the piles that stood
About me, blew the dust of babbling men
Away, and I stood all alone within
A field of daisies, rapt in peace . . . unmoved."

And so the gentle Anselm mused and strolled
Across the field. Upshooting, out of the tall
Dew-dripping grass along the woodside, rose
A lark, thrust high, sky-high, a trilling thrust
Of thrilling song, a silver-sounding flare
Red-gold before the dawn. And Anselm stopped
And looked high where it soared and heard its trill,
Drew all the quiet beauty into him. . . .
And stood . . . and looked up . . . up . . . and listened . . . long.
And then the song was done; the lark was gone.
He turned and slowly walked along again,
Back to the monastery walls, warm in his heart
And radiant with the after-joy of peace.

A young and stranger-brother greeted him
Before the gate. "Good morning, father! Have
You come from far? We welcome you."

"Ah, no,

My son! My home is here. I take it *you*
Are lately come to *us*. For I have been
No farther than the fields and heard the lark
Sing out his early song. . . . A timeless gap,—
A moment: it was past—, but still, I say
It was a timeless gap that showed the world's
Reality of peace and loveliness
The lark's long trill at dawn! . . . But you I give
A hearty greeting, son!"

"But, Father, I

Have been a brother in this house for five
Glad years, yet five long years. And never have
I seen you at our board or in our prayers.
What is your name, good father?"

"Anselm is

My name. You ask if Father Anselm is
Not known within these walls."

"Ah, no! Ah, no!

You're mad! Aye! Mad!"

"Ah! there it is again!

I grant you, brother, having turned it just
This dawn about my head, that much I do
Is mad; that just below the stolid realm
Of sanity in which we talk and trade,
There lies a dark and murky bog of wild
Misguiding madness. Come! Survey your dreams!
You see, we shudder on the very brink
Of vast and strange domains of mystery
Where chance-remembrance is the law of reason,—
Each of us a daisy-seed, a pod
Of captive powered flesh and each a world,
Wind-wide in fancy, six-foot deep in fact.
The flesh is captive, womb-to-tomb: if some
Escape, they win what all men wish. But, come!
How is it I am mad?"

"Good monk, there once

Lived in these walls a Father Anselm, now
One hundred years ago. An hundred years
Ago, he walked one dawn into the fields
To hear the lark and never has returned."

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Duke Undergraduate Literary Monthly



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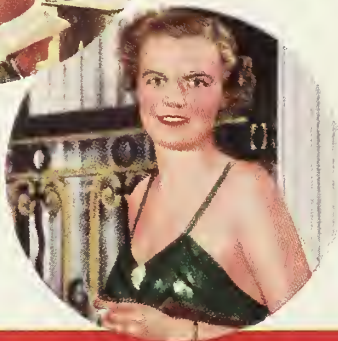


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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LI

NOVEMBER, 1937

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The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

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A Renaissance

Thus far our aggressive, antagonistic periods, exploded here and elsewhere, have brought forth but one puny *Chronicle* editorial chiding us for "sour grapes." We hoped for tangible retaliation, but if you choose to ignore the brandishings of our wooden sword there is little we can do. Besides, the *Chronicle* informs us we are read by more than half the campus. Not being quite sure half the campus could read, we're more than content with that.

Now, if only a tenth of the campus would write. . . ! Writing is one of the easiest things in the world *not* to do. It is one of the most damnably drudgerous things *to* do. In the face of that realization we cannot be naïve (nor even "sour") in our expectations. We can only continue to beg all we know to—for art's sake—write something for us, and we will—for the *Chronicle* editor's sake—try to be "joyous" while awaiting the flood of manuscripts.

There is, however, something more we can do. We can suggest an oysters-and-milk panacea for the creative sterility with which the campus is afflicted. Now we know nothing of the intricacies of university administration; we know nothing of the university's attitude on such matters. We know only that it is tolerant of us. And where there is tolerance, there is hope, and where there is hope, in this case at least, there is suggestion.

It would be folly, I think you will agree, to expect Duke to have Rose-Bowl football teams without the assistance of a skilled tutor, and without the cooperation of the university in providing stadia and sundry accoutrement necessary to outfitting, feeding, transporting, and publicizing the team.

Equally fallacious would it be (is it) to expect Duke to have writers of more than ordinary skill without the assistance and inspiration of a skilled tutor, and without

the cooperation of the university in providing a workshop for, and otherwise evidencing an interest in, and encouragement of, one or more of the creative arts.

The football team at least has an incentive to play.

Now, Carolina has its Playmakers and Paul Green, and has produced Thomas Wolfe; Amherst has its Robert Frost; Princeton has its Archibald McLeish; Dartmouth has just added Walter Wanger of Hollywood to direct a course in script-writing; Yale has its Nicholl in the drama; Harvard had its Baker, who turned out, among many illustrious others, Eugene O'Neill; Radcliffe has just added one of the editors of *Atlantic Monthly*;—and there is a host of other colleges in this country, all of which have established on their campi skilled literary tutors who serve the purpose of motivating creative art pieces among the students they teach, and establishing a favorable atmosphere for the reception of these pieces.

While Duke has its Drs. Rhine, McDougall, Stern, Hoover and Spengler. Now, perhaps that is all Duke wants. If so, we have no quarrel to urge. It is a matter of university policy, of which we know nothing, and with which we can have no concern.

But this much is true.

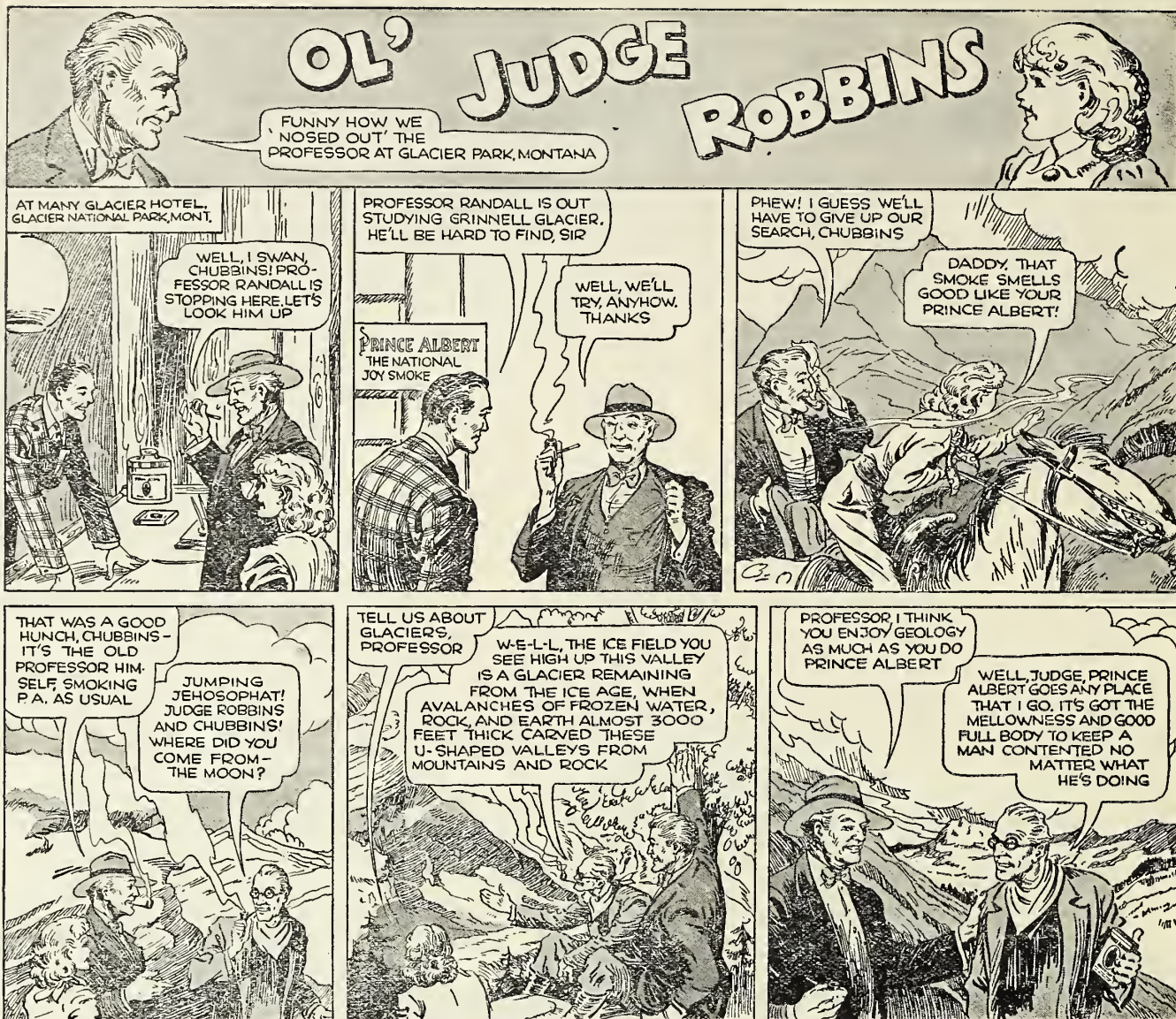
Bring a Thomas Wolfe or Sherwood Anderson to this campus to conduct a course in short story writing, or Maxwell Anderson to instruct a course in the drama, or Robinson Jeffers to inspire the writing of poetry—and there would be among the students an *incentive* to write.

With that incentive would come an increase in the quantity of writing done on the campus. There is your panacea for sterility. Next would come an improvement of quality. And the immediate result of that would be an ARCHIVE that would not only be read, but be worth reading.

Only rarely do you see a flower growing out of a crannied, concrete wall.

There would ultimately result, from such a move, a change in the temper of the campus mind, partially achieved by an influx of students of a type interested in the

(Continued on Page 28)



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DUKE UNDERGRADUATE LITERARY MONTHLY

VOLUME LI



NUMBER TWO

November, 1937

The East and the West

KEUI HYUNG CHANG

*"East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."*

SUCH was the poetic judgment of Kipling about the difference between the East and West. Indeed there are so many different things between the two—ranging from the physical to the psychological—that many people are tempted to think that there is no common thing at all between the Orient and the Occident. Since the writer came to this country, he has met quite a number of people who asked many innocent but unintelligent questions about that part of the world which we call the Far East.

It is, then, the purpose of this article to point out the main differences and similarities between these two groups of human beings on this globe by means of comparison or contrast.

For the purposes of this article the term East only includes China, Korea, and Japan, and the term "West" is limited to America.

DIFFERENCES IN LANGUAGE

One of the main handicaps which confronts the oriental student in this country is language. In Japan and Korea, the students begin to learn English in high schools. According to the Japanese school system, high school

runs five years, and this means that the students study English five years in high schools. Incidentally, we might refer to the difficulty of English pronunciation.

In Japan, for example, they do not have any corresponding sound to "L" and therefore, no distinction between "L" and "R" is made. Thus, the words "light" and "right" are pronounced in the exactly same way. Of course, after much effort and prolonged practice, they master the situation in course of time. In general, the Japanese lack many corresponding sounds to pronounce English letters, such as the "K," "F," "V," etc. To the Koreans "Th" sound is the most difficult one, and they also do not have corresponding letters to English letters "F" and "V." On the whole, the Korean alphabet is very rich in the variety of sounds. (There are 25 letters in the Korean script, of which 11 are vowels and 14 are consonants).

Among three national groups, perhaps the Chinese are best spared in the study of English. If I am not mistaken, the Chinese students begin to study English in grammar schools. Moreover, since the Chinese school system is based

on the American model, there is a close relationship between the American schools and the Chinese schools. The students have, therefore, more opportunities and incentives for the study of English in China. In addition to all these, there is a certain similarity in sentence construction between the Chinese language and the English. For example, English says: I saw that man. In Chinese, this sentence takes the same form of construction; that is, the subject comes first, then the verb, then the object. But, on the other hand, in Japanese and Korean, the same sentence takes the form of: I that man saw.

This leads us to the discussion of the difference between the Chinese, Japanese and Korean languages, and of the difference between these oriental languages and the English. From the philological standpoint, Chinese language belongs to the monosyllabic group, whereas the Korean and Japanese languages belong to the agglutinative group. Three national groups do not understand each other, unless they study the other's language.

The difference between the Chinese language and the Korean or

the Japanese language is something like that between Latin and English or German. The difference between the Korean language and the Japanese, which belong to the same cognate is somewhat analogous to that between English and German. But English belongs to still another group of language, which is known as inflectional. Here we oriental students particularly the Japanese and Koreans, meet the double difficulty of learning a foreign language, and the difficulty of adjusting ourselves to a totally strange construction of language.

The Korean students, for example, study Japanese from the grammar schools, but, since the constructions of Korean and Japanese are not much different, they do not have any difficulty in the matters of construction. But in studying English, we must wrestle with the complicated construction, which is entirely different from that of our language, in addition to the study of spelling, pronunciation and vocabulary.

But, there is one simplification in our study of English. In both Japanese and Korean, there is a distinction between low talk, middle talk and high talk. High talk is used for the elders or dignitaries; middle talk is used between friends and the same-aged groups, and roughly similar to the familiar form in English or German; low talk is used to the children or the servants.

This distinction is a great burden to the study of Japanese and Korean. Western missionaries are having a hard time in learning these three forms of speech. For example, some missionaries, who begin to study Korean, are utterly confused in distinguishing these forms and use the high talk to the dogs or the low talk to the elders. In the first case, they become a butt of laugh; in the second case, they may arouse the anger of the person to whom such low talk is used.

To illustrate the point, one missionary, who begins to learn Korean happened to use the honorific talk to his dog, and it still remains as a joke. It was something

like using the biblical language to the dog and it will be very funny! But, fortunately, in English we do not face such difficulty as that. If one knows one word "you," he can use it to the janitors as well as to the president. How simple it is! But up there one must learn three forms of "you," in order to get by. How complex it is!

I started this discussion of linguistic difference by mentioning the fact that the oriental students are having a hard time when they come to this country first. The people speak so fast that it sounds like a chatter of birds. There is one word which stands out in the chatter; that is "yes."

There was one Korean who came to this country without any sufficient knowledge of English. In his limited vocabulary the word "yes" was the handiest one and he capitalized on it. Once this handy and serviceable word of his cost him a lot. One day he went to a barber shop to have his hair cut. As the barber finished cutting the hair, he asked the Korean whether he wanted to shave. Not being able to understand him, the poor customer called his most faithful word "yes" into service and answered to the barber "yes." So the barber let him have shaving. The barber continued to ask: "Do you want massage?" Yes. "Do you want a bath?" Once more, "yes."

After everything was over, the poor Korean found out that he had to pay \$6 for the whole thing. The most useful word "yes" was misused and made a havoc to its master! This is but a sample of many similar instances.

FOOD

Let us move along from the talk of language to the talk of food. I think that most of the Americans are well informed about the fact the oriental people live on rice and use chopsticks for food. But I have met many American people who ask how we orientals live on rice alone, which is nothing but starch. In fact, the oriental people ask the same question how the Western people live on bread and bread alone for 365 days a year.

But the truth is that rice in the

Orient is corresponding to bread in the Occident. Just as the Western people cannot live on bread alone, neither can the Eastern people on rice alone. There must be vegetables and meat along with bread and rice. So the Orientals eat rice with vegetables and meat.

Of course, there is a great difference in food between the two parts of the world which are under discussion. But the difference mainly lies not so much in the material of food as in the way of preparing it.

When we come to this country first, we are having quite a trouble in the matters of food. Every food is strange to us and most of them we have never seen or tasted. If we go to a restaurant, the waiters bring the menu, but the names of the food are totally strange and hence the difficulty of ordering the food. The final resort to solve the problem is to go to the place of food-display and to point out particular foods by saying this or that.

I still vividly remember my hard luck in a certain restaurant in California, when I came there first. I went to a restaurant and ordered a special dinner, but the waiter came and asked me whether I wanted a soup or not. I said "no," because I thought that I had to pay extra money for it. After I finished my meal, he once more came to me and said something, which I could not understand at that time. As I see it now, he must have asked whether I wanted any dessert or not. But again I said "no," because there again I was afraid of paying extra money.

Soon the waiter brought me a check, which said 75c. I was astonished at the expensiveness of the food in that restaurant. After I came back home I referred the incident to my friends, and found out that in special dinners everything, such as salad, dessert, drink, is included. In my case, the word "no" made a havoc!

Sometimes, I was invited to the banquet or party and went through many depressive hardships, because I had to behave myself as the rest of the people did.

Everybody was awkward from manipulating knives and forks. If the meat happened to be chicken, separating meat from the bones was terribly hard. Worst of all, the effort not to make any extravagant noise in eating or drinking was an awful strain.

BUILDINGS

As to the housing system, there is almost no comparison between the oriental and the occidental. When we oriental students land at San Francisco or Los Angeles, as we usually do, the first striking impression which we get from buildings is "bigness." To be sure, even in the Orient, buildings of Western style are found in many outstanding cities (such as Tokyo or Shanghai), and even in this country, the houses in the mountainous sections or villages are very simple and small.

But, on the whole, the American buildings and houses clearly show the wonderful achievement of modern technology. Just as the pyramids represented the Egyptian civilization, the Parthenon witnessed the greatness of Greece, so do the sky-scraping buildings show the greatness of America.

EDUCATION

As to the matter of education, Western method is adopted in the Orient. Traditionally, the Chinese classics or literature was taught in the schools and the curriculum consisted of reading (principally memorization), writing (penmanship) and composing (of poems). This custom was somewhat analogous to the predominant study of Latin or Greek in the west, just before the modern era.

Now the Western system of education is introduced into Asia and the old school system naturally fades away. In Japan, for example, school system is completely Westernized, and moreover elementary education is compulsory.

It is the traditional custom in the Orient for the people to shake their bodies rhythmically from the left to the right, or from the front to the back, whenever they read. Not only that, they read the books

with a very loud voice. The louder the better!

If twenty or thirty students get together and read, there is a tremendous noise, almost like a thundering. I, myself, once was one of them so I happened to ruin my vocal cords and to lose natural voice. We are happy to witness the passing away of these queer customs and many other old systems. For example, I, myself, represent a prototype of transition in Korea, because I spent about ten years in the study of Chinese literature under the old school system, and then I began to receive Western or modern type of education as I do now.

SEX

There is one more important point which we may mention here; that is the sexual relationship and marriage. We orientals are often surprised at the free associations of girls and boys, men and women. Indeed, when we came here first and saw the free mingling of girls and boys, our oriental background and tradition does not approve the custom. But as time goes on, we learn more about the life and custom of the people, and then, we begin to appreciate the custom of free association of opposite sexes. True, even in the oriental countries, this Western custom is gradually supplanting the old traditional custom, according to which there is a big gulf between the opposite sexes. Particularly among the younger generation, free association of girls and boys is ever increasing. The modern education is responsible for breaking down the traditional barrier between sexes, and the Christian church also is a powerful weapon for attacking the traditional custom of sex relationship. Here again the Orient undergoes the transition which took place in the West a long time ago.

According to the traditional custom, marriage is arranged by the parents of both parties. This was necessary because the parties were young and therefore did not have any definite consciousness in what they were doing. Usually the brides are older than the bride-

grooms, because the former must go to the home of the latter as soon as the wedding takes place and live with the family of the bridegroom. The wife looks more like a nurse than a wife to the husband, because she has taken care of the child husband. They do not talk with each other in public for a considerable period after their marriage.

Now let us watch a husband and a wife going to some place. Man first, and lady last! What a contrast compared with the Western custom! Man walks first and far ahead of his wife and the wife follows him from a long distance. This will be terrible if it happens in this country. It will make a good case of mental cruelty or incompatibility!

RELIGION

Now let us look at the religious lines of both groups. In the Oriental countries, as you may know, there are two most influential religions, namely, Confucianism and Buddhism. The former was originated in China and the latter in India, in the approximately same period. Confucianism was introduced into Korea and then into Japan as a part of the Chinese culture, which dominated the Far Eastern countries. Buddhism came to China in the first century of the Christian era, and in the fourth century to Korea, and in the sixth to Japan, where it accomplished most and influenced most. This branch of Buddhism in China, Korea, and Japan is known as Mayhana Buddhism in contrast to Hinayana Buddhism, which prevails in Siam and Burma. In addition to these two great religious systems, there are minor cults such as Shintoism and Taoism. But they are not representative of the religious life and thought of the Orientals.

Confucianism is very practical in its teaching and essentially a type of humanism. It does not concern itself with such problems as the existence of God, the existence of the soul, or the survival of life beyond the grave. It simply assumes or ignores such problems. Its primary concern is to define or

regulate the proper course of human conduct by means of precepts or rules. Such is the Confucian teaching of fine relationships: the relationship between the parents and children, the ruler and the subjects, the husband and the wife, the old and the young, and between friend and friend. The influence of Confucianism is tremendously great (positively as well as negatively).

Buddhism is much more esoteric and religion-like than Confucianism, as it prevails in the Far East. It is characterized by pessimism, asceticism, and mysticism. It emphasizes contemplation and meditation rather than life and service. In many respects Buddhism resembles the medieval Christianity, particularly the monastic phase of medieval Christianity. The influence of Buddhism is also very great in the Far East, especially in Japan. It has served virtually as a state religion in Japan for many centuries.

In the West, Christianity is of course the most important religion. In spite of many faults and shortcomings, Christianity has exerted a tremendous influence upon the Western nations. It is interwoven with the very fabric of Western civilization, and as such it has an inseparable relation to the latter.

As the Western civilization finds its way to the Orient, Christianity, also, as a part of the general culture, came to the Orient. First it was met with considerable opposi-

tion from the natives, but, as time passes on it orientates itself among the people. Today Christian religion is one of the great transforming forces operating in the thought and lives of the Asiatic people. But this is not the place to discuss the superiority or inferiority of one particular religion to the other. All that we can say is that we shall know the tree by its fruits, and this pragmatic test is most valuable in the judgment of the comparative merits of different religions. Besides, no system is entirely bad and no system is entirely good. Systems of different religions are not exceptions to this general notion, and many religions supplement or fulfil each other instead of destroying each other. We hope that Christian religion would come to us to fulfil what we have rather than destroy it.

PSYCHOLOGICAL SAMENESS

In such limited space, it is impossible to mention more points or facts than we have done above. Neither is it necessary to do so. In concluding our discussion, we may say that, in spite of all the apparent differences between things that are Eastern and things that are Western, the fundamental nature of human beings is the same everywhere. The external manifestation of the fundamental inner constitution of man may differ according to different environments and circumstances, and hence the difference of cus-

toms, manners, ideas, institutions, and so on. But we must not forget that under these apparent differences lies a great unity of human nature, which shoots through all the different ethnical or racial groups on this earth of ours. Yes, the Western people are said to be more dynamic and aggressive, whereas the Eastern people are more or less stoic and accept the circumstance as it dictates. But I do not believe that this psychological difference is based on blood or any other biological make-up. It is rather, it seems to me, due to the environmental difference, and as such, it is subject to modification.

The Japanese people, for example, are just as aggressive as the Western people, and, at the present time, we are afraid that they are too aggressive. The Chinese are said to be conversative and very slow to respond to the external stimuli.

True, they are notoriously conservative; but that is primarily due to the particular and peculiar type of culture with which they have been surrounded centuries after centuries. By changing the cultural patterns or the environmental factors, we may greatly improve the slow awakening of the Chinese.

Looking at the superficial facts, we may say with Kipling, "East is East," but looking at the bottom, we may confidently say: the East may become the West and the West may become the East.



Carnival Fortune

A STORY

EDWARD POST

COME on, fellows! We'll be late!" The youth in a sport jacket of a huge blazing plaid beckoned to his three companions, who followed a short way behind him, as they walked beside the dirt road. A continuous file of cars along the road swirled up spreading clouds of dust; an occasional wagon, drawn by tight-skinned mules lumbered by.

"Late for what?" returned one of the three who came behind. He was more soberly dressed in a brown suit than his three friends, all of whom wore jackets of various degrees of gaudiness. And his clothes were less expensive than theirs. He was just short of being tall; he was rather slender, and his eyes and curling hair were black above his tight but well-formed mouth and his pale high cheeks.

"The hoochy-koochies won't leave you, Pete," he added.

Pete stopped and waited for them to catch up with him. Then as they walked on he addressed the young man in the brown suit: "Aw, Don, come on! Don't be so solemn! Get into the spirit of it!"

Don smiled with good-humor. "What is the spirit of the carnival?"

"Oh, I don't know—noise, fun, laughter, losing yourself in it all! Forgetting your books and your doses of concentrated culture!"

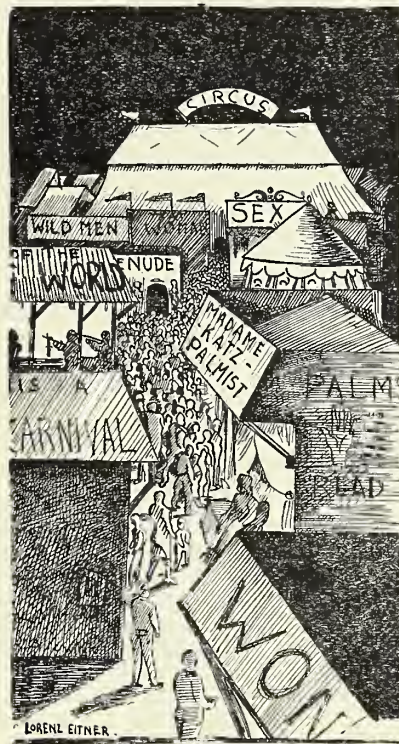
"I think you've hit it! Losing yourself in the noise and the laughter—that's the ideal! Losing yourself in the freaks and false faces! It's a free day—a day to be free of yourself and all your thoughts. Lose them all in happy confusion."

"Oh, damn it now! Don't start philosophizing!" Pete turned to his other friends. "Come on, Eb—you and Ray help me work on

this fool! He'll spoil our fun for certain."

"No I won't! A couple of beers and my head will be clear. I've got something on my mind, that's all."

"You know American Lit may suffer by this holiday I'm taking," he went on with a grin. "Here I've forsaken the muse—plump!—right in the middle of Book Three: Part Two of that great American epic which I shall call—"



"Aw, hang the muse! She's dull company on a merry-go-round."

"Now, Ray, you're too old for that sort of thing. You're mature, son! You can spend your pennies now on a wheel, trying to win a gilded sparrow in a cage."

"Say! Did Ray tell you about spending five bucks last year in one of those booths where you toss rings at little hooks and get

whatever's under the one you ring?"

"Yeah!" Ray took up the story. "This booth was a little more high-class than the others. They had some damned nice things scattered around with the cheap ones. Well, there was a splendid miniature reproduction of the Venus de Milo, hand carved in real ivory. Christ, it was a beauty! You had to pay fifty cents a throw. Well, by God! I tossed and tossed and finally rang the hook *next* to the Venus.—You know what I got? I'd spent five dollars—all I had—throwing at the damned thing, and they handed me this little box wrapped up in gold paper. I opened it—and d'you know what it was? A miniature cupid of honest-to-god clay. You can get 'em anywhere two for a dime."

"My boy," said Don, "that is the way of this life. You spend all you have—dreams and all—trying to win a goddess, a genuine ivory goddess. And what do you get? A dummy and an imitation! A handful of honest-to-god clay that you can buy anywhere for a quarter."

They had reached the gates of the fair and, packed in the crowd, they were heaved into the grounds, into a pandemoniac confusion of the raucous turmoil of people hurrying nowhere. From earth to heaven this particular plot of acres screamed with noise and counter-noise, with antagonistic discords set up by bands planted opposite each other before side-shows, with the mad mechanical spiels of barkers, with the lowing of cows and the tremolo-whinnies of the horses.

"This promises to be successful," Don observed as the four students started down the midway. "That is, if the point is to lose yourself. No man can hold on to his identity in this tumult and

shouting. I'll be damned if the noise doesn't beat the very thoughts out of my head!"

Eb puckered his mouth and looked at Don with eyebrows raised. "Well, mister, it's beer—two beers—for you right now! That damp soul of yours *must* be warmed."

"Ha-ha! Just as you say!—But wait! I want my fortune told. Here's a palmist, right here! I'm going to get some tips on how to make my five sterile dollars multiply. Look at her name—Madame Skinner! At least she's no hypocrite. I'm going in!"

"We'll meet you at that beer-garden—see it? Over at the right. And hurry!"

The three plaid jackets melted into the stir of colors—dingy dust-covered rags, cheap tawdry silks and satins, finely tailored tweeds and worsteds, all brushing together impersonally. Don turned away and went into the small tent of Madame Skinner.

"Sit down, young man. I am Madame Skinner."

It was a compartment dimly lit by an oil lantern. But even so, the rose-red blossom that was Madame Skinner's nose shone furiously. Her puffy eyes, blinking sleepily, were visible, too. She sat on a cushion on the ground and motioned him to the cushion before her.

"Young man, I see in your hand a strong head-line and a strong heart-line. You are very intelligent, young man, and very sensitive. Pardon me!" She drew a bottle of bay rum out of the folds of her many-hued costume; took a long swallow and put it back. She wiped her mouth on her sleeve and turned her attention again to Don. "One catches cold so easily sitting on the ground, young man: one must take precautions. Now let me see. Now your life line is broken by this line, which means that at the age of—let me see, twenty-five, forty, fifty—at the age of fifty-one you will have stomach trouble—see these red dots—stomach trouble which may prove fatal if you are not careful. Do you have any questions?"

Don laughed. "I'd like to know how to fatten my wallet."

"Young man, I'm not a broker. —Here is something else. I see a girl with golden curls who has something to do with your fortune. Watch for her, young man! Now that's all I see."

He made his way to the beer-garden and found his three friends. It was somewhat quieter here. They sat at a table opposite the entrance.

"Well, what did she say?"

"Nothing. Except that I'll die of stomach trouble and meet a blonde who has something to do with my fortune."

"Your bad fortune, if it's a blonde! Did I ever tell you about the blonde I met in Richmond?"

"No!" Pete hastily cut in. "And for Christ sake don't!"

"All right! All right!"

Don interrupted them. "Say! What's that little girl doing here alone? Look at that table yonder. Just a kid! Not more than ten or eleven! Wonder what she's doing here."

"How should we know? Hey Don! Maybe that's your blonde. Ha-ha. She's got golden curls. Ha-ha-ha!"

"Maybe she is."

"My god! Look! He takes me seriously! What a lunatic!"

Don sipped his beer and studied the little girl. "Ray, there's your miniature Venus in ivory. See how fair she is and how rich her curls are? But that's not what I mean. You'd think she was a tiny lady. Notice her air—there's some strange concern in her little blue eyes, something sad about her mouth that doesn't belong there. You know, in her soul she's a goddess. There's nothing mean there, all noble purity—even though she isn't aware of it. And that's why it doesn't count. It doesn't mean a thing because she doesn't know that she's a little goddess. And when she grows up—she'll be a quarter's worth of honest-to-god clay. Just as beautiful in her face—her eyes just as clear and blue and her hair just as gold—but inside she'll be just a cheap imitation of the goddess."

He laughed. "Well, gentlemen, that's woman in a nut-shell."

Pete stood up. "Please leave me

just one little illusion, won't you?" He turned to Ray. "Why the devil did you bring up that Venus story? Let's get into the whirl before the cynic demoralizes us. Come on, Don."

"I think I'll stay here and talk to the little Venus. I want to see what she has to do with my fortune."

"Well, we'll meet you here later." And they were gone again.

Don walked to the table where the little girl sat.

"You're not lost, are you?" he asked.

"No, sir." She looked up at him. "I'm waiting for my father. He's coming back to get me when he's finished his business."

"Do people do business here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well we'll let that go.—Tell me your name."

"Marie."

He sat down. "Marie, my name is Don. I'll sit here and take care of you till your father comes. Do you mind?"

"No, sir. I like you, Mister Don."

"You do? Maybe that's because you don't know me."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh nothing.—Do you know what I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'm a poet, Marie."

"Like those men who write in my school-books?"

"Yes."

"Do you get much money for writing in my school-books, Mister Don?"

"Oh, no! In fact I don't get any. You see, I'm not so very well known. But some day I'll write in school-books."

"What will you write?"

"Oh, lots of things. Maybe I'll write a poem to you."

"Will you, Mister Don?" She slid down from her chair and pulled it over against his. "I like you, Mister Don."

"I'm glad someone likes my ideas."

"Don't they like what you write?" She patted his hand.

"Not yet."

"What are you going to say in your poem about me?"

"Well, I think I'll write a love poem to you as the woman you *ought* to be someday. Do you know what love is, Marie?"

"Yes, sir. It's when you think all the time about somebody you've never seen and if you're a man you do brave things for her and if you're a lady you wait for him and think how you can make him happy."

"Hmm. . . . Yes, that's love, all right."

"But what are you going to say in it?"

"Oh, something about ivory and clay and something about the great long distance between Little Marie at the fair and Marie when she laughs at little Marie who told me what love is."

"Is that all? Aren't you going to write about knights and dragons?"

"No. Nothing about knights and dragons. Just about Marie. You see, nowadays, the knights love the dragons."

"Do they?"

"Un-hn."

"Oh! that's awful!"

"It *is* for the knights."

"Are you sure that's the truth, Mister Don?"

"Yes. Someday when you grow up, maybe I'll see you again and if you still think it's not true, I'll tear up my poem and write a new one about knights and dragons."

"Oh, there's my father!"

A short man with a black moustache and wearing a dirty gray bowler came up to the table.

"O.K., Marie. Let's go! Howdy, mister. Ain't she a cute little kid? Come on, Marie."

"Goodbye, Mister Don."

"Goodbye."

The pair walked out of the entrance and the gray bowler bobbed away into the crowd. Don took a pencil and a letter out of his coat pocket and began to write on the back of the envelope. Now and then he stopped to study the salt-cellar that sat on the table. Twice he lit a cigarette and watched the gray-blue clouds of smoke that he blew.

Almost an hour he sat in the beer-garden writing before his companions returned. In they rushed and with a great deal of commotion made their way to his table and sat down.

"Boy, you missed it!" Pete declared. "Artists and Models they called it—only I didn't see any artists, did you, fellows? And wasn't that black-haired Mexican classy? I wouldn't be ashamed to take her out." He turned to Don again. "How did you get along with Marie?" He winked at the other two and all three of them laughed.

"She was a lovely little thing—simple and wondering."

"Was she?"

"Sure! Her father came for—Say! How did you know her name?"

"Her father? Did he have a black moustache and a gray derby?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Did you hear him? Her father! Ha-ha-ha!"

All three roared with laughter.

"Hey!" Don cut in. "What's funny?"

"Ha-ha! Well, we saw them. You know where?"

"Where?"

"On the platform in front of the midget-house. And the barker, the

guy with the moustache and the derby, says, 'Ladees and gents, I wantch t'meet Princess Marie. Folks, this little lady is thirty years old and you can see for yourself she don't look a day over eleven. Princess, will you dance for the people!' So the Princess—she was painted up now like a toy slut—the Princess started doing one of those shimmy-she-wabbles. Then the barker says, 'Folks, inside you will meet this little lady's husband, Prince Rudolph, and their three sons. Only fifteen cents,' he says. The people began flocking into the place and we came on up to see if you knew about it."

"Well, I'll be damned!—Aw, you're kidding!"

"No! Honest, it's the truth, so help me!"

"I'll be damned. A midget! Ha-ha-ha! . . . Well she's not my blonde. Old red-nose said the blonde would change my fortune and my five dollars," he patted his hip pocket, "still don't—By God! She did change it!"

"What? How?"

"My wallet's gone!"

"No!"

"Yes! . . . A gypsy and a princess—a good pair aren't they?—Ha-ha-ha!" He stopped laughing suddenly; picked up the envelope on which he had written. "And here I sat talking to her as if she—well you saw for yourself she looked like a kid! And look at this! *Sweet simplicity, lovely wonder, ivory bud!*" He pointed to the letter. "Well it's not a bad poem anyway. . . . Wait!"

He took up the pencil, glanced at the salt cellar, and added one more line.



Rank and File

WALTER SHAEFER

I

BEHIND John L. Lewis and the bigwigs of the C.I.O. high command are over a million workers—the rank and file. Ultimately it is on them that John L. Lewis' success or failure depends. It makes no difference how clever his strategy is, how successfully he lobbies in Washington, nor how carefully he plans his battles, in the end he must look to those in the ranks. That is my subject.

Here are my credentials. I am a member of a C.I.O. affiliate—The National Maritime Union of America. I have picketed, I have participated in a number of union meetings and I lived with those people three months last summer. I worked five years ago on ships when unionism seemed but an idle dream of the fanatical and the naïve. I have worked as a milkman, canvasser, salesman, clerk, and house painter. I think I know my way around.

Let it be understood at the start that I have no interest in whether unions are good things or bad things. I shall remain steadfast in my resolution to give the problems of revolutionary ethics a wide berth. I am interested solely in the questions: Who are these people? What are they like? What do they want, and how determined are they to get it? Whether there is any justice to their desires is not my problem, and I shall consider my task successfully completed if I can throw into bold relief a few of those people who, after all, do walk in picket lines, who do suffer when a strike is called and who must give some measure of support to it, if it is to be at all successful.

The difficulties inherent in the maintenance of an attitude of "disinterested curiosity" toward events having so strong a bearing on a man's personal survival are ob-

vious. They have been responsible for a lot of sloppy thinking and half-cocked prejudices.

The worst enemies of the laboring classes are its most fanatical supporters—the artistic pinks—undergraduates from wealthy families who affect a disregard for the material, dress in old and queer clothes, rarely cut their hair and are persuaded to take a bath and



change their shirts only by physical compulsion. They speak constantly of the brotherhood of man, of societies based on altruism and further the cause of the proletariat by turning out labored bull-piffle of a type unconvincing to a hysterical high school girl. These works of art follow a set pattern. The scene is usually laid in a garret. Huge slabs of plaster have cracked off the wall revealing bare laths underneath. On a rickety table is a crust of bread—all that the family will have to eat for a week. Enshrined in bits of red bunting are pictures of Stalin, Lenin and Marx. Other properties include:

Copies of the *Daily Worker*, *The New Masses* and *Das Kapital*.

A squalling brat off-stage (it's hungry).

A rusty coal stove (no fire).

A haggard old man—grandpa—who makes a mournful appearance with a blanket gripped convulsively about his rounded shoulders. He need say nothing—just cough agonizingly and display a handkerchief with a blood red stain on it.

THE CAST

The Worker—A square jawed, upright, determined fellow well-steeped in Marx, Lenin and Stalin. A devoted party member. Worships Brahms and Wagner. Loves his wife and children.

The Wife—A thoroughgoing Marxist. Loves her husband, works part-time, keeps house, runs Communistic soup kitchens, takes care of three children, occasionally pickets and is beautiful.

The Landlord—A dark jowlish fellow with a large corporation and a heavy gold watch chain.

A prostitute—Hard-boiled, heavily made-up, smokes endless cigarettes which droop cynically from her lower left lip, and has a callous, flip manner of speech. All this conceals a heart of gold. A man she trusted and loved was the cause of her downfall.

A mob, a sheriff, a platoon of bulls. It is midwinter and a cold wind howls outside the rattling window panes.

THE PLOT

Do I have to say more?

More dangerous is another type of sloppy thinking. It is usually found in 'Y' cabinets, collegiate newspaper boards and quite frequently in faculty circles. It is a product of rationalization and its

bearer calls himself a 'liberal.' He believes in the honest working man, (God bless his soul), his right to organize and to bargain collectively. However he shouldn't go too far. His should always be reasonable demands. (That is he should not interfere with the company's ten percent). He carries about with him a misty picture of an open-faced fellow, rough, perhaps, but kind at heart and grateful for his job and the philanthropies offered him by the rich in the form of medical clinics, social service bureaus, picnics, libraries and instructive lectures. He carries a dinner pail, believes in God and the Constitution and loves the wife and kiddies.

It comes then as a painful and repugnant shock when honest workmen start knocking each other over the head, betray every evidence of hatred for their employers, show no signs of gratitude for their advantages and occasionally heave a bomb. The liberal feels that the feeding hand has been bitten and is likely to ascribe the violence to subversive influences and foreign agitators. "Kick the filthy dogs out!" He then washes his hands of labor and may join a vigilante group to preserve the Constitution and the "American way of doing things." (This an honest worker once described as 'Long hours, low wages, no back-talk').

No matter, then, how these recent labor disturbances affect individuals and vested interests and no matter what personal biases may be, for communists, fascists, liberals and capitalists alike, a cold realistic picture is essential. Sugar coating or vilifying can only complicate.

II

When I tried to get a job on a ship this past summer I was told—"You'll have to go up to the Union Hall—all shipping these days thru the union." A closed shop. At the union a negro leaned back in his swivel chair, placed his thumbs under his suspenders and turned a cool eye on 'me: "Well, I don't know. Anyway you'll have to go down and picket first." He yawned. "Then I'll

talk to you about joining the union. Here have this card stamped." He rummaged in a drawer jammed with miscellaneous scattered papers and finally found the card he wanted. "See me tomorrow." I went.

In front of Pier 25 a shabby bunch of men trudged in a circle. A number carried placards:

"On to a National Maritime Federation"

"National Maritime Union on Strike"

"West Coast

Living conditions,

Wages,

Hours"

"Eastern Steamship Lines Discriminate Against Union Labor"

The picket captain, a tall gaunt fellow with smiling eyes, beckoned me. "Here you, get in line." I did so and started walking in a circle. It was the second week in June—a thick muggy day. The sun, deceptively dim, beat down on the cobblestone pavement, melting the asphalt between the stones. It was ten o'clock. "Looks like a scorcher," I remarked to the fellow in front of me.

"Yeah," he replied without looking up from his paper. He seemed to be completely immersed in it and dead to the rest of the world. Walking in a circle had been automatized.

"Been here long?"

"Since two this morning."

"You must be half dead."

He made no answer.

At the entrance to the pier stood five policemen toying with their riot sticks. They didn't seem to be particularly hostile or friendly either,—for that matter—just disinterested and aloof.

"Have the bulls been giving you any trouble?" (I'd had more than the usual dose of radical literature and had vague notions of asserting my class-consciousness).

"Bulls?" He looked at me quizzically—"Naw, they leave you alone just as long as you keep moving." He returned to his paper.

Alongside the pier lay the *Madison*,—the ship the union was trying to tie up. She was due to sail at three for Norfolk and loading proceeded rapidly. The union had

attempted to get the longshoremen to co-operate but without conspicuous success. I turned to a grey haired fellow behind me.

"Say buddy, what's the strike about?" He gingerly adjusted his sandwich board and shifted the wads of paper he had stuffed under the ropes to protect his shoulders.

"Oh some 'beef' about discrimination against union men. Not quite straight on it myself, kid. Better ask somebody else."

I did. No one seemed to know exactly why we should be walking in an inane circle.

Yes, they grumbled—grumbled in the same way that college students grumble about union food. It was grumbling with a spiritless acceptance of a situation there seemed no prospect of changing.

"Nuts! What's the sense in it," muttered the fellow behind me. "Might as well be sitting at home for all the good we're doing here."

It was simply another hazard of life. These men had no jobs. They could get them only through the union and the union made them picket first. It was no better than walking from one employment agency to another and perhaps not much worse. There was a certain futility in it. Trucks rolled unimpeded onto the pier, loading of the ship went on at forced speed while the pickets continued their endless weary circling apart from it all. You had the feeling that an enormous amount of energy and vitality were being burned to no avail. Perhaps a certain impression of working class determination was being conveyed to the ship owners by the sight of fifty men straggling in a circle. Perhaps we were expected to prevent the introduction of strike-breakers by the owners, but if that were so, we received no instructions as to how to go about it and what we were expected to do if they did arrive on the scene. Were we to heave sticks and paving stones or were we to continue on in a circle and look the other way? (It later turned out that when the company did bring strike-breakers aboard, they came in closed trucks and passed us unknown. Just what

course of action we [and myself in particular] would have taken had they appeared, I don't to this day know).

Around noon a car drove madly up to the picket line and stopped with a shriek of brakes. From it sprang a little man, well built and confident of bearing. He cast a sharp glance over the pickets and then strode briskly up to the captain. "A union official," someone whispered.

"Meeting across the street," bawled the picket captain. "All over."

The circle broke and we filed across to where the little man had climbed up on a barrel. The cops suspecting, perhaps, a *tour-de-force*, rushed over but contented themselves with standing by. Someone raised an American flag next the speaker.

"Boys," roared the official, "You have been doing a great job of it. At pier 18 the *Arcadia* (same line) is tied up with a sit-down and it doesn't look as though the *Madison* were going to sail at three. We've got the phonies blocked and in a few days we'll wipe 'em right off the water-front. (Despite the tremendous carrying power of the little man's voice, it was often drowned out by the roar of West Street traffic so that my notion of what he said is a sketchy one). "Grange, Ryan and Co. (Leaders of rival union) are desperate so watch 'em. They may try anything."

He made a few remarks about how far the East Coast was behind the West in union organization and painted an idyllic picture of future under a National Maritime Federation—a union to be composed of all of the maritime trades on both coasts—and wound up:

"They can't hold out much longer. The ship owners are frantic. Let's show 'em we mean business! Get back in there and fight!"

The men cheered, straggled back across the street and continued to slouch in a circle.

Three o'clock came and went. The *Madison* remained in her berth. The picket circles began to move more rapidly. The man

in front of me folded up his paper and put it under his arm.

"Make the circle larger," shouted the picket captain. "Keep in line. Hey you, yes you—you with the cap—step along there. You're holding up the works."

Somebody poked the fellow in the ribs. He moved a bit faster. A truck trying to get onto the pier, sounded its horn and then began to edge through the line.

"Hey! you bastard! Take it easy. Take it easy!" bawled the captain. "There's no hurry. She's going to be there a long time yet."

Then he directed the truck to come through running his hand along its side as it passed him.

Three-thirty came. Still no sign of departure. The captain spat expertly at the side of the pier and cast a possessive eye at the *Madison* lying inert at her wharf. A couple of new pickets from the union hall arrived. He strode briskly up to them, examined their cards and ordered them to join the picket circle.

At quarter to four a tug steamed alongside the *Madison*. Her whistle shrieked. The captain cast a quick glance, turned his back.

"Keep in line there. What do you think this is—a picnic? Stop dying on your feet! How do you expect to win this strike if you act half-dead. Move along!" The ship eased out of her berth and disappeared downstream. The pickets continued to straggle in a circle. The captain was searching his pockets for something he couldn't find. The man in front of me unfolded his paper, turned to the front page and began to read at the upper left column.

The sun had begun to sink but waves of heat continued to rise from the sizzling pavement. The picket line had thinned out considerably. The uneven cobblestones of West had grown enormously in size and now and then a man would trip over one of them almost falling. The man in front of me left the line and sat down on the running board of a

car his head resting on his shoulder. For a few minutes the captain kept his back to him—then motioned him back in line. He didn't seem to hear. He bent down, put his shoe back on, tied it carefully and rejoined the line.

At seven o'clock the union hall sent down a bunch of men to relieve us. I had walked nine hours almost continually in a circle. Many had been there before me. It was dusk and the lumbering roar of West Street had dropped to an echo. I walked to an 'L' with the picket captain. He had been on duty since eight that morning. We walked in silence except for his occasional curse when he banged into a fire hydrant or an empty crate lying on the sidewalk.

"Tell me," I said, "How is the sit-down on the *Acadia* making out."

He turned.

"They sat there eighteen hours. The union forgot to get food thru to them."

His eyes blazed. We walked on in silence.

I helped picket that pier three other days. At the end of that time I felt as though I had had just about enough. It's brutal work physically and mentally. Last winter seven thousand seamen (fourteen thousand started) felt strongly enough to walk eighty-two consecutive days in picket lines. Remember this—the union was new then, insurgent, weak and attacked by all the powers that be. It did not have the power to compel any man to picket. Only the most optimistic could see other than that it was a lost cause. They were unsuccessful in tying up a single ship. The union had no money. It could not feed them; it could not give them a place to sleep. After the first two weeks few of them had money. They kept themselves alive by what they could chisel from employed friends and on handouts from soup kitchens opened by the Communists. They slept in flop houses, Salvation Army lofts and sometimes in garages. It was a bleak cold winter. They continued to walk in picket lines for eighty-two consecutive days.

(The second and concluding part of "Rank and File" will follow in the next issue.)

Payment in Full

A STORY

BERRY C. WILLIAMS

THE sheriff of Knoxham county jail stood in the doorway of his office, smoking and watching leaves dance in the October wind. The wide street of the little southern town was quiet. Seems wider with the leaves fallen, the sheriff mused, things getting bare. He let his thoughts drift into vacant spaces along with his tobacco smoke.

"The man in number 14 wants to see you."

The sheriff turned.

"What's he want?"

"I dunno," said the old janitor.

"What's he in for, anyhow? Lord knows, I can't keep track of all them fellows. You fellows down here get arrested for the darndest funny things. Up North where I was born we get fellows in jail for real sure enough crimes. Down here the criminal ain't no account. What's he in for, you say?"

"He got kotched fer runnin' a still. And he's a right good feller."

"Well, I ain't going up there. You bring him down here to me. I reckon he won't get away."

The old keeper grunted and slouched away. He was back in a few minutes. With him was a tall, raw-boned mountaineer. He was awkward and ill at ease. There was respect in his attitude—but something else also.

"Well, what's your name?"

"Marvin McCollough. I got kotched fer runnin' a still." He paused. "It wan't mine."

"I ain't the judge," said the sheriff. "What you want with me?"

Marvin was silent, rubbing one foot slowly back and forth over the other, scratching his ear.

"Come, come young feller. You sent word you wanted to see me. Wal, now, what you want with me?"

"I gotta go home fer a couple a days."

"Ye gotta go home? Fer crissakes, this ain't no boarding house. Listen, son, you gotta stay right here till you're tried."

"I gotta go home. Kain't ye let me go? I gotta . . . taint's if I'd done much. I ain't killed nobody. I'll swear I'll come back heah."

"Can't do it. They's no use asking me. I tell you I can't do it. For crissakes this ain't. . ."

"I ain't got nuthin' but a mule. But yore welcome ter thet if you'll lemme go."

The sheriff smiled and drew himself up a little.

"I couldn't let you go if you offered me a thousand dollars. No siree, not for a thousand dollars. What you want to go for, anyway?"

The prisoner became earnest, eager.

"Mah little woman's all alone up on the mountain, and they ain't no neighbors ter go her, and they's a baby coming', and I gotter



be thar. God, man, ye can't let her be thar alone at a time like that! Cain't ye see I just natchelly gotter be thar?"

"I'm sorry, son, but it can't be did."

And I am sorry, the sheriff told himself, but it can't be did. They just don't let prisoners walk outta prison like that.

"Ef yo'll let me go I'll name the baby atter you."

"Supposin it wuz a gal?"

"Ah doan keer. We'll name her aftah you. Whut's yure name sheriff?"

"Zebulon. But can't you see, man, I can't let you go? Not but I'd be proud to have the baby named after me. I dunno as I ever had a baby named after me. But, honest, I can't let you go."

"Jess fer one day."

God, he'd come back. He just had to be up there.

"Not fer a minit. Now look here, man. You just go back to your cell an trust to the Lord. Your wife'll be all right. It'll be kinder lonesome mebbe, but it'll be all right."

"I gotta go."

And that was all Marvin could think of as he went back to his cell.

The sheriff would have liked to have let him go, but for crissakes it wasn't done. You couldn't just let a prisoner walk out like that.

It was 7 o'clock the next morning, and late for the sheriff to be still sleeping. His wife shook him again roughly.

"Get up, Zeb! Get up! Ye gotta get up!"

Zeb stretched his stiff joints.

"What the hell's the matter?"

"Thet moonshiner's killed Tom and broke out. Tom's lying there all blood. Thet damn moonshiner killed him."

The sheriff's daughter was sobbing into his wife's skirt.

Zeb hurried through the house up to the jail. He was thinking, he told me he had to go, he told me he had to go.

Old Tom lay in front of cell 14. His face was black and his eyes popping out. Fingerprints were bitten into his throat. The iron door banged noisily in a sudden gust of wind.

Zeb turned to his wife.

"That feller was just as peace-

able as a lamb. Who'd a thought it?"

"I found the front door open when I got up," said his wife, "and I figgered all want right. So I come back up here and found that. It wuz terrible. I shan't git over it ter my dying day, Zeb, I shan't. Thet's whut comes a bein' kind to them prisoners."

"Shut up, can't you! Ain't I got trouble enough without you chiming in? Like as not I'll lose the job for this."

"Whut ye goin' ter do now?"

The sheriff looked down at himself.

"Put on my pants. Then organize a posse."

The sheriff had them rounded up within an hour. Two of them brought bloodhounds.

"I won't have him torn up by them dogs," the sheriff said. "Not if he killed the hull town. 'Tain't Christian. I'm for law and order, and we're agoin' to catch this feller right. We ain't going to have him et up by no dawgs."

But they took the dogs, and they

found the trail easy to follow. The men had to ride hard to keep up with them. The trail became rougher and rougher as they rode deeper and deeper into the mountains. Finally they had to leave their horses. They were led onward by the dogs on a leash.

The cool brisk air of the autumn was fragrant with pine and balsam. But these men were exercising another sense than that of smell. A couple of them wanted to hang him as soon as he was caught.

"No ye won't" said the sheriff, "I'm running this hunt, and it's going to be lawful all through. I'm going to take that feller back to jail, and he's going to be tried regular."

Rounding a curve, the party stopped suddenly. About a half a mile ahead of them stood a small log cabin.

"He lives thar."

The dogs struggled frantically at their chains.

"We'd better go kinder quiet" said the sheriff. "Mebbe he's got a gun."

The party separated and circled the cabin, slowly closing in. They all drew their guns. The sheriff stepped out of the brush and crept to the doorway, they changed his direction to the rough cut window. He raised himself cautiously to peer in. Then he suddenly straightened himself up, waved to all the men to come in, and walked confidently around to the door.

The men all came rushing up. The sheriff held them back. And then they all got a chance to look.

A stray slab of sunlight had managed to bend itself in through the rough cut window and lay itself across the rude bed in a corner. By its light they all could see their fugitive, sitting with bowed head beside the bodies of a mother and child.

No one spoke. But the men all slipped their guns back into their holsters. Then Marvin noticed them. He looked up dully.

"I wuz sorry ter hev ter kill Tom, sheriff. But ye can see I wuz jess natchelly bleezed to come. —Yuh, she's dead. So's it."

LINES

J. WILLIAM VINSON

We thought that we must give them decent burial
When the two had died
We told each other that it was the proper thing;
But now we know we lied.

With crepe and hymns and prayers we sought to send their souls
To unimagined peace
And wrap their essence in the cool unthinking calm
From which we sought release.

And going home to find our kitchen fire died out,
Our dinner not yet done,
We knew that we had left their bodies out,
Rotting in the sun.

Left their stiffened corpses drawing worms and vultures,
In the afternoon;
Left them lying stagnant by the open graves,
Stinking too soon.

And so we built our kitchen fire again,
Waiting for the morrow.
And so we brought our dinner to a boil,
Searching for sorrow.

*A pack o'
pleasure*



Chesterfield



LIGGETT & MYERS



THE BOOK SHELF

ARTHUR DOWLING

To Have and Have Not. By Ernest Hemingway. 262 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

* * * *

Ernest Hemingway's latest novel, *To Have and Have Not*, is probably very good literature or very bad twaddle. This signal latitude of opinion arises from the fact that his aesthetic canons are something pretty special. Having read none of his other work, I can't say whether this book has more of a "point", theme, or view of life in it than the rest. What theme there is is well hidden behind a real technical excellence in getting human actions, thoughts, and feelings into words. The men are interested in sex, making money, getting drunk, fighting, and being generally unpleasant to everybody. Practically every feminine character over sixteen is, by her own assertion or the characterization of her friends, a bitch. Hemingway is much more interested in depicting this state of things with the greatest possible vividness and reality than he is in considering how people got that way, and whether they ought to be that way. I am far from attempting to evaluate the book in terms of the ethical sensibilities of the characters, but the absence of these sensibilities throws some light on the "point", if any.

Harry Morgan, the principal character, is a contraband runner on the Florida keys. His life, like that of the psychologically muddled wealthy and literary people in the book, has no point. But Harry is real. The literary people seem to me to be much too unintelligent to have gone off the deep end so thoroughly as Hemingway makes them do. You feel that they are average people who would simply be "nice" if something in their environment hadn't stimulated them to misbehave. Hemingway is not concerned with conflicts that arise out of the

simple fact of being a person, but with those that arise out of the interaction of certain undeveloped people with a certain unsatisfactory environment. Harry's reaction to his environment ends in a death as pointless as his life, a death which, though not tragic, is strangely affecting. Pity and terror are both singularly absent from the emotional tone of the story. If your interests are a little on the morbid side, there is much blowing off of heads with Thompson machine guns and a really striking description of four corpses in a boat. But the grief of Harry's wife at his death and particularly the grief of the wife of Harry's friend, whose end was more revolting, have an unusual emotional effect. It is not pity, certainly—rather closer to disgust, though too sharp for that; and it has not for its object the women, but rather the state of affairs that could produce such a situation.

There is nothing like a plea for social reform here. The "haves" are in just as depressing a condition as the "have nots" and the whole outlook is pretty dismal. After putting forth his picture Hemingway doesn't ask 'Now isn't that a nice mess?' nor does he gloat over the larger adverse implications of the picture as he does over the gory details. But he doesn't seem quite indifferent to it, either. In Harry's last moments and in the reflection of a negro who has been shot we see the faintest glimmer of an idea that Huxley and Virginia Woolf have shadowed forth. The negro wants to know why people can't be decent and not go around shooting each other. He isn't sentimentalised and he doesn't sacrifice his warped kind of integrity with repentance at the third act curtain. He is simply honestly wondering. Hemingway, perish the thought, is not crusading for brotherly love or self-knowledge or anything nice and definite. He isn't crusading at all. But he cer-

tainly presents some of the more poignant aspects of life: the contrast of Harry's slow and painful death with the smiling serenity of sea and sky, the strange lack of fierceness in his killing of the other men in the boat (he does it half regretfully, as you would refuse a ride to someone if you weren't going his way) are magnificent. This sense of the irrationality of some lives, of the quality that isn't important enough for the dramatic name of futility, is possibly the "point" of the book.

Some will say that there isn't any point. But if Hemingway really believed that I think he would stick to his fishing. And some will say that granted the existence of a point, he hasn't expressed it well. It is true that the nervous English of his characters does contain one or two Anglo-Saxon monosyllables hitherto seldom evident outside Mr. Joyce's pages. The main argument for calling the book twaddle will be used by those who say that Hemingway thinks his characters are pretty swell people and would have us all restrict the operation of our mental equipment to its more physiological components. That may be true of some of his other books, but it seems to me that in this one he is a bit farther from the philosophy of what-the-hell than is at first obvious. He seems to have arrived, from the other side of life, to be sure, at a position vaguely resembling Santayana's as shown in *The Last Puritan*. Santayana, seeing that philosophy sometimes makes people unsatisfactory animals, is for a return to a more vital mode of living; Hemingway, seeing that a preoccupation with physiology may make us miserable human beings, is beginning idly to wonder if we shouldn't be less animal. And for that last statement I shall be thought either correct or not quite bright. Anyway you can read the book in a couple of hours and see for yourself.

So You Want to Get into Radio

J. B. CLARK, '33

LISTEN to that guy announce . . . who does he think he is, a walking encyclopaedia? . . . Why don't that old gal rent a hall to do her squawking in . . . and that small-time two-by-four band might as well be clanking cups on a tin roof . . . why don't they give ME a chance to get into radio? I'd show 'em all right."

Oh yeah? Plenty of folks have made complaints just like those and really were sincere about them. You know, it used to be that we thought we'd make a whale of a success out of acting, if only we had pull for the stage or screen. Now, our yens are toward radio, with the same dismal moaning about those who are in, and sympathy for those who stand outside and wistfully gaze within.

Perhaps you're one of those who has had an urge to crash the magic gates of broadcasting. Most of us are. Well, let's see what it's all about. In the first place, what phase of radio interests you mostly? You hesitate momentarily because to be perfectly frank, you had a hazy idea that about all there was to radio was barking at a microphone. You're like most of us who always see and hear about the glamorous part of radio and never step behind the scenes. But let's pull the curtains and look inside. First of all, we'll decide which phase of radio is most attractive to you: commercial, technical, executive or production.

COMMERCIAL

Let's take the commercial first, because after all is said and done it's the most important, believe it or not. Just as advertizing is the life-blood of a newspaper or a magazine, so advertizing also is the wherewithal that enables you and me to hear our favorite programs. Think you'd like digging up new business for a radio sta-

J. B. Clark, Raleigh, N. C. Twenty-seven years old. Graduated from Duke in 1933. Was editor of the ARCHIVE that year, besides being president of Duke players, and O.D.K. Is now Publicity director and Staff announcer at WPTF. All of us have heard him announce football games. Has had plays and poems published. Is married and has one son, a future ARCHIVE editor.

tion, pounding the pavements, contacting sponsors, signing contracts, pleasing the public taste? It all depends on your personality. Some folks like salesmanship—some don't.

EXECUTIVE

We'll consider you an aesthete whose sensibilities are far too delicate for such manual labor and turn to the executive end. Sure, everyone wants to be an executive, if only a vice-president. And in radio possibilities are unlimited, providing—yes there's a catch—providing one begins at the bottom. After all, you can't step into a front office job in this ether-game just because you made Kappa Kappa or scored a touchdown a la Frank Merriwell. You have to begin right down in the basement and learn the business from the bottom up. The old Horatio Alger success story, I know, but true. There are too many tricks to be mastered that are gained only through experience.



TECHNICAL

Well, suppose I begin at the bottom, then, you say. O. K.—which bottom? Technical or production? If you're mechanically-minded you'll probably choose the technical end and turn out to be a radio engineer. And that isn't a bad idea, looking at the financial results. But if you don't like to play around with electrons and dynamos and meters and tubes, suppose you forget about living a life in a little glass cage (that's where an engineer usually sits, in case you've ever noticed). And that, of course, leaves only the production department to consider your application. Now, you think, we're getting down to this business of real artistry. Here's where I shine. Hello America and all that welcome home business.

PRODUCTION

Just what do you do in a production department of a radio station? It may sound funny but you do just what the name implies, you produce. You write programs you chart schedules, you manufacture ideas, you play, you sing, you act, you become the spoken word, the audible note, the air personality that comprises only a small part of radio. Just for a concrete example, let's suppose you're a young fellow just out of college and you've dropped in to apply for a job as an announcer. It's nice that I chose that word—concrete—since we're dealing with announcers. You'd soon discover that once you joined the guild. Anyhow, we're assuming your heart and soul are wrapped up in becoming a spieler of words through the ether into the station you step.

AUDITION

The first thing, of course, is to take an audition. That's a queer little trick the management has

rigged up to see if you have what it takes to frighten a microphone or vice-versa. It isn't difficult to get an audition at all. Someone leads you into the studio and all you need to create a perfect mood for treading the last mile is a few bars of "Hearts and Flowers." You plop down at the desk. There's a funny looking metal gadget staring you in the face. A sheaf of paper is shoved under your nose, and a voice from a loud speaker barks "O.K. shoot." And you almost wish someone would.

You look at the words. What's all this about Cesar Cui and a Concerto in A Minor? *I Pagliacci* by Ruggiero Leoncavallo and *Boris Godounov* by Modeste Moussorgsky? Must be music, you decide, but so what? You're applying for a job as announcer, not staff musician. And what's all this to do with announcing anyhow? Frankly, it has a lot to do with it, because everytime you mispronounce a word, you're going to hear from some listener about it. And folks who like music—the classical type—are prone to detect every error one makes when referring to the masters. You see, one of these days you might be called on to announce a symphony and the station couldn't wait for you to chase up to the music library and decipher pronunciations. You have to know it—or learn it—and mighty quickly at that.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCING

Oh well, skip it for the moment. Your voice sounds rather nice. We'll see what the possibilities are. How about a bit of commercial broadcasting? Here's a spot. I mean an announcement, something like a want ad in a newspaper, paid for by some sponsor who has something to sell and

wants your listeners to know about it. Go on, read it. No, no, not like that. This is commercial. Punch it. Read it with a vengeance, let them know that if they don't get a pound of this elbow grease that Aunt Emma won't live to see the light of day. Pack it with selling power. You're a salesman now, speaking to a potential customer, doing a good enough job for your station to make that sponsor come back with more business. Dry stuff? Maybe it is, but you're in the show business. You've got to put a ring in your voice to create the impression that you are receiving the greatest joy in life from reading that one spot and you're passing your happiness right along to whoever may be listening.

AD-LIBBING

Now, let's see. How about ad-libbing a few minutes? What's that? Oh, oh yes, sure . . . ad libbing means talking extemporaneously, making up your words on the spur of the moment, blowing off steam about nothing at all, gazing at a bare wall and describing a circus parade in full regalia, shutting your eyes and picturing yourself watching the season's biggest football game. That's it . . . keep on going now . . . just about five minutes. That ought to be enough . . . here, here, don't slow up. This is a broadcast and the show has to go on. Keep something moving. You're the show. There are thousands of people hanging on every word. Keep something rattling in that microphone. See, an announcer has to have ad-lib. Suppose he lost his prepared script. Where would the show be?

VERSATILITY

Don't get tired so easily. Your

voice was more than fair. In fact, we may give you a chance after all. But, let's get back to the production offices. Can you use a typewriter? Oh sure, you have to be able to type. You see, in almost all stations, large or small, announcers have to be men-of-all-work. Write continuity, play a piano or some musical instrument, build programs, direct dramatics, contact salesmen concerning sponsors, arrange schedules, keep mailing charts, write publicity, sweep floors, be studio guides. In other words, be versatile. Step in and be a specialist along several lines. Then, when you're at the bottom climbing up, specialize in the one phase that holds the chief attraction for you. That's when the networks step in and grab the stars of the future.

What's the matter? You're not leaving, are you? Well, I hope you understand that we can't take you on right now as chief announcer, even if you did have the lead in your class play and were praised by all the home folks for your diction. I respect your talent and I'm glad for you, but after all, you'll have to begin down here with the rest of us and work up . . . No, I wouldn't apply to a larger station either. They'd be just as intolerant, in fact more so, because they get their staff from those who graduate from us smaller fellows . . . That's right, learn to write, learn to type, to sweep and mop and work long hours and rehearse and take criticism and come up fighting and keep that throat clear and don't lose your temper no matter how tired you are and be content with small rewards until your day arrives . . . and maybe, that's right, I thought so, you still want to get into radio. And I can't blame you.



Ticket to St. Petersburg

A STORY

JANE DUSENBURY

IT was snowing. Cold snow chips flecked against Marya Smirnov's red cheeks. The station was crowded with others, like Marya, waiting for the boat-train from Cherbourg. Everybody had on gloves covered with white, and everybody wore bulky coats of fur, white-specked, with the fur in wet scraggles where their hot necks had melted the snow. There was the stir of anticipation; people stamped their feet, and blew in their hands, and squinted down the tracks against the cold. A wind slapped against the station wall. Marya walked over to a motherly looking woman who was holding a basket of peaches; Marya's eyes were excited.

She said, "Do you wait for the train too, good mother?"

The woman nodded. "Soon it will come, young one. Be patient."

Marya smiled, hugged her hands in her muff. "I am so anxious! I may not recognize the man I am to meet. I haven't seen him since seven years ago when his sister married my brother Alexis in St. Petersburg. Can you guess who he is? M. Khurin Vassilevitch!"

"Vassilevitch! M. Khurin Vassilevitch is a very great man," the old woman said. "Everybody knows Khurin Vassilevitch and his St. Petersburg symphony. He is a god to many people."

Marya smiled. "Someday my brothers will be great men too. They paint in the academy. They are in many ways like little careless children, and need caring for, but they will be great men."

"M. Vassilevitch is reputed to be a lonely man, always by himself. He will enjoy you and your brothers. Be a friend to him, young one, for even the great are human."

The train was roaring in the distance, and its blackness rushed through the white air. Little black

cinders flew from it. As the engine passed the people on the platform, a wave of enveloping heat, like the heat from many human bodies, swept over the crowd, and people shivered in its warmth.

The train stopped, immense, portentous. People in the train shoved open steamy windows, and handed out portmanteaus and hat-boxes and bundles. There was noise and shuffling, and the people started to climb off the train.

Marya Smirnov stood and looked at each man. Her hands were tight in her muff. People mashed around her, and hugged and kissed, and bumped bodies and bundles. She kept her head up, looking hard.

A tall man, with frosty breath, and eyes like deep, slumbersome coals, pushed out of the crowd, stopped in front of her, and bowed slightly. He said, questioning, "Mlle. Marya Smirnov?"

"M. Khurin Vassilevitch," she said, and smiled a little.

They gazed at each other momentarily and intensely.

"You have not changed so much, Marya," he said.

To Marya, he seemed a new God invading her world.

M. Vassilevitch carried his portmanteau in one hand, and guided her through the crowd with the other.

"I will show you the way," Marya offered breathlessly, "and I will get a *garçon* to carry your bag."

"I know the way," he said. "And I can carry the bag, little one." His hand was firm and human and warm on her sleeve.

"We are living on Rue de Lafayette, in the apartment *Lion Cœur*," Marya said; but she was thinking there was no use to tell this man anything. He knew everything. Everything.

He took a taxi and put her into

it, and his portmanteau. He drew off his gloves and blew his fingers. They were long, strong, with short, tight nails. He exuded warmth. His eyes and mouth, his face, were penetrating. Like knife blades and flames.

"Seven years ago I saw you, little Marya," he smiled, "and still I seem to wander about alone."

"With the whole Petersburg symphony!"

"Yes, but still alone. I grieve yet that my sister died so soon. Now it is you who takes care of Alexis and Andrei. Alexis should have a wife. And Andrei, too."

"They are like little boys," Marya said, "and it is a full life to watch after them; they will be great artists someday."

She smiled. "You are the greatest musician of Europe, M. Vassilevitch."

He smiled and pressed her arm. After a while, they reached the *Lion Cœur*, and went up to the Smirnov apartments on the third story. He unlocked the door with her key.

When they were inside, Marya threw off her muff, and sighed.

"It is so cold in here! Alexis and Andrei will freeze." She ran and called down the stairs. "Jean! Fire up the furnaces! It is ice up here. Hurry!"

"I will make a fire in the grate," she said to M. Vassilevitch.

She took his hat and coat, and showed him to a bedroom, and turned down the bedcovers, and lit the lamps.

"Will you be comfortable Monsieur? Now I must go see about dinner, and the fire. Alexis and Andrei will be here soon, all tired and hungry, and with something to worry about." She started out, then stopped, and said with a peculiar, childish intonation, "I should like to hear you play the piano sometime."

The gentleman's eyes followed her out the room. He had not seen Andrei, nor his brother-in-law Alexis, nor Marya, since Alexis' wedding in St. Petersburg. Alexis, bright-eyed, marrying his sister—she ready to pick up after him, take care of him, push him, until she should die.

Marya made dinner, fetched out the brothers' slippers and robes, brought up the newspaper, saw the rooms heated. She hurried, and looked often at the closed bedroom door.

In a while, M. Vassilevitch came into the room. Marya was stirring the fire with a black poker, and she held a hand to her face against the heat.

"There, child," the tall man said. "Let me do this."

He almost pushed her into a chair, and finished poking the fire. Then he turned to her, and stood above her, looking down into her sober face. His eyes were like hot screws, boring deeper, singeing and seeing.

Marya Smirnov breathed tightly; he was a force, a strength, an almost preternatural power. He could be a channel of deep running purpose that would sweep her out of herself, that would turn her will to a fierce little stream running in the wake of his.

The walls pushed back and darkness seemed to come up from somewhere. Something, almost, rushed forth from her. She wanted it to; it would leave her light as air, free and light as air. Like a bare tree in wind.

Khurin Vassilevitch leaned over her, and pushed her shoulders against the back of the chair.

"Rest, little Marva Smirnov," he said, and his words dropped into the stillness, and were mixed with the quiet crackings of the fire.

She remained limp and still, with her eyes upon him. He went and stood in front of the fire, and was silhouetted there, tall and lean.

A floor board creaked in a corner, and sparks snapped in the grate. Khurin Vassilevitch's eyes narrowed slowly, and he gazed onto the floor. Down-stairs there was the muffled sound of voices.

a shut door, and then feet upon stairs.

"It is Andrei and Alexis!" the man said. "How long since I have seen them!"

Marya felt the thought of Alexis and Andrei come into her mind, and beat insistently at her brain. And the thought of Andrei and Alexis brought a host of other small hastening thoughts—of cooking cabbages, and socks to mend, and wine bottles stacked empty in corners, and all kinds of people coming in at all hours to see Andrei and Alexis about all kinds of business. She rose and went to open the door for her brothers.

They came in, big and frosty, and genial, eager to see Khurin. They hugged Marya, while she took their wet hats, and felt their cold noses.

"Khurin!" cried Alexis. "My dear Khurin!" They embraced each other like brothers, and then Khurin greeted Andrei affectionately.

Alexis was older than Andrei, but both wore a winning *naïvete*, an ingenuous charm.

Khurin laughed at his brother-in-law. "Alexis! You fellow! There is paint on your face! A great blue daub from chin to nose."

"Today we were at the academy, and I have been stewing all day, with Andrei, in paint pots. We have a piece over there that the director insists is a true early *Delacroix*. And it really is, isn't it, Andrei dear? But let's talk of you, Khurin. Are you composing? Was your tour successful?"

"But of course!" Andrei cried. "We have followed your trip in the papers, Khurin. You are famous. A great man. And you visit two humble artists as Alexis and me."

"It is nice to do," Khurin said.

Marya came and tugged at the sleeves of Alexis and Andrei. "Come to dinner at once, brothers. Change your wet shoes, then come to dinner."

In a moment they all sat down to eat. In the centre of the table was a big bowl of rice. There was hot chicken, and red wine, and on the cloth lay hard pieces of crusty bread.

When they were almost finished, and had talked of many things, Andrei spoke, with his intense, eager candor. "There is something about you that pervades, Khurin. Something in the room here that you bring. I sense it."

Alexis spoke. "You bring warmth and cheer, Khurin. A good friend you are. But there is something else. If my sixth sense could be embodied, it would speak with the part of you that we can sense, but do not see. You must have a mind, Khurin, that runs deeply. It runs in your music, your eyes, your very presence."

Khurin smiled a little, and poured more wine into Marya's glass. "I don't want to be a mystery, my kind hosts. I had rather be *sympatique* like yourselves. But minds are shady, moving things; all run deeply. Everybody's. And mine is a lonely mind. Ah, we lonely ones! Repressed, we boast and strut, then cower in our beds. Inhibited, we turn to strong channels of energy, and sweat ourselves into queer, lopsided people."

For a moment, silence. The snow beat a million white wings on the window panes, and a rising wind tore around corners, wailing and sniffing. A stormy Paris stalked outside. All four leaned on the table. Dinner was finished. Alexis played with crumbs on the cloth. The firelight played on the silverware, the wine in the glasses looked red and warm.

Khurin traced little crosses on the table, and went on, speaking low. "All day we carry deep things in our minds, buried in depths, so no one sees, not even ourselves. At night, these deep things come and dance in our dreams, but they are grotesqued, disfigured, by our beating them so long from consciousness. We toss on our pillows."

"Ah, Khurin! But why say all this!" Andrei cried. "Are you in such a fix?" But still all three watched Khurin, and how the glancing firelight splashed on his face, and into his slumberous eyes.

"I have a will. I fight. I seem all right, no? Other people have trouble too. Sometimes they tire

of instruction, and worry, and being oppressed, and pushed. They want to be God, or to smash heads and kill. Or sometimes," he pushed Marya's wine glass close to her, "they tire of pushing, instructing, and being their brother's keeper. They have a great weariness, and long to sink into the will of another."

He pushed his chair back abruptly. "I really don't know what I should do without my music. It is very close. My life, I suppose." Silence again.

"There is a draught," Marya said, and got up to pull the curtains.

The three men started to rise, when there was a banging on the door. Marya opened, and a snow covered, wet faced man stamped in, excited. "Alexis! Andrei!" he said in French. "Put on your coats. We must go to the academy! The *Delacroix* has been stolen! The director wants you to come examine some caretakers, and tell who was around when we were examining it."

"They can do nothing. *Mon-sieur*," Marya cried. "They can do nothing! What have they to do with it? And there is a friend here they cannot leave!" Marya's color was high, a pulse beat tightly in her throat.

Alexis and Andrei were in excited consultation.

"That's final proof it was a true one!"

"Of course! Of course! Stolen!"

"Whatever could explain this?"

"We must go; indeed we must."

Marya almost shouted. "You can do nothing! It is stormy outside, and colder than in years. The academy is miles. You will get wet, and sick! It is foolish! You are children! And you cannot leave M. Vassilevitch; he is here just to-night!"

The brothers were putting on their coats, troubled.

"Khurin, we will not stay, honestly; just to see about the *Delacroix*."

"Indeed, I don't mind, but for the storm! You are going to leave me with Marya?"

"Ah yes, Khurin. We are one family, no? And there is the bell

for the *garçon* if you like something. We will be back, Khurin. I am truly sorry, but—goodbye!"

"Ah, little sister," Andrei said to Marya, who stood at the side of the door, "don't be angry. We'll dry before the fire when we get there. Goodbye, Khurin!"

They went out, and all that was left was a little puddle of melted snow from the messenger's coat.

Marya's eyes burned, her breast rose and fell.

"So it is always," she said. "Always."

"Come, little Marya," Khurin said. He held her two wrists in his hands tightly, gazing in her eyes, until she relaxed slowly, leaned her head against the wall, closed her eyes. He led her to a divan, and she sat upon it wearily. He cleared the dinner table in a moment and pushed it back against the wall.

He walked swiftly then to Marya, and pressed his palm against her forehead.

"Do you feel quite well, Marya?"

"Quite well, M. Vassilevitch. I am sorry about Alexis and Andrei."

"Do not think of them, Marya. Listen. I shall play you something on the piano." He pulled the drapes so they could not see the snow beat against the window. Then he went to the piano, and played a few soft chords, looking at Marya. She was very still. He swept slowly into a quiet rhapsody, stately, but breathing of a passion and a feeling, full of depth and stirring forces. It was a moody thing; the sound of it filled the room and mingled with the fire-light and shadows. The single light was low; the fire lower, and crumbling.

Khurin came over to Marya.

"Lean back against the cushions, Marya. Rest your head. Be as if you were going to sleep. Deep into a sleep."

He sat on a chair next the divan, and took her hand. He stroked the back of her hand repeatedly, gently, over and over. Over and over. Her eyes closed.

"You are sleepy, little Marya. Tired and sleepy. So sleepy. Tired of worrying. Tired of telling your

brothers what to do. You're so sleepy. Sleepy. Asleep."

He pressed his hand to her brow firmly.

"Tell me, little Marya, you feel quite free with me?"

"Ah—yes."

"And you are tired of running things, of being little mother to your brothers?"

"So—tired."

"Is there nowhere you could go to change your life, little Marya?"

"I could go home. To St. Petersburg."

"But would you want to go alone to St. Petersburg? It is big, very big."

Marya almost stirred. She sighed.

Khurin took her hand again. "Ah, you are so sleepy. Deep in sleep, little Marya. So very deep in sleep."

Again he questioned, while she remained inert. "Would you like to go to St. Petersburg, Marya? Where you were born. Big red sunrises, and silver starlight."

"I must not leave my brothers alone."

"But should you *like* to go to St. Petersburg?"

"Ah—yes!"

"Do you like music, little Marya?"

"I love music."

"Do you love my music?"

"Your music, M. Vassilevitch—is heaven!"

"Could you call me something besides M. Vassilevitch?"

"Khurin."

"Besides Khurin?"

"Ah—dear Khurin!"

Khurin passed a hand along his own face, closed his eyes tightly a moment.

"Now, little Marya, I shall call your name, and when I do, you shall awaken, and feel well."

He put his hand again on her forehead. "Marya!"

She opened deep eyes.

"Do you remember what we spoke of, little Marya?"

"Ah, indeed."

"Come sit up, sweet girl."

He stood up, emanating strength. His eyes flashed and burned.

"I will pack now. I will leave this night!"

"But M. Vassil—!"

"What do you call me?"

"Khurin! It storms! Why do you think of leaving tonight?"

He leaned to her, hot eyes reading hers. "The sooner I go, the sooner you follow! We are Russians! We are impulsive! We do not play with time."

Five minutes later he stood by the crumbled fire, coated and hatted, portmanteau in hand.

"I will leave you my ticket, and buy another at the train station. You will follow me, day after tomorrow."

Marya looked at him clearly.

He stepped close to her, pressed her wrists close together.

"You will obey me, will you not, Marya?"

"Yes."

He pressed the ticket into her hands, and was gone.

Marya sat on the divan an inestimable time. By and by she heard the steps outside of Alexis and Andrei. She started up to open the door then sat down again, clasp the ticket to St. Petersburg. The brothers were talking loudly on the way up.

"Imagine that blasted picture stuck all the time behind an easel!"

"What eyes we have, little brother! Is it a wonder that Marya is displeased?"

"That trip for naught. How are your shoes, Alexis?"

"Like tubs of water. Listen to the slush! My conscience will be hot when we meet Marya."

"Let's take her dancing tomorrow, Alexis. And buy her champagne, and a new hat."

Marya stood up and ran to meet them; a little piece of paper fluttered to the floor.

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FRESHMAN THEMES

Recording Life

CHARLES SANBORN

MANY a man's diary is a record of his actions. Mine is a record of life. Mine is a record of my viewpoints, my friend's viewpoints, my friend's jokes, and the jokes of life. For that reason it is a much read journal. Friends use it as a reference book, and read it as a novel. I look on it as a kaleidoscope revealing sidelights that spring from all the emotions and inclinations of man.

There is humor in it: there is pathos, romance, mystery, tragedy, adventure, drama, suspense, intrigue. Sprinkled throughout its typewritten pages are the myriad side-episodes, minor tragedies, and by-plots that no author would include in a novel, but which, left out, rob life of its fullness and iridescence, leaving it a dull, prosaic routine at best.

A casual comparison of this year's diary with some of my others would lead one to an erroneous, though pardonable, conclusion. It would seem that for sixteen years mine had been a mechanical, perfunctory existence—then suddenly fate showered me with her attentions.

Why this illusion? Had I finally embarked on thrilling adventures, been drawn into dark conspiracies, or found new romance in common things? No, I had simply changed my style and selection of material. Why bother recording the number of minutes I was late for class, when it was the sarcastic remark of the irate teacher that will live in my memory? Why describe a room, when a labeled diagram would be more explicit? Why mention a letter, when the note itself could be inserted loose-leaf style? Why not make a map of that canoe trip on the Delaware? What was that joke Harry told at breakfast? Would a character sketch and photo of Bill help me to recall him in later years?

Yes, it would be pardonable to judge this last year more interesting, because I have taken more interest in it. As each new episode develops, I can hardly wait for it to conclude so that I may write it down. There was the epoch of practical jokes at camp. It started with a little canoe pirating that complicated our relations with several young ladies up the lake. We retaliated by clipping the culprit's hair on the evening of a dance.

This led to shoe-raids, ambushings, and the like, and ended in a mock trial that was the farce of a century.

There is the pathetic story of Myron who was eluded by friendship like a sinking star that ever fell beyond his horizon. There is my own little tragic experience with automobiles. I learned to drive, borrowed a car, cracked it up, and had to pay for it.

There is the love life of Athos, who took women seriously—and suffered. There is the involved case of my grandmother who, on her deathbed, inherited fifty thousand dollars and learned to discriminate between friend and relative. There is the suspense of not knowing my next step in life.

Not until September 7th did I know whether or not to cancel my application to Duke in favor of a business career. And there is much more. But it only serves to make me realize how little we know about things to come, and how rich every experience can be. It is to trace the sequence of events that I keep a diary. What will the future tell? Whatever it is, my diary will mark its words well.

Karl

LOUISE N. RUDOLPH

BY SOME unfortunate quirk of fate Karl was born a hundred years too late. A nineteenth century Romanticist by inclination and preference, he is perplexed and unhappy in this practical, modern world. He was created to wear a velvet coat and grace the

salons of the literary and musical worlds of a by-gone Paris; yet he wears tweeds and suffers, when forced to, through the social functions of a staid New England town.

Perhaps I should not go so far as to say that Karl is a disappointment to his family, but I am as-

suredly safe in pronouncing him a source of anxiety and bewilderment. His father, one of that particular species of human being known as the American Businessman, is in no way equipped to understand or sympathize with the musical aspirations of his

son; his mother, after several frustrated attempts to share the interests and ideals of "her boy," has admitted defeat and re-accepted the rôle of charming hostess and social leader. Therefore, Karl has been left utterly alone in his struggle to find himself and ultimate happiness.

One of my earliest recollections is of Karl as a boy of six trudging happily to school with a group of sturdy youngsters in knee-pants. Even then he was a lover of beauty, and it was to him we turned for new games of make-believe, which his vivid imagination never failed to produce. His tales of knights in shining armor and heroes of ancient, if historically vague, added greatly to the glamor of my early years.

He was always sensitive, inclined to be shy, and I blush now to think of the desperately unhappy hours our youthful bluntness and selfishness must have caused him. It may be that unconsciously we laid the foundation for that invisible wall which surrounds him now, that impregnable fortress into which he withdraws to shield himself from the onslaughts of an uncomprehending society. He flies false flags of indifference, boredom, complacency, valiant deceptions strung to prevent the casual observer from realizing that behind the barricade huddles a lost and lonely soul able to communicate with the outside world only through the delicate, complex instruments of music and poetry.

As he matured he became in-

creasingly reclusive, wary of strangers, suspicious of a smile or friendly word. Shunning his friends, he sought solitude in which to court Erato or worship his idol, Chopin. Then, and then alone, was he truly at peace. Losing himself in the beauty and passion of music, he was carried away on golden waves of sound to some distant shore.

At present he is studying music in a city completely foreign to him; perhaps there, surrounded by temperaments in harmony with his own, he will be able to break through that restraining wall and display to the world the charming, conversational self that only a privileged few have grown to know and love.



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RENCONTRE

This was not love, this high-pitched, swift elation,
The impetuous challenge, and the undiminished
Crescendo on the subtle variation;
The sentences begun and left unfinished
Because there was so much for us to say
In that brief instant of discovery,
Lest our frail bonds be somehow brushed away,
Leaving us alien and widely free.
It was not much—the sharpness of November
Defied by vagrant laughter on the air:
A little thing, but something to remember
Through all the years, a charm against despair,
Redeeming past and future loneliness.
This was not love—but it was happiness!

VIRGINIA HODGES

One Letter, Two Poems

Dear Archive,

I was much interested this summer to find and to read an anthology of nonsense. I had long believed that the "Nonsensists" had the right idea. I was more convinced after reading choice selections from this anthology. Life is serious and, too, is a jest. The "Nonsensists" are the jesters. Why, they say, dwell upon the drab and dreary when there is so much that is light and gay in life? I cite Gelett Burgess' "The Purple Cow":

"I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one;
But, I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."

You smile and the more you think about the "Purple Cow" the more you smile. Perhaps you have now given a hearty chuckle or you are rolling on the floor in laughter. I hope not.

"The Purple Cow" is one type of nonsense poetry. It is not a pure nonsense poem. Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky" approaches the acme of nonsense poetry. The two

poems differ in that Carroll has presented an entirely irrational idea and has coined words to express the proper sounds and produce a pleasing rhythm. In fact, this type of poem is more nearly true poetry than much so-called poetry which is really rhymed prose. All of the nonsense poems have a natural rhythm which is not bound by the shackles of conventional meter. This argument need not be lengthened.

I submit two nonsense poems. The first is "Rabbit Habit". This poem greatly pleased my three year old niece. It should, then, have a great appeal to college students. The second, "Cornogger", is my idea of the true nonsense poem. What does it mean? Nonsense. In this poem all of the coined words are my own with the exception of *irruncible*. Plagiarism is a horrible accusation, you know. I think that the alliteration in the poem has produced a pleasing effect, particularly effective in the oral delivery of the work.

Now, Archive, these poems are a radical departure from anything yet printed in our literary magazine. There is the strong possibility that these poems will not be accepted. I can well understand this. If, however, they are published, they must be published under a pen-name, so to speak. I am a timid soul at heart. I might be accused of being crazy or just "plain silly." I am not, I hope. To protect myself from the accusations of being "kicked by a butterfly" or other similar expressions, then, anonymity is necessary.*

I sincerely hope that these poems might excite some degree of interest. At least, this is a noble experiment. It is quite possible that the latent possibilities of some nonsense poet might be aroused. I would like to read the nonsense poems of other people, that is, so long as the poems are not degraded to mere limericks and other gibberish.

Sincerely,

CHARLES RAMSEY.

* But we persuaded him it wasn't.

RABBIT HABIT

A rabbit stood on the edge of a wood
And twitched his pinkish nose.
He scratched his bald head with his toes
And stood on the edge of a wood.

"I would that I could, if I could,"
As he twitched his nose again.
He ran his paws back through his mane
And stood on the edge of a wood.

He stood long in a thinkish mood
As his nose twitched on and on.
He leaned against a grey-grown stone
And stood on the edge of a wood.

He cried hard, and he cried good
And his nose twitched round and round.
The tears rolled down and wet the ground
And stood on the edge of a wood.

"I would that I could, if I could
Find out why my poor nose twitches
When it never, never itches
As I stand on the edge of a wood."

CORNOGGER

The ichtythanurus saluvially slid
Upon his branuvius bottom.
Enow and then, he'd lift his head
To see if it were autumn.

He winkled his egubrious eye
And waggled a lanksome ear.
"Ah me, oh my," he'd moonily sigh
And shed a gallonious tear.

Tinpaniful drops of cry arose
As he would solaciously shiver.
The tears went snurgling off his nose
And made a torpentious river.

The dewdaceous water fastily filled
The irruncible air about him.
"It's illarious," he said, "To so be killed
And never cornogger in autumn."

A RENAISSANCE

(Continued from Page 1)

creative arts. It would become more receptive and tolerant, and perhaps more productive, of ideas. There would be effected at Duke not only a literary, but an intellectual renaissance.

And Duke University itself, as an institution, would ultimately benefit from recognition that it was contributing directly to one of the vital needs of this nation. The future of any country lies in its culture. And the culture of any country is fashioned, given life and motivation, by its artists.

Yes, we're a bunch of kids playing with words and the ARCHIVE's no good. But is has been only a bunch of *men* playing with these same things—words—who have pointed the way to any achievements which this planet, on which we strut our brief moment, may boast of.

And it will be a bunch of men articulate with the same words who will point the way to this country's future achievements—contrary to your belief that it will be the munition makers or bond salesmen.



CONTRIBUTORS

Keui Hyung Chang, author of *The East and the West*, is a native Korean, who reversed the usual procedure by doing graduate work first at a seminary in California before coming to Duke to do undergraduate work in Philosophy. He expects to return to his native country to preach and teach.

Walter Shaefer, senior author of *Rank and File*, is the ARCHIVE's associate editor. He is 22 years of age, of Franco-Prussian descent, comes from Nutting, N. Y. "Before coming to Duke I worked on ships, lived a year in Poland with a group studying assimilating problems in the corridor. Spent my freshman year at Dartmouth. Psychology is my major. On getting out of college I should like to become a union leader, to write advertising, to sell insurance, to paint, to build houses, to design dresses and to raise a batch of children. I expect to do all of these things. I do not want or expect to write."

Berry C. Williams, twin senior, from the little town of Fayetteville in the foothills of Tennessee. Loves "them thar hills" and is proud of the Indian blood in his veins. Loves to piddle around with short stories and poetry, but thinks most modern poetry not worthy of the name.

Arthur Dowling, senior English Honors student, and a Phi Beta Kappa, keeping himself in college by banging the piano in a jazz orchestra, has consented to take over the book page for the rest of the year. Man of many talents, Mr. Dowling is from Savannah, Ga.

J. B. Clark, of the class of 1933, a former ARCHIVE editor, is the voice you hear often on the air from station WPTF at Raleigh. See note under his article of advice to aspirants to the field of radio.

Jane Dusenbury, senior authoress of *Ticket to St. Petersburg*, is the ARCHIVE's co-ed associate editor. She is from Miami, Fla. "I have

been scribbling for years, but do not make much progress. Although an English major I have a passion for abnormal Psychology. Someday I will write something people will pay me for."

Charles Sanborn, freshman author of *Recording Life*, is from East Orange, N. J. His is a contribution from Mr. Irving's classroom.

Louise Rudolph, is the freshman authoress of *Karl*, the character sketch appearing on page 23, written from Prof. Charles Anderson's course. She is 17 years of age, from New York City.

Charles Ramsey, author of the letter and those two verses of nonsense on page 27 is a junior civil engineer, 22 years of age, from Charlotte, N. C. He believes that there is too much in this world that is morbidly serious. He turns for relaxation from logarithms to the writing of short stories and verse. He has yet to write his "great novel of frustration."

Art Stanwood, creator of the cut appearing on page 13, is a talented freshman, seventeen years old, from Newton, Mass. He aspires to be a second Petty, his favorite subject being girls. "I have enough rejection slips from magazines to wall-paper my room." He has had some of his art work published in minor magazines. Wishes *Esquire* could "take a joke."

Edward Post, author of *Carnival Fortune*, on page 7; *J. William Vinson*, author of the poem, on page 14; and *Virginia Hodges*, author of the sonnet on page 26, all appeared in last month's issue.

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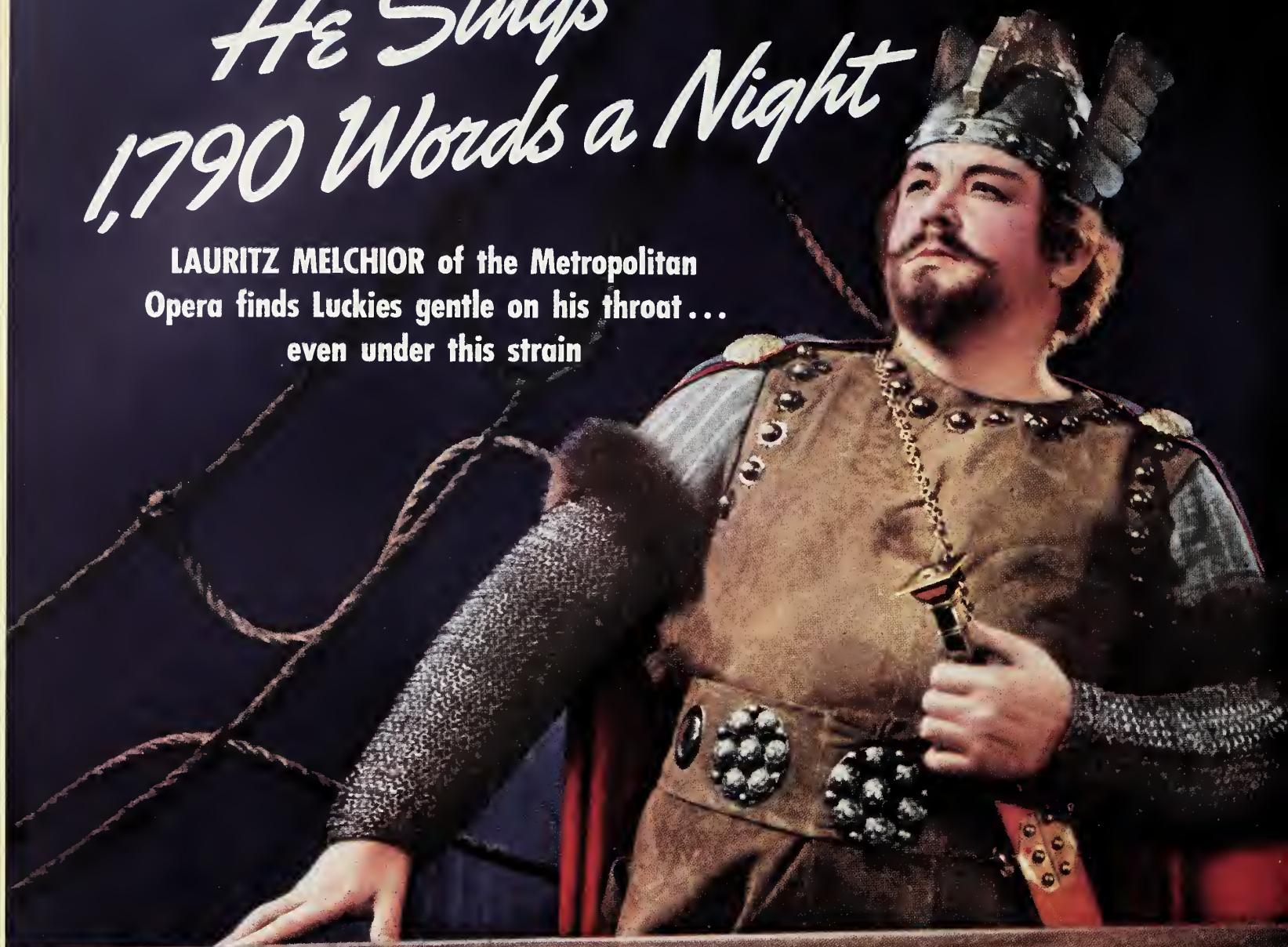
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EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"

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Duke Undergraduate Literary Monthly



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Editorial



Joan Crawford

takes time out from her part in M-G-M's "Mannequin" to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus..JoanCrawford has smoked Luckies for eight years, has been kind enough to tell us: "They always stay on good terms with my throat."

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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LI

DECEMBER, 1937

NUMBER THREE

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

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It's Still Alive

Two years ago, here at Duke, with assistant professor William Blackburn and his short story class assisting at the accouchement, there was born an organization christened *The Undergraduate Writers*. When. Where. Who. What.

Why.

The purpose behind the organization of the group was: to eliminate politics from the election of ARCHIVE editors. To select editors on the basis of merit. To insure the ARCHIVE of careful handling thereby.

That organization still exists today, quietly prospering. It is the only active literary group on the campus. An examination of its structure and function will be illuminating to those undergraduates who would like to become editor of this magazine and don't know quite how to go about it.

By the authority of the administration and the Publication Board, membership in *The Undergradu-*

ate Writers is prerequisite to eligibility for staff positions on the ARCHIVE. So, he who would become an editor of the ARCHIVE must first become a member of *The Undergraduate Writers*. And this entails little. The Undergraduate Writers is strictly informal. It has no dues, no paddles, no songs, no numeralled coats or hats. It has only a lenient constitution. And its constitution states its membership requirements to be these: "the submission of some form of creative literary piece as a manifestation of interest, the quality of which shall be regarded as a negligible factor in deciding membership; and regular attendance at meetings." That's all you have to do to become an *Undergraduate Writer*. And that's the first step to becoming editor of the ARCHIVE.

The second step involves an examination, written and oral, not very severe. This is given in the spring by a faculty committee of three, this year comprised of Pro-

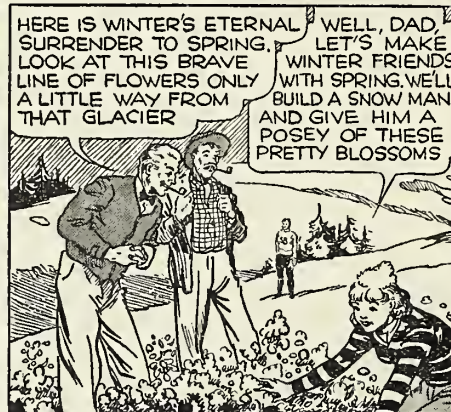
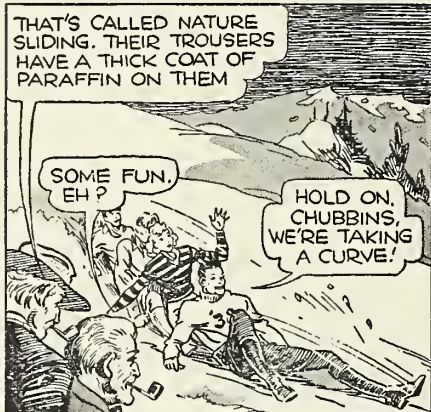
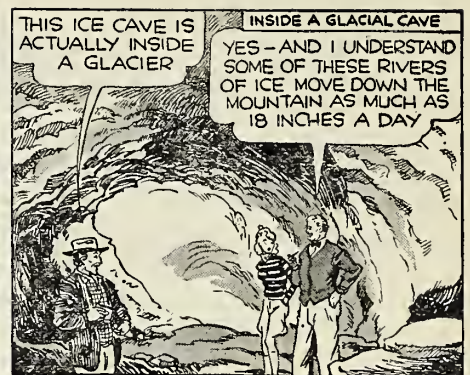
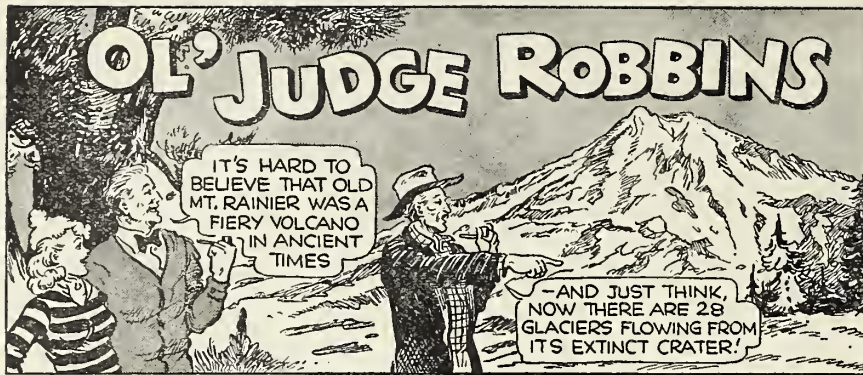
fessors Irving, Mitchell and Ghodes. On the basis of this examination, two candidates are selected to go before the Publication Board. The Board votes one of the two candidates into office.

Thus is served one of the group's functions. It breeds and sets up for blue ribbons two candidates for ARCHIVE editorship. This description is for the benefit of all those undergraduates who may harbor a secret desire to control the destinies of Duke's oldest, and most popular, publication. It is an answer to those persons who have expressed a desire to "do something" on the ARCHIVE, and have found the editorial staff fixed and inflexible (the staff's duties not being varied enough to warrant the addition of new members), and found the editor vague in his explanations as to why he could not add them to his staff with the facility this is done on such a publication as the *Chronicle*, where the set-up is quite different, in as much as there are some 60 issues of the *Chronicle* and only 7 issues of the ARCHIVE.

So, again, if you are literary minded, if you did something on your high or prep school publication, and if you would like to continue that work on the ARCHIVE, first join *The Undergraduate Writers*. As a member you will probably sometime be added to the ARCHIVE staff in one capacity or another. At least, as a member, you will be eligible to take the examination in the spring of your junior year. Then, perhaps, the Publication Board will approve of the way you wear your clothes and you will find yourself in a position to disseminate culture all over the campus. You can have your name on some stationery and write all your letters on it until your friends think you're a pretty important guy. In time you'll come to think so yourself.

As for the present operation of *The Undergraduate Writers*, it is meeting every two weeks in the President's room in the basement of the Woman's college auditorium. The meetings are chiefly taken up with an anonymous reading of manuscripts for criticism. This may seem of little value. But there are definite benefits to be de-

(Continued on Page 20)



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DUKE UNDERGRADUATE LITERARY MONTHLY

VOLUME LI



NUMBER THREE

December, 1937

Her Four Years

JANE DUSENBURY

EVELYN came to college on a train with a lot of other freshmen. She wore a brown, snap brim hat, and a plaid dress, such as she and her mother had seen in the ads in the front pages of *Vogue*. She had two new suitcases with college stickers on them that she had bought in a little cellophane package in the dime store. They were from all over—Purdue, Tulane, Duke, Georgia Tech.

Twice she had gone up into the lounge car of the train to smoke cigarettes out of a new package. They had made a terrible crackle when she opened them, that made her look around to see if people were staring at her. She'd blown out huge clouds of smoke, and picked pieces of tobacco off her lips with her fingers.

When the train stopped, all the freshmen got off with their baggage, and officious upperclassmen took care of their trunk checks. Evelyn was attached to a wholesome Y.W.C.A. girl and driven to the campus.

"I'm from Evanston," she told the girl, trying to smile engagingly, and to be collegiate. Her neck felt dirty from the train, and she kept remembering she must telegraph her family that she had arrived safely.

— — — —

The next day, as soon as her

trunk was delivered, she nervously opened all the drawers to see if anything were broken. She wanted to unpack, but a girl came in and sat on her bed. The girl was pleasant in a business like way, plopped an ash tray in the centre of the bedspread, and lit a cigarette. Evelyn felt like a specimen, or exhibit, and wished the girl would go back into her own room. She kept thinking what neat stacks she would put her underwear in; she would put newspaper in the bottom of her drawers, then put all her clothes in neat piles—sweaters, scarves, nightgowns—

"You're from the North, aren't you, Evelyn?"

The girl was a big blonde in a red sweater. She was named Cora Ford.

"Yes, I'm from Evanston."

"Well, I hope you like college."

"Yes, I hope so. I've always planned to come to college. I think a college education is invaluable to young women today."

The girl smiled and scratched her nose.

"In college, you're either a conformist, or a non-conformist. Everyone thinks the non-conformists are queer, and maybe stodgy, but they're the ones that get the education."

"Is that so," Evelyn said. "I never thought of that."

"No, naturally you wouldn't." The girl scratched her nose again. "You're a conformist."

Evelyn felt a little affronted, but didn't know why she should. She only wanted to stack up her clothes. She stared at the girl's blonde hair.

"Well, I'd never thought of it."

"Well, don't bother. For heaven's sake, don't bother."

"Would you like a caramel?"

"No, no. Look, I'll see you again. I just dropped in to see who was new on the hall. So long, Eva."

"It's Evelyn."

"Oh—Evelyn. Goodbye, Evelyn."

Evelyn never saw Cora in the hall after that, except in passing, when Cora said vaguely, "Hi, Eva," or "Hello, Ethel."

One time when Evelyn was walking home from town, she saw Cora in her red sweater, stretched out on her stomach on the campus grass. Beside her was a pile of books, in front of her a stack of yellow paper on which she was writing furiously. A tall boy in an open shirt came over to her; she greeted him casually, and then started to read to him from the paper. Then she sat up, and Evelyn could see them arguing about what was on the paper. Finally he picked up the books, and they

walked away, arm in arm, still arguing.

Another time Cora gave a heated speech in assembly about how ridiculous it was to say that all men were born equal. Nobody around Evelyn clapped much, so she didn't either, although she really thought it quite stirring. Cora's face was red when she sat down.

— — — —

Evelyn used to keep her door shut, all the time. It shut out lots of noise, she thought. Her floor was a little bare because her scatter rugs weren't big enough, besides being a dark blue. She had pictures of girl friends from home sticking around her mirror, all signed "Love to Evelyn." On her desk was a photograph of her cousin Malcolm, who worked in a dry-cleaning establishment. She didn't tell anybody he was her cousin. Her bed had two little French pillows on it, flat, with frayed lace. At night, a tree branch hit the outside of her window with a friendly swish; it was a close, fraternal swish. She used to lie awake and listen to it swish to and fro, to and fro, to and fro.

— — — —

At beginning of second semester, the sororities rushed. Evelyn went around to various houses being rushed. One day she would wear her rust dress with black accessories; the next day with brown. She liked the Phi Lambdas better than any.

"You're—uh—now let me see!" the dressed up girl at the door said, grinning.

"Evelyn Park," Evelyn said, almost eagerly.

"Of course! Evelyn Park!" the girl breathed at her, and pinned on a name card that had Evelyn spelled wrong.

Evelyn tried to be especially pleasant to the Phi Lambdas, because it was the last day of rushing. Also because they'd invited her every day to a party.

A girl named Rose was talking to her, but Rose's eyes kept wandering about the room smiling at everybody.

"Let me see," Rose said, too

gayly, "you live in Ellis Hall, don't you? That's a nice dorm. Swell people."

"Oh yes, I like Ellis Hall."

"Would you like a cigarette?"

"Oh—thank you."

She lit it, and she and Rose kept on smiling at each other.

In a moment, there was a noisy outbreak on the other side of the room. The Phi Lambdas all glided over to a girl in a blue hat, who seemed to be happily weeping, and hugged her extravagantly. Rose seemed to want to go too, but she stayed with Evelyn, asking her again how she liked Ellis Hall.

Evelyn suddenly felt awkward and bumpy. Her fingers all felt a foot long. A piece of her back hair was hanging down on her neck. The Phi Lambdas all sang a song, and she looked at her shoes the entire while.

Then she got up decidedly, to leave. A Phi Lambda was making a fire in the grate. Evelyn felt her hips were bumpy, her head stuck forward. She felt like an ox, moving down the room.

"Goodbye, I had an awfully nice time," she said. She suddenly discovered that she was clutching a paper napkin in a damp palm. She fled out the door, thinking how her footsteps sounded like bricks falling on the walk. When she reached the corner, she looked back a fraction of a second, almost reproachfully. Smoke was coming out of the chimney of the Phi Lambda house.

— — — —

One Saturday night, near the end of her sophomore year, a girl down the hall asked Evelyn to go out with a boy. His name was Carl, and they went downtown to the Bixby Inn, and drank beer. The upper social strata was there, the men and the women whose names were in the dirt columns, the people who sat on the library steps between classes.

They laughed awfully loud, and one fellow knocked Evelyn's hat off when he was taking off his top coat. She reached for it the same time he did, so that their heads bumped. Evelyn felt the combined

eyes of Bixby Inn upon her; she turned red to the ears.

She felt as if every bit of powder were off her nose, but she didn't want to put any more on in front of Carl. She didn't want any more beer, either.

"We have to be in at 11:30. I think we'd better go," she said.

"O.K." he said.

Evelyn concentrated on putting on her gloves while Carl paid the check. The air was blue and smoky, and made her eyes water.

They rode the bus home; Evelyn sat limply facing straight forward. They were the only ones in the bus, except two football players that were shouting at the driver.

Evelyn and Carl walked stiffly into the parlor of Ellis Hall. Evelyn was as acutely conscious of Carl as she was of herself. His bow tie was bent, and his neck sprouted from his loose collar, and his shoulders were skinny in his coat.

"Goodnight, Ellen" Carl said, clutching his hat. "I'll see you again."

— — — —

Evelyn took psychology in her junior year. One day Professor Lanning lectured on schizophrenia and dementia-praecox. He told how many young people were schizophrenic, especially in college.

People that weren't integrated got schizophrenic. They lived in a world of fantasy and lost all contact with their fellows. They couldn't decide anything, or act resolutely. Their "inner stirrings" no longer found adequate expression.

Evelyn wondered about her "inner stirrings."

Evelyn examined herself for schizophrenia, but found no evidence of it. She thought such a dream world would be rather nice, and for several nights really attempted to lay the foundations for one. She tried to think how she would reform the college. She would show up those girls that thought they were so darling. She buried her face in the pillow, and thought how it would be to get telephone calls.

Then the big tree swished against her window and put her to

sleep, and it was restful not to fight sleep.

— — —

This year Evelyn joined organizations, and was even fervid about it. She thought the Y.W.C.A. a good field, and paid a dollar, and was recognized in a service where everyone wore white.

She got on a committee of International Relations. The committees she could have chosen from were multiple—everything from cast fishing to astronomy. But many of them faded into nothing after a few months. Evelyn was proud of being on one that lasted.

One day she read all day on the situation in Spain, in order to give a talk to the Committee that night. It was very well organized, and

her was talking vehemently to her companion.

"Sometimes it makes me mad. Think of a dozen women sitting in a big room with a gavel and a chairman, and calling themselves the Committee of International Relations! What in the world are they going to do about Spain? They're the ineffectuals, the conformists of college, and talk about war in Spain."

The girl's companion spoke. "I don't see anything wrong in talking about Spain if they want to. Stop fussing."

Evelyn, behind them, turned away and walked home by a different path.

Evelyn was also a member of the Youth Peace Union, the Music

Sundays, and looked up radio programs, and read about new plays.

Once in a while she felt a glimmer, as though she might be getting somewhere. Her bookcase was full, and she had prints of Benton, Rivera, and Van Gogh on her walls.

She went to all the lectures, and took notes neatly, compiling them all into one book.

She had a poem called "Lonely Nite Hours" published in the college literary magazine. Nobody much read it, and she didn't send it home.

Her cousin Malcolm got married, but she still kept his picture on her desk.

— — —

One month before graduation, a girl came into Evelyn's room, and said, "Would you take this book back to the library tonight, Evelyn? I'm undressed and it's too late to change."

"Of course."

The book was called *Live Your Life to the Brim*, and had a sketch of a girl running up a hill, on the cover. Evelyn thumbed thru it, reading some places. One chapter near the end was called "Out of Your Rut."

"Are you stagnant? . . . Are you narrow? . . . Does what you know mean anything to you individually? . . . Life is a theatre; you be the star. . . Don't think, act. . . try this experiment; do something you're afraid to do. . . something you've never done before. . . do something that will put you in the light. . . work from there. . ."

Evelyn leaned back and thought. She got up, put on her coat, and went downstairs with the book. Somebody said hello to her, but she didn't answer. Then she got out in the night air, it was black and warm, almost sticky. It was a half hour until the dormitories closed. She started toward the library, but instead turned away down a dark path. The wind souged through the tree tops high above her head. She thought vaguely that she would have to get a new lining for her spring coat; there was a rip rubbing on her elbow now. She passed a couple huddled together on a bench. She



clear, and she concluded it with a brief character sketch of Generalissimo Franco. The rest of the Committee was enthusiastic, so she repeated it the next week in the general Y meeting. Behind her on the platform sat the Y cabinet girls, whom Evelyn thought were among the commendable few of college. They always had a pleasant word for one, and looked as though they would make good wives and mothers.

She concluded her talk. "The question of Spain is one of the vital questions of the day, and we should keep it before us constantly."

After she had stopped, the words sounded like mouthings, and she wished she hadn't made the talk.

Walking home, a girl in front of

Arts Club, the Current Events Circle, and the Linfield Literary Society.

Combined, they seemed to take care of her "inner stirrings."

— — —

Education as an end took Evelyn's fancy her senior year. She spoke with others like herself about "girls who don't know what they come to college for."

She had a reading program, and read a "good" book every week to keep her "intellectually alive." She read Aldous Huxley, and was shocked. She read Oswald Spengler, and was confused. She read Emil Ludwig, and was enlightened. She read G. B. Shaw, and was moved. She read Theodore Dreiser, and was depressed.

She got the *New York Times* on

thought of Cora, four years ago, stretched out on the grass in her red sweater, with the stack of yellow paper. Mrs. Evans, the head of Ellis Hall, said Cora was writing for a magazine now.

"You're a conformist," Cora had said.

"... an ineffectual," the girl had said after the talk on Spain.

Another couple sauntered toward her. Evelyn walked briskly, so that it would appear she was on an errand. Her forehead was perspiring, and the palms of her hands.

She was on the road to town, and she started toward town. Street lights glimmered above her. A clock said 11:20.

"I'll be late tonight," she decided. "Real late."

A last bus load of students passed her on their way back to the campus.

"I'll be late getting in," she thought. "I haven't been late for four years. Next month I'll be out of school. I'll be real late."

When a girl was late, everybody always craned out their windows to see who it was ringing the bell. Mrs. Evans talked to the girl, and told her she couldn't leave the campus for a certain time. When a girl was very late, she went up before the student council, and was examined, and penalized. Everybody asked her a lot of questions, and said they would "fix" various members of the council. The late girl basked in glory, and people came up to see her while she was campussed. Everybody had been late once.

She didn't know where to go. She didn't have any money. But being late was a good idea. Just once. Hours late. No reason, be mysterious about it. A good act. Everybody would stare at her. "Now why do you suppose she was late?" "She won't say a word."

There was the train station. She could wait there. Like people in the movies.

She walked down to the station, and went in. It was 11:35. She was late. She felt panic twist at her heart. She started out, then turned back. She sat down on a bench. Nobody else was in there, except the janitor, sweeping, and a man dozing behind the ticket window. The air smelled of tobacco.

"Ya' want something?" the ticket man asked grumpily from his cage.

"I'm waiting for someone."

"There ain't no train till 1:30."

"I'll wait—a while."

"Wal, ya' got a long time." He dozed again.

Then it was 11:50. Evelyn's heart pumped. She felt as though she should be doing something. She walked out on the platform, but no train was coming. A big, grey sign advertised five-cent candy. She thought of lights flicking off one at a time on the campus. No more couples on benches. Everybody in. The tree swishing against her window in Ellis Hall.

It was 12:10. Evelyn's lungs were bursting.

She ran out and ran toward the campus on the town road. A car slowed down beside her, and she ran faster than ever. The car went on, and she panted for breath. The air was still dark and sticky. A clock struck one time. Twelve-thirty! Late. An hour late. Evelyn reached the campus, and ran by lots of big grey buildings with vines on them. Big monsters. There was Ellis Hall, one light burning downstairs. Evelyn rang the bell shortly, and pressed her hot cheek against the cool stone wall.

"Evelyn!" Mrs. Evans cried. Her hair was in curlers. "Law, child, where have you been! I didn't know you were out!"

"I'm late."

"You *are* late!"

"An hour late."

"Yes, indeed you are. Now, Evelyn, it's such a shame to break your beautiful record. Was your watch wrong?"

"No!"

"Did your car break down?"

"No, I'm just late. What—what are you going to do?"

Mrs. Evans sighed, perplexed.

"I'll swear, Evelyn, I don't want to raise a rumpus about you. You're awfully late, and you won't give me any excuse—but you have such a wonderful record! And you a senior, and all!" Mrs. Evans breathed deeply and importantly. "Evelyn, if you'll promise me not to be late any more, I won't bring this up at all, and it won't be on your college record."

"You mean you're not going to do anything?"

Mrs. Evans shook her head, and looked proud of herself.

"Goodnight," Evelyn said. She climbed the stairs, one at a time. They creaked. They were old. She'd been using them four years.

The college newspaper was under her door. She picked it up, feeling her back stiff from bending. There was a big story on the front page, with Cora Ford's name in the headlines. Cora was in England, and had written a book. The book was quoted:

"... When I left my college, it was populated with ineffectuals and conformists. . . I think that life should be a play, with a hundred complications, and a hundred resolutions. . . But I know that some people like those I left in college, are going to live a life without even one climax. . . a death-bed denouement, and that is all. . ."

Evelyn crept slowly onto her bed, relaxing one limb at a time. Outside the tree swished, and swished, and swished.



PRINCESS

BERRY C. WILLIAMS

TH' firs' time I laid eyes on Princess she wuz a milkin' ol' Red. I had been over in th' hawg pen a shuckin' corn. Her pap wuz in th' far end uv th' shed a milkin' th' cows what wudn't give their milk down so good. Princess wuz natur'lly makin' th' milk talk in that bucket. I tol' her who I wuz an' asked her what her name wuz. I had to ask her agin if Princess wuz her real name, an' when she said it wuz I 'lowed as how it wuz about th' purtiest name I'd ever heard tell uv. Then I tol' her I could milk good an' to let me help her. She smiled shy an' said she didn't care if I did. From that moment right on I knowed she wuz meant t' be my mate, an' I thanked God fer sendin' such a fetchin' creature jus' at th' time I'd been a achin' fer one so bad.

That night Mammy had all th' Parkines over fer supper. I was dead set on bein placed nex' t' Princess. Mammy must uv read my mind, fer sure 'nough she set my plate nex' t' hern. We begun to git acquainted at th' supper table, an' all th' time Pappy wuz a blowin' off about how much land an' stock he owned I wuz a castin' longin' eyes at that girl. Once't I twice't I caught her a peepin' out uv th' corner uv her purty brown eyes at me. I could tell from th' lamplight that wuz a shinin' right on her that she wuz about th' purtiest girl I'd ever seen. Her face reminded me more uv an angel's than anything else, an' her hair wuz curly an' golden-like. She had a pudge little nose an' her chin tilted up in a fashun I'd never seen on anybody b'fore. But her eyes, they wuz th' mos' beautiful part about her. Them big brown eyes jus' looked like they wuz a goin' t' melt all th' time, in fac' they jus' looked good enough t' eat. They wuz th' kind uv eyes that makes a feller want t' pectect a girl ferever. I do believe she'd a

been purty with nuthin' but them eyes, but she wuz built as purty as any woman I'd ever seen on th' signs in front uv th' op'ra house. An' it seemed t' me that them brown eyes wuz a yearnin' fer me like I wuz a yearnin' after her.

After we'd eat a big batch uv fried apple pie, Princess's mammy an' pappy commenced tellin' us things about theirselves. They'd been married nigh on t' thurty year, an' their firs'born had died uv colic when he wuz less'n a year ol'. They had a son who wuz married an' livin' over on Kelley's Creek in Giles County. Then they started talkin' about Princess, an' I noticed right off how she got kind uv doleful lookin' an' embarrassed-like. She wuzn't their own child, but th' child uv Missus Parkin's sister. Her folks both had died when she wuz eight year ol' an' now she'd been brung up by them. I wuz a sympathizin' mightily with her while they wuz a tellin' all uv this, an' I commenced thinkin' how I'd like t' take her off uv their hands an' take care uv her th' rest uv her life myse'f. When I looked up I caught her eyes a lookin' tender-like at me, an' it raised 'n awful achin' in my chest.

The rest uv th' night I kep' a thinkin' how I'd like t' have her fer my own t' look at always. I could jus' see her a pore little orphun with no mammy 'r pappy t' love her, an' then an' there I swore I'd love her 'til we both wuz dead. I went t' sleep that night a wishin' I could have her there with me an' a plannin' how quick I could git her t' be my mate.

* * * * *

Pappy had t' go over t' Dean Judy's th' nex' mornin' on a mule deal, so I wuz lef' t' tend th' place. I fooled aroun' all mornin' in th' gear room a patchin' up some harness an' a thinkin' about Princess.

I wonder'd if she had a sweetheart over in Giles County, an' I got a mis'rly feelin' a thinkin' about that. Then I remember'd how I'd caught her a lookin' at me sheepish-like. That wuz shore a happy thought. You know whenever a girl gits t' lookin' at you sheepish-like, you'd best watch out, fer shore as God made green apples she's a layin' fer you. Some girls acts like they don't give no mind to nobody, but that's jus' th' way they rope a feller in. But all said an' done it's the doleful lookin' ones which makes a feller git kind uv weak-kneed an' hot all over. Take it from me, that look'll git you, 'cause I knowed I wuz gone hook, line, and sinker.

It wuz a gittin' along in th' shank uv th' evenin' when I decided it wuz about time t' rustle up th' cows. I hadn't no more'n got a whoop'n' a holler's piece from th' house when I spied Princess a goin' down th' path toward th' spring. I hollered fer her t' wait up. She seemed mighty shy as I caught up with her, an' I knowed she wuz a thinkin' about me ketchin' her a lookin' at me. I didn't say nuthin' about it though, but asked her what she wuz a goin' t' th' spring fer. She said her mammy wanted t' start fixin' supper, so she wuz totin' the milk'n butter up to th' house fer her. I tol' her I wuz a goin' after th' cows an' wudn't she come with me. She said no she better not on account uv how her mammy wudn't like fer her t' go off with me by herse'f. I tol' her her mammy wudn't have t' know anything about it, that we could git back before they missed her atall. I promised t' show her some uv the bes' black haves she ever laid eyes on. Then I tol' her I knowed where some baby doves wuz an' I'd show them t' her. I kep' on a beggin' her so bad finally she said she'd go if I'd wait fer her. I he'ped her

git th' vittals out uv th' spring, an' tol' her t' whup it up. She trotted off down th' path jes' like a champ-yun filly, an' all th' time I wuz admirin' an' a gloatin' over her purty figure. She wuz jus' boun' t' be mine.

When she got back I got t' tellin' her uv th' doves I knowed about, an' how I knowed th' calls uv all th' birds aroun' there. She said she wuz crazy about birds 'n' trees 'n' flowers too, an' I jus' thought t' myse'f I'd never find nobody who suited me better. You know, if a boy an' a girl likes th' same things, they're more'n likely t' make good mates.

I tol' her where the baby doves wuz that I'd foun', an' she 'lows how she'd hate t' scare them off from their nest, an' said maybe we better leave 'em be. I wuz glad she said that 'cause I didn't want t' take up no time a huntin' doves anyhow. I wanted t' talk t' Princess.

Every time I commenced talkin' about love an' sweethearts she got kind uv timid-like, an' didn't seem like she had nuthin' t' say. Fin'ly we come t' th' black haw tree an' she 'lowed she'd never seen so many on one little tree in all her life. I tol' her that I had already picked off all th' good 'uns on th' low branches, an' that I'd clim' up th' tree an' git her some real ripe 'uns. She said no she wuzn't no sissy that she'd clim' it her own se'f. Well, she got up in that tree as purty as any boy I ever seen, an' started a droppin' big bunches down. I fin'ly tol' her we had enough an' to come on down. I didn't aim t' spend all th' time a eatin' black hawes. She started snakin' down th' tree when all uv a sudden a branch broke with her an' she come a tumblin' down. She didn't fall fur an' I knowed she wuzn't hurt. But her dress had flew all up over her knees a showin' her bare legs, an' it wuz a purty sight t' see. She felt awful bad about it, an' ha'f way looked like she wuz a goin' t' cry. I wuz a tryin' t' hol' myse'f in check 'cause I felt like I could uv jus' grabbed her up then. She said I had no bizness a lookin' at her bare legs, that it wuzn't nice. She said I

never would have no respec' fer her any more after that. I tol' her I couldn't he'p a seein' her, that it wuzn't my fault. I felt so bad about it myse'f she fin'ly said no she guess I couldn't he'p it, so we jus' laffed it off.

Then we set down close t' each other 'n' commenced crammin' in black hawes. I got t' talkin' about how mos' boys my age had done up an' got married. I said I never had no sweetheart atall an' asked her if'n she had one. My heart almos' skipped a jump when she said no she didn't have none either. Then all uv a sudden I screwed up all my courage an' tol' her I wuz plum' crazy about her. She jus' smiled at me, but didn't breath a word about that. I felt encouraged a little bit, so I jus' natur'ly laid open my whole soul t' her. I tol' her I'd been a hawg about her ever since I firs' laid eyes on her, that I wuz a wantin' her t' marry me somethin' awful bad. I said it didn't make no differunce if'n she didn't have no real folks t' take care uv her, that I'd always love her an' look out after her. Then I seen that she wuz almos' cryin' agin, an' I felt awful hungry t' hug her up an' kiss them purty little eyes uv hern. She didn't say nuthin' an' I reached aroun' an' put my arm gentle-like aroun' her. She jus' snuggled up an' started a cryin' t' beat th' band. I wuz as happy as a ol' toad frog cause I knowed I'd won my mate right then an' there. You know, when a woman don't say nuthin', she giner'ly means yes.

I got t' huggin' her up an' a feelin' her purty arms an' then I asked her if'n she loved me too. She said she guessed she did, an' had ever since she seen me. I asked her if'n she wanted t' git married, an' she said she didn't care if she did. Then I tol' her I wanted t' be her mate an' asked her if'n she wud be mine. She said she reckoned she wud, an' right off th' bat I leant down t' kiss her. She drawed back kind uv scared-like an' said I musn't do that, that it wuzn't right fer young folks t' go aroun' kissin' each other before they wuz married. An' back in them days it wuzn't th' thing t'

do. None uv th' bes' people done it, at least, not where nobody could see 'em.

When I looked down in them purty eyes it seemed like they wuz a pleadin' with all uv their might, so I 'lowed t' myse'f that I could bide my time fer her sake.

We set there a sparkin' a while an' had almos' fergot about th' cows when the doves a flyin' in t' roost reminded us it wuz a gittin' late. So we got a hustle on an' run them cows down t' th' road.

On th' way back as we wuz holdin' hands an' a swingin' them in a carefree fashun, I 'lowed that that wuz th' grandest spot in all th' world—under th' black haw tree. She said it wuz too.

* * * * *

We didn't know how we wuz a goin' t' break th' news t' th' folks, an' we knowed it ought t' be kind uv gentle-like. Fin'ly Princess has a bright idea. She says her folks're goin' t' have all uv us over fer supper at her house th' nex' night, an' that we can break it then. We 'lowed this'd be th' best way, so we agreed t' stick it out together through thick an' thin.

Well, th' nex' night at th' supper table I don't think Mammy wuz surprised a bit. She jes' laffed an' said she'd been a noticin' th' love-fever in my eyes fer several days. Pappy didn't say much, other'n that he wanted us t' be sure uv what 'we wuz a doin'. Mammy chimed in an' said yes it wuz a mighty serious step us young 'uns wuz a takin'. She said we ought t' be real sure uv our minds b'fore we tied th' knot fer life. We both said we wuz dead certain we wuz meant fer each other. Princess's mammy said we wuz as quick on th' trigger as she wuz when she got married. Said she'd never knowed two people t' git so dead love-struck so quick. She and Princess's pappy both said they liked me fine an' that they thought I'd make a good man fer Princess, only they tol' us t' be careful uv what we wuz a doin'. Her mammy said that maybe we couldn't he'p fallin' in love, but that we could he'p from makin' a big mistake. Said it wuz like th' ol' sayin' that you can't keep a bird from flyin'

over your head, but you can keep him from buildin' a nest in your hair.

I really think Princess's folks wuz glad t' git me in their fam'ly. Besides Pappy a ownin' a lot uv land, they could always have Princess near theirselves, 'cause Pappy right off said he would give us th' piece uv land down th' road a ways. It made us happy t' think we could start right out in our own home right off.

We all decided that th' nex' Sunday'd be th' best time t' git married, so Pappy said we'd have t' go in t' town th' nex' mornin' t' git th' license.

I went t' bed that night a thinkin' uv how it wudn't be long 'til Princess an' me could go t' bed together an' I could feel her warm little body nex' t' mine. An' them happy thoughts soon lost theirselves in the mos' wond'rful sleep I ever had.

* * * * *

All th' way t' town th' nex' mornin' Pappy an' me stopped in at th' neighbors' houses t' tell them about th' weddin' Sunday. Natur'lly they wuz all surprised but they all said I wuz a man uv my own now an' ought t' make a mighty fine man fer Princess. Our kin people wuz all excited over it, but I knowed that wuz 'cause they'd have t' give us a weddin' gift. Aunt Myrtle started right on over t' our house t' he'p Mammy work up all th' details.

When we got t' th' square, Pappy led me right straight t' th' courthouse. I felt like a blin' dawg in a meathouse, 'cause I'd never been there before 'cept when they wuz a tryin' Jim Mitchell fer killin' a nigger. Ol' Squire Higgins, who wuz a secon' cousin uv ourn, poked fun at me all th' time he wuz a fillin' out th' license. Wanted t' know what we wuz goin' t' name th' firs' baby. I wudn't promise t' name it after him 'cause I wanted its mammy t' pick its name.

When we got home along about th' shank uv th' mornin' Aunt

Myrtle an' Mammy wuz a fussin' like two ol' Domminecker hens over th' arrangements fer th' weddin'. I went right straight over t' Princess's t' show her th' license that'd tie us fer life, through sickness an' health, fer better 'r worse, 'til we both wuz dead. She jus' looked at it happy-like an' give my hand a big squeeze. I wanted real bad t' hug her, but her mammy wudn't leave th' room, so we jus' set there a lookin' at each other.

* * * * *

When Sunday come aroun' I wuz as nervous as an ol' rooster aroun' a flock uv hens. The house wuz beginning t' fill up, an' by 'n' by Princess an' her mammy come. There ain't no one ever seen a purtier sight than I seen when that girl set her little foot in that house. She wuz all dolled up in her Sunday best, as purty a pink dress as I ever laid eyes on. Princess wuz a blushin' all over from th' minute she got there 'til we lef.

When ol' Squire Higgins got there Mammy give me her weddin' ring an' tol' me it wuz ourn from then on. I knowed it wuz th' dearest possesshun she had, an' it made me think I had th' mos' wond'rful mammy in th' whole wide world.

Th' Squire called everybody t' quiet an' almos' before you could say Jack Robinson, Princess an' me wuz hitched. I didn't kiss her right there in front uv all them people 'cause I wuz a feelin' mighty fidgety. She wuz th' mos' bashful think I ever seen, wudn't say nuthin' but jus' smiled timid-like.

Well, I had a right good time with th' men folks fer a while, but they got t' passin' th' bottle aroun' a right smart an' I knowed Princess wudn't want me t' take a drink, so I edged out as soon as I could. You know, back in them days no weddin' 'r funeral wuz complete without a jug uv rot-gut likker.

As soon as Princess an' me could without attractin' notice, we sneaked out th' back way an' run up th' hill t' our sparkin' place

under th' black haw tree. Right there in th' same spot we found out we wuz meant for each other. I kissed her fer th' firs' time, an' I never knowed a sweeter moment, fer that brown-eyed little princess wuz my own from that minute on. We vowed there that nuthin' 'cept death'd ever part us, an' nuthin' never has. You know, I don't believe there's many mates like that lef in this ol' world. Everybody's too busy t' ever know what real hones' t' goodness livin' is. Princess 'n' me wuzn't that a way. We didn't have nuthin' but each other, an' we set there under that ol' black haw tree a dreamin' uv th' years that wuz t' come. We didn't do no fancy kissin' 'r carryin' on like mos' young folks nowadays do. Princess never wuz a body fer kissin' an' a carryin' on jus' fer th' hell uv it. An', you know, I ain't never seen no good come uv it myse'f. I jus' kissed her an' set there a holdin' her real tight in my arms a wonderin' if it wuz all a dream. I thought t' myse'f that I wuz jus' natur'lly th' luckiest man alive t' have as fine an' pure a woman as my little Princess.

I figures man wudn't be complete on this ol' earth without a woman. Without ever sayin' a word she can git him t' do what no powers that be could ever make him do. I reckon she jus' sort uv lif's him up t' do more an' be better. Anyhow, Princess wuz that a way, an' I reckon God must uv had that in mind when he sent her t' me. You know, a man wudn't be fit fer killin' without a woman by his side. Th' firs' man God ever made went a mopin' aroun' like 'n ol' cooped up rooster 'til God got t' thinkin' an' made a woman fer him. Ol' Adam could'nt even git in t' trouble 'til Eve come along, an' then they done it together. An' when God got mad at them, he wuzn't so mad that he didn't see that he'd hatched up a purty good plan uv things. No siree—he sent Adam an' Eve out together, an' man an' woman have been that a way ever since.

STILL WATERS

PETER COSTIC

The years slide by like waters over stone,
Hurrying. . . Their careless, shifting touch
Is cold upon the heart, upon the bone
Benumbed until it does not matter much.
Nothing remains but the monotony
Of flowing time—a mocking permanence,
This shadowy stream that harries memory,
The weary, gallant body's last defense.
But suddenly within a hidden cove
Encompassed from the tide by living green,
There are still waters where the planets move,
Reflections of a universe unseen:
Enduring heavens that will never die,
Swinging their silver ladders from the sky.



THE BOOK SHELF

By J. L. S.

And So—Victoria. By Vaughan Wilkins. The Macmillan Company. New York. \$2.50.

In the stormy course of modern fiction, a publishing house is seldom so lucky as was the Macmillan Company last year in sponsoring that monumental diatribe, *Gone With the Wind*. Since they bet on a dark horse and he (or more explicitly, she) came through, it follows by the simple rules of gambling psychology that they should find another such attempt irresistible. Hence, *And So—Victoria*.

In making out their advance press notices, the Macmillan Company omitted only one detail. That was to change the title to *Gone With the 1937 Wind*. It might even be suggested (though not by me) that the Macmillans follow the example of the moving picture producers (Broadway Melody of 1930, Broadway Melody of 1931, etc., *ad infinitum*) by issuing such a ponderous volume annually. They might even get around to giving five foot shelves to ten year subscribers; but we'll leave that to the Macmillan people to figure out.

What I found most surprising about *And So—Victoria* was the fact that it is a good book. About half the length of *Gone With the Wind*, it is just as filling and much more robust. In contrast to Mrs. Mitchell's school-girlish hinting at sex, Mr. Wilkins' characters romp lustily through the book's 618 pages committing honest-to-God adultery and even a very refined type of incest.

Laid in England in the time of

George II, the scene shifts in *Anthony Adverse* fashion to a small Prussian Grand Duchy, later to a sailing packet, and thence to America. The book's principal character is one Christopher Harnish, a child supposedly born of the incest of the Princess Amelia, youngest daughter of George II, with her nephew, a natural son of George IV.

The complicated but well worked out plot centers about this young man and his peculiar relation to the British royal family. It tells of the dastardly "Black Duke" of Cumberland and his attempt to assassinate the infant Victoria, and presents, in the most starkly horrible passage it has ever been my sadistic pleasure to read, what is probably a fair picture of the child labor situation in the England of the incestuous Georges.

Mr. Wilkins' characterization seems to have succeeded best with Deborah, who is the bastard of a dying prostitute, and whom he ultimately works up into the heroine of the book. Deborah's Welsh dialect, convincing and entertaining, shows the author in his native and best element. Other characters include Lord Setourn, an old nobleman whose inevitable crotchety exterior hides his equally inevitable heart of gold, the Misses Case of Caseville, Alabama, their "minx-like" great niece, Arabella, and a host of royal and semi-royal personages.

The author, with the characteristic nicety of the historian which he is, works all these figures and scenes into a pattern commendable for its technical perfection. A good

example of such maneuvering is the following: "Indeed, if Ompeteda had not taken time to pick his nose, Christopher might have died; at least he might never have met Charlotte again: everything would have gone according to Cumberland's plan. Victoria would never have reigned." I think I am safe in saying that the Cleopatra's-nose view of history hasn't a prayer with this.

Taken as a whole, the book can lay no claim to profundity, nor, in my opinion, will it destine Mr. Wilkins to more than one subject card in the British Royal Library. Yet it is highly readable and excellent entertainment.

Mr. Peter Jack, reviewing for the *New York Times*, has called the book "a cross between Dickens and a comic strip." In this view he is right, in part, at least. Yet to his condemnation of the book as, by virtue of this fact, scarcely fit for intelligent adult consumption, I am inclined to take vehement exception. Perhaps Mr. Jack doesn't feel that nostalgic yearning for the lost capacity for the enjoyment of comic strips. I confess, with an intellectual blush, that I do. *And So—Victoria* contains much vivid word picturing that satisfies this yearning. As for Dickens, I need only say that I was reared in a home the cornerstone of whose library was a complete and much-read set of Dickens, in 14 point Bodoni, bold as hell. Perhaps *some* of my readers will agree with me that a likening of Mr. Wilkins to Mr. Dickens could be construed as favorable criticism.

Rank and File

WALTER SCHAEFER

III

THE union occupied the second and third floors of what had formerly been a warehouse. Jammed into the large barn-like room were a couple of hundred men smoking, playing cards, re-reading newspapers and some just sitting with that dreary utter blankness of expression that comes with resignation to the futility of attempting any tangible effort. A number lay asleep on the floor or under benches with their faces covered with discarded newspapers.



Along one wall an enormous poster depicted a square-jawed stalwart seaman in a blue jumper marching on to a "National Maritime Federation" under the C.I.O. On another wall were miscellaneous notices and pictures of labor heroes, among them the framed photograph of a barber who had donated over two thousand haircuts to striking and destitute seamen last winter. At one end, a small portion of the room was divided off by an enclosure. Here the dispatchers sat behind their desks. Whenever a call for a job was received it was announced over the microphone—"One oiler for the 'Virginia,' three first class waiters for the 'Harding,' one A.B. for the 'Jeff Davis.'" Those men wishing to apply would rush up and drop their shipping cards on the desk. The man with the lowest number on his card and the

proper qualifications got the job. I waited four days around the hall before I succeeded in getting one.

Below Union Hall was a large bar—a favorite hangout of itinerant bums, seamen 'on the beach', and union officials taking the pause that refreshes. If you were broke you could bum a drink; if not a meal. If you were inclined for news, gossip, or just plain bull, the air was thick with it. It was a place where casual friendships could be easily made and just as easily forgotten. A waitress, wide

of hip, full of bosom, all lip against a pallid face swayed between the tables. Many eyes followed her—some furtively; others openly. A number sought to engage her in conversation; a drunk leaned over and patted her on the hinder. It was without a backward glance that she walked away.

Joe, an Italian—lean, slight and muscular—stood up on a chair and challenged anybody in the place to a fight. A few bored eyes turned his way—then returned to their beer. Joe jumped down, elbowed his way around the bar-room repeating his challenge. A tight-lipped, morose Irishman, his head resting on his chin, turned sharply as he passed. Joe stopped—lowered his head, tense. The Irishman turned back to his beer. Shipwreck Kelly, ex-flagpole sitter, appeared on the scene, loudly proclaimed himself for peace, whis-

pered encouragement to both parties, and offered to act as referee. Joe taunted. With a gesture of finality the Irishman swallowed off his beer, set the glass down and turned on Joe. The Italian got in a brutal crack to the jaw. Then they went down with a crash knocking over a chair—Joe agile as a cat—his legs beating the air trying to get thru a kick to the groin. A bar-tender leaped over the bar, grabbed the Irishman by the collar and jammed his knee into Joe's stomach. Someone hollared "Cop." The Irishman disappeared out the side door—his handkerchief over a gash on his cheek. Joe stood up. His shirt had been ripped completely off and blood flowed from a wound in his side. "Hey you," the cop had entered, "Up to it again, eh? Get to Hell out of here or I'll run you in." He looked around for the other combatant, swung his riot stick around his finger then departed. A drunk who had been standing next the Irishman shoved off from the bar.

"The guy that hits my friend s'gotta hit me."

He staggered onto the sidewalk and tore his coat off with a jerk. Joe crouched as the drunk advanced with his hands doubled up before his puffy face, then seeing the cop round the corner turned and fled. The cop walked coolly up to the drunk. He knew his business—slapped him several times in the face with the flat of his hand, picked up the drunk's coat, handed it to him and gave him a root in the tail. The drunk departed.

IV

Pier 9—North River—United Fruit Company—Employment office.

The clerk was asking the fellow in front of me questions and noting down the replies on a printed form—

"Name?"

"James McDow."

"Birthplace?"

"Glasgow."

"Citizen?"

"Naturalized."

"Whom to be notified in case of death or accident?"

"No one."

The clerk made an 'X' and went on with his questioning.

McDow was a Limey from Glasgow. Probably the great majority of men shipping out of New York are second or third generation Americans. Most of these men are obviously working on ships because they can't make as much money at anything else; but there is a certain amount of truth to the romantic notion that the men, who go down to the sea in ships, are driven by a certain restlessness and wanderlust. Every ship has its complement of foot-loose adventurers batting around the world taking life in the grand style as it comes, momentarily fitting into a routine and then passing on just as unobtrusively as they have come. Shipping then remains a last haven in this mechanized world for the man who has a criminal record and can't get a job ashore, the man who has a razor-tongued shrew for a wife, and the man in revolt against the drudgery, monotony, and routine of punching time clocks, of commuting in hot stuffy subways and of waking up day after day to the strident ring of the alarm.

V

The ship's union delegate walked up to the second steward and told him that the glory holes hadn't been cleaned for four days, that two of the toilets were stopped up, and that food in the mess room was usually served on dirty dishes. He then asked the second to see what he could do about it.

The second steward said he would look into the matter at once and, in fact, did so. This was a great change. Five years ago, before the union came into power, if a sailor had come up to the 'second' and said that, he would have been greeted with a torrent of abuse and told to get to hell out and mind his own business. If he

didn't like the way things were run, he could get to the devil off the wagon.

The petty tyrannies inflicted by 'little Hitlers' have probably always been the cause of more labor dissatisfaction than any other single thing. This has been particularly true at sea where the exigencies of maritime discipline have given the second rate men unheard-of power. I once worked on a ship where the captain would go around on his inspection tours with a pen-knife. When he came into a room, he would go down on his hands and knees and scrape in the corners. If any dirt were to come out, he would fly into a towering rage and sometimes kick over a bucket of slop with the remark—"Now let's see you clean that up."

When another captain I knew failed to find dirt, he would call for a chair. Standing on this he would run his white cap along the upper side of the steam pipes. If there were any traces of dust on the cap, you'd find yourself polishing brass for a week. These are mild tales alongside of what other seamen have told me. I tell these because I prefer to stick to what I myself have seen. Today there is very little of that going on. The union would throw such people right off the ship.

Likewise physical conditions had been greatly improved. A 'V' shaped trough in the crew lavatory had been replaced by several toilets, a salt water hand pump by running fresh water, tin buckets by sinks, a twelve to sixteen hour day by a ten hour day and 'donkey's breakfasts' (straw mattresses) by cotton mattresses. There were a couple of cold showers and the number of stew servings had been reduced to about five times a week. There had been a blanket raise in pay of ten dollars a month. For the bulk of these improvements, action by the union was directly responsible.

VI

Union meetings are held at sea about once a week. Behind the speaker's table an American flag is draped, while scattered about the room slouch the union men. The

ship's delegate, a weasel-like Limey with a squeaky Cockney voice, calls the meeting to order and has the minutes read by the brother secretary. (The union officially sponsors the use of the word 'brother' doubtless with the notion of cultivating a certain class consciousness while dodging the contaminating use of the word 'comrade'. It is by no means a popular designation and, I feel, significantly not, for as long as 100% union men want to be addressed as 'gentlemen', some doubt may be cast on the depth of their proletarianism). "Brothers," said the delegate, "this is to be a 'beef' meeting. Now we've got a lot of ground to cover, so let's make it snappy. O.K. let's have 'em.—Brother Pot-washer."

"For the last three nights the bed-bugs have been doing a tango on my bed. The lower glory hole stinks of 'em. I make a motion that the glory holes be fumigated."

"Second!"

"All in favor say, 'Aye'."

"Aye"—general chorus.

"Against?"

No voice.

"Brother delegate, what has been done about this overtime? I've been working an average of an hour a day overtime. I don't care how much they pay me, I don't want to work more than ten hours a day but if I have to, by God, I'm going to be paid for it and paid right."

"The union is taking that up with the company now. We'll have a report in a few weeks. Next?"

"I make a motion that hot water showers be installed in the bathroom for 'ud."

"Second"—general chorus. "Aye"—Against—nobody.

In this fashion the meeting proceeded for three quarters of an hour, the delegate egging the men on to suggest 'beefs'. In that time, the following demands were submitted and passed on.

Sinks to be installed in every glory hole amid-ship (about eight).

Drinking water to be piped for 'ud.

The chief steward to stay out of the galley and mind his own business during the serving of

meals. (This would be equivalent to a motion passed by a class instructing a prof to get out during a quiz).

The company to sell beer for ten cents to the crew.

The company to show movies to the crew twice a week.

The company to serve passenger food to the crew.

The company to give one full day off with pay every three weeks when in New York.

Three more showers to be installed amid-ship.

Ice tea to be served in glasses rather than earthenware mugs.

Clean towels to be distributed three times a week instead of twice a week.

Most of these demands were not without justification yet I had the feeling that I was being treated to a reenactment of an ancient fairy-tale. Aladdin had fallen heir to a magic lamp only to find that he didn't know for what to wish.

There were few negative votes to any motion. This should not be construed to mean that everybody was in favor of every motion but rather that the dissenters preferred not to vote lest they be accused of working class betrayal. From a trustworthy source I have this story. Last winter, union organizers persuaded seamen on an American Export Line ship to support the impending strike by an almost unanimous vote. One of the men doubting that this vote was a true indication of the popular state of mind printed ballots which he distributed unofficially among the men. No one was more stunned than he with the results. Of the more than one hundred men voting, only one man voted for that strike!

The delegate stood up. "Brothers, before we close this meeting, I want to make a 'beef'. This business of being a delegate is no picnic. You fellows have been pestering the devil out of me. Everytime something goes wrong, you rush around to see me and I haven't had a minutes peace since I took the job. Some of them are the foolishhest 'beefs' I've ever heard. I was sitting in a bar in Puerto Columbia the other day

and a fellow from this ship comes up to me and says, 'Are you the delegate?' And I said yeah, I was. Well he points over to the table and says—"See that babe over there in the pink dress with the big breasts? She was just another babe like you see in any other port. 'Well I want to go to bed with her. Oh, she's willing all right; the only trouble is that she wants a dollar and I don't want to pay more than seventy-five cents'."

Here the delegate paused for a moment to give his audience a moment to consider the facts of the situation. "So I said, 'So what?' he continued. "And the fellow looks up at me kinda dumb like and says—"Well what shall I do about it?"

The audience roared appreciatively and when the noise had subsided, the delegate continued, "Now you fellows don't have to believe it if you don't want to but that's the kind of 'beef' I have to listen to all the time. Now, what do you say—lay off—give the delegate a break."

The bathroom steward got up—"I make a motion that we put up a small box with a slit in it for 'beefs'."

"Second!"—"Second."

"Discussion?"

"I object, brother delegate, make it a big box."

"Objection granted. All in favor say 'Aye'."

"Aye."

"All against?" Silence. "Motion carried." The delegate banged his fist on the table. The meeting was over.

VII

THE PLACE

Glory hole number 3—T.S.S. Ulua—United Fruit Company. A room as wide as a Pullman car and as deep as, perhaps, two sections. It accomodates six men and besides the bunks is fitted up with green steel lockers and a bench. The walls are painted cream but streaked with dirt and grease. Light is provided by two naked bulbs of low wattage and in daytime supplemented by a port hole at the far end of the room. The

deck is littered with cigarette butts, matches and discarded newspapers while from cords strung between the bed posts hang soiled shirts, socks, underwear and wet towels. The ceiling is low and the air hazy with cigarette smoke.

THE CAST

Hayes—A tall, consumptive youth of twenty-three. He calls himself a 'perfect thirty-six' but a decided slouch makes him look smaller. He has bad teeth, is deathly pale and has earned himself the name of 'sleepy' because he seizes every free moment for rest with the avarice of a man who has not slept for days. In 1933 he graduated from a Bostonian high school and has been going to sea ever since, rarely corresponding with his parents who are conservative working people in that city. For five months he has been working steadily on the 'Ulua'.

Don Carlos—A stocky, slow moving Peruvian. He speaks bad English with a whine. The face is characterized by an enormous expanse of lower lip and a complete absence of upper. He is neatly characterized by Orgando as having the mind of a slave.

Orgando—A Castilian of inconsequential origin who has acquired a good education. He reads extensively in radical literature, is devoted to the union and edited the Spanish edition of the union newspaper during 'the strike'. He is quick, clever, lucid and extremely articulate. He is as honest as a Machiavellian radical can be but consequently utterly unsentimental and merciless. If Don Carlos is a slave, then Orgando is a freedman.

Ryan—An ex-forgor. Once spent fourteen months in a French prison and did a stretch at Levenworth for passing bogus. He has the ready wit of the Irish, is healthy, good natured and shrewd without illusions.

Holtz—Jewish, stocky, good natured and sensible. He has an alert, tenacious mind and is articulate though somewhat meally. He is about forty years of age.

The Kid—A college boy of twenty-one spending the summer vacation on ships. He is from a well-to-do middle class family located in a suburbinal town near New York. On first joining the ship he was appalled by the ugliness and squalor of the glory hole. He felt, too, that the other men must feel as resentful of their surroundings, but here he made the same mistake to which radical social writers inevitably fall dupe—that of reading his own feelings into the people he is observing. He has found that working people, like college students, have little awareness of their surroundings and actually like noise. After three months of accommodating himself to the dispositions of five other people he finds himself rather enjoying it except when Don Carlos, who sleeps over him, empties his pipe on his bed or spits on the deck. He is surprised to find that he likes the smell of sweat and that his respect for people has increased—not lessened. He is beginning to question the desirability of that American middle class ideal of a private room and bath for everyone in the family while the suspicion has entered his head that perhaps the members of those families would come to have more respect and tolerance for one another if they lived in one or two rooms.

TIME

At sea around eleven o'clock immediately following the union meeting. A bottle of rum is being passed among the six occupants of the glory hole. All drink heavily except Holtz and Orgando. Hayes is speaking in a high pitched excited voice.

Hayes—Look what the mugs have been asking for—ice tea glasses, ten cent beer and movies. The next thing you know they'll be wanting heavy cream for coffee and when it constipates 'em, they'll be hollering it's a plot by the company to undermine their health. To hell with 'em all, I say. This damned union has caused more filthy trouble in six months than the employers did

in six years. Things were O.K. before the union came along. Sure we worked hard but nobody bothered us. If you did your work and did it right—O.K.—you got paid and that was that. Of course guys were getting black-balled but why? For getting drunk on the job, for jumping ship and for plain laziness. They should have been black-balled! Most of the guys on this ship wouldn't have joined the union if they hadn't had to. To hell with it and I don't give a damn who hears me say it either.

Orgando—Be careful young fellow. Don't let too many people hear you talking like that. You might get into trouble. Suppose somebody finds out what you were doing during 'the strike'?

Hayes—You're damn right I was working on a ship during 'the strike'. What of it? Fourteen thousand guys went out on that strike. How many guys are there in the union today?—Forty-five thousand. What do you suppose the rest were doing? Sitting home eating beefsteak? There are a lot of guys right on this ship who worked right thru it. Look what they're doing now. They're whitewashing themselves as fast as they can. They're proposing 'beefs' as fast as they can think of them.

Don Carlos—That's what I've always said—'Give 'em an inch and they'll take an ell. Why don't they go easy. Oh—what's the use. There's no sense talking.'

Orgando—Go easy! Don't talk to me about going easy. Has the company ever gone easy on us? Listen! I've lived in these crap-houses for twenty years. I've had to work fourteen hours a day, I've had to eat filthy spoiled food. I've been kicked around and treated like a flunky. I was fired once for reading a copy of the Daily Worker. I wasn't a communist then. And you say 'take it easy'. You reactionary fools! Take it easy after that? Not me! Strike now! Take what you can! They've never had any mercy on us!

Ryan—Yes, Orgando, take it easy. Did you see that little note in

the paper a couple of weeks ago about the American Legion and the A. F. of L.? They may get together to defend the American way of doing things. If they get the 'old man with the beard' after you, you'll wish you had taken it easy. Fourteen hours a day in a crap-house may be bad but it's a lot better than taking it easy behind iron bars. I know.

Holtz—You're right Orgando but don't carry it too far. I don't like the company any better than you do. Get what you can but don't run the risk of losing everything. The operators are scared to death of us right now. They'll listen to reason if we make it possible for them to listen to reason.

Orgando—(He has calmed somewhat. His lip curls). When have the operators ever listened to reason? When have they ever thought of us? When have they ever done anything for us that they haven't been forced to do? What have they been doing about our demands? The port steward says—'Yes, that's a good idea. I'll take it up with my superior but he's out of town right now. We'll talk it over next trip.' But next trip he's out of town again, a few of the boys are fired and the delegate has been bribed away from us by a better job on another ship.

Don Carlos—That's just what I've always said. You can't beat the owners. They always work faster. There's no use trying. I say do your work and keep quiet. You'll get along allright.

Orgando—You thick skulled Peruvian. There's only one way to handle you—to beat you over the head with a beam—to come within an ace of killing you. Then you'll lick boots and fall in line. If all of us thought and acted the way you do, we'd be serfs yet.

Don Carlos—Listen, you think you're pretty smart, don't you. You believe everything you read in books. You believe everything they tell you. If you do get better pay, what happens? The capitalists make the prices go up and you haven't any more

money than you started with. They're always ahead of you.

Orgando—Christ!

Hayes—Orgando, the trouble with you guys is that you think you're all Christs. Look! Counting salary, food, bed and tips we're getting about a hundred and thirty bucks a month. Not many shore people get that much. What do you think you're entitled to anyway, twice that much?

Orgando—What do you have to do for that money? You work seventy hours a week. You eat lousy grub. You live in a pigsty. You get a half a day off every three weeks. What good is the money when you've got it? If you want to know what you've had to do for that money just look at yourself in the mirror. You're a sick man! You're so sick that you can't think straight. You're a perfect example of capitalistic exploitation and you're the most reactionary man in this glory hole.

Hayes—Yeah, you're right. I look like hell and feel worse most of the time but you know as well as I do that I can pick the dumbest looking mug that passes me in the street and train him in a half an hour to hold down my job.

Holtz—That's all right. That has nothing to do with it. They can't sail the ships without people like us to do that work.

What we do is just as necessary as what the old man does.

Hayes—As I see it, the companies aren't making much money now. If we press them too hard they'll fold up.

Orgando—Don't you worry about that. That's not your business. Let them take care of that.

Hayes—Why not? If the company collapses, we'll all be out of jobs.

Don Carlos—That's what I've always said!

Orgando—(Doesn't answer at first. When he speaks he does so calmly—almost reflectively—he had thought this thru before). The answer to that is socialism. If shipping is essential to civilization and capital cannot provide a decent living for its workers, then society will have to operate that industry at a loss.

Hayes—(He has had a good deal to drink and is already showing the effects so that it is with savage fury that he repulses the suggestion). And take orders from the communists? Not me.

Ryan—You'd have your heads bashed in by those sterling patriots in the American Legion before you got started.

Orgando—Don't go slamming the communists, Hayes. We wouldn't have won 'the strike' if it hadn't been for them. They opened up soup kitchens for us. They loaned us their presses, their type and sometimes gave us paper for publicity.

Hayes—Yeah, and we wouldn't have had a strike either if it hadn't been for them. They massed their members in the convention and shouted down all opposition speakers—don't forget that. When the voting came, only a half a dozen guys dared shout 'no'.

Orgando—Listen Hayes! You're an American of Revolutionary stock. Do you suppose there would have been a revolution if ballots had been passed around? Hell, no. Because they weren't, do you insist that we turn the country over to the British for exploitation? The trouble with you guys is that you want cake but you won't pay for it. You like the sinks and toilets you've got out here, don't you? You like the ten hour day better than the fourteen hour day, don't you? The ten dollar raise? Yeah, they're all fine but the union? The communists? John L. Lewis? They're worse than poison!

Hayes—The communists? No I don't. They don't care what happens to us. What they want is revolution and that's what they're using us for. John L. Lewis? Who is John L. Lewis? What is he after? Does he want to be dictator of this God-forsaken country? Why should I pay my dollars to John L. Lewis?

Don Carlos—That's what he wants

(Continued on Page 20)

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L'EXPLICATION

JANE LOVE

Through eons of violent, painful youth
 A sweet, sad cry—eternal—sings,
 A piteous plea for stable dreams,
 A hope of seeing happier things,
 A sigh for what eludes the mind,
 A lilting, haunting melody
 That ebbs and flows because it is
 A wistful phantom of harmony.
 Its answer quivers dim and far,
 A gleaming beacon beckoning on;
 It stands—the distant streak of light
 Which fosters hope for the matchless dawn
 Of white, unstained maturity.
 Someday youth finds it close beside,
 A shining symbol of dear success;
 Youth finds life's portals open—wide—
 But the fruits of youthful tapering
 With a soul and heart, with another's dreams,
 Are bitter, hard, and too soon plucked.
 And so a careless dream that seems
 To rend the calm of what might have been
 In shreds of aching, forgotten beauty
 Is the heedless meddling of an unwise child
 And youth's cowardice to face its duty.
 The fight is suffered by each alone;
 The battle is won through lonely strife;
 Then, with victory's glory safely past,
 The youth can taste his gifts from life.

And so, my dear, before my call
 Sings loud and clear through vales of doubt,
 Before my own poor, sterile soul
 Has cried its grief and panic out,
 'Tis better that I hew my path
 With selfish arms and selfish power;
 'Tis better that I find my heights
 Lest you, too late, should know them lower.
 'Tis better that the force of time
 Be given rein to crystallize
 The embryonic shadow-self
 That I, alone, can recognize.

Naught more can stand as my redress.
 Does truth reveal a carelessness
 Of hasty, sad impulsiveness,
 And not a cause of bitterness?

Evening Bus

Freshman Theme

JOSEPHINE BAILEY

SHIFTING my packages from one aching arm to the other, I pulled my coat closer about me, stuffing my free hand into the crowded pocket. Suddenly, the bus rounded the corner, its large yellow eyes piercing the gathering dusk. The little group straightened up. Packages were counted, dimes were fished out of various purses, and children's hands were clutched more tightly as the panting bus jolted to a stop in front of us.

After I had comfortably settled myself and my bundles, I turned my attention to the other passengers. My eyes rested first on the woman across the aisle from me. She was rather large, her fat hands adorned with an amazing variety of false jewels. She had an interesting profile; a straight nose and a small mouth, followed by several chins. Her greying hair was worn in ringlets, and on the curls reposed

one of the most astounding pieces of millinery that I had ever seen. It consisted of a tight turban of fuzzy brown felt, on top of which sat something resembling a bat, poised for flight. Two strips of cheap brown ribbon hung limply over the grey curls and down on her coat collar.

The coat was of brown cottonish material, with a fur collar which looked like the seat of a hide-bottomed chair. Her pudgy rose-tipped fingers clutched a red imitation suede bag, worn slick and greasy with much handling. From the bottom of her wobbly fabric sandals to the top of her incredible hat she was typical of her kind. She exuded a sort of earthy geniality, mixed with the unmistakable twenty-five cent odor of L'Heure de L'Amour."

In front of her sat a middle aged carpenter with a narrow band of

white hair dividing the red of his head and neck. His collar was limp and grey, and from the pocket of his shapeless coat a ruler and a carpenter's square protruded. He seemed utterly lost in thought, his half closed eyes resting on the toes of his cracked shoes, and his stubby, gnarled hands lying in his lap.

Toward the front of the car two high school girls were finishing ice cream cones and giggling. They wore culots of bright suede and ankle socks. Young, vibrant, and eager, they were bending over a copy of "Picture Play," flipping the pages with scarlet nails.

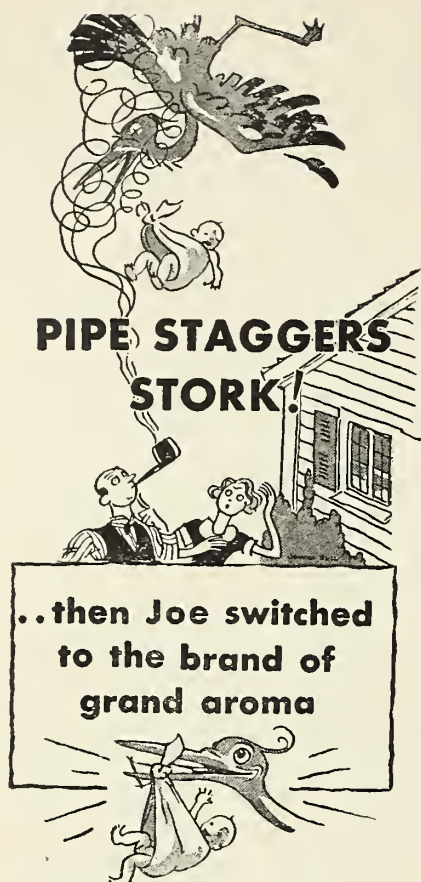
The bus slowed down, coughed, and stopped, its great engine muttering about the delay. Hastily gathering my possessions, I made my way out of this warm, lighted little world, and stepped into the winter night.

GOD IS MY JUDGE

Short, Short Story

HERBERT JAFFEY

IT was one of those dreary, misty days when everything seemed blacker than it really was. Maybe that's why he kept gazing out the window without once looking around from his single seat. In fact, he was so damned quiet and still that you might think something was about to happen at any minute. But he couldn't keep quiet forever. Even he knew that. For months his insides were aching—aching to tell what the whole world wanted to know. Goddam that Hauptmann trial! And why did he have to have a kid? It's all right killing a man for something he didn't do, but why pick on a man with a family? Well, it wouldn't be long now. In a few hours the world would know that Hauptmann was innocent and that he was the bastard who killed a baby and sent a man to the chair. God, would the trip never end? He wouldn't be able to wait much longer. Well what the hell was the delay? You'd think that on an anniversary trip the Hindenburg could make a landing without going around in so many goddam circles!



HELP! Send for the S. P. C. A. Notify the S.P.C.C. And let's start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pipes! Smoking over-strong tobacco in a gummy bowl is a mean trick to play on a self-respecting briar. Clean it out and smoke a fine, mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Fragrant. Slow-burning. Blended of the finest burleys from the famous Blue Grass country. Two full ounces... 50 pipefuls. Try a tin.



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EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 1)

rived from learning the effect a thing you write has on a group of your contemporaries. The art at which you are aiming concerns itself primarily with lucid expression. You are trying to say something to others. Through the above means you are told, in no uncertain terms, whether or not what you've said is understandable. Magazine editors say it with rejection slips or checks. Your friends will tell you in words, and save you postage.

Now, being a strictly informal organization, *The Undergraduate Writers* can do little to make itself known, which is prerequisite to making it appreciated. But, in its extreme youth it is making an effort to establish one tradition, and this by having a banquet every spring with some literary light as guest speaker. Last year, in excess of its highest hopes, and with the cooperation of the English faculty, its guest speaker was Aldous Huxley, who thinks, though he didn't tell us so, that contemporary homo sapiens are eyeless in a world in which bravery has passed

into limbo along with chivalry. This year it hopes to procure a speaker approaching Mr. Huxley's eminence.

There are some twenty or thirty members in *The Undergraduate Writers*, all united in a common desire to discover talented new members. Showing a commendable charity, members of the English faculty have this year appeared as guests at the meetings, thus lending the meetings a mite of dignity, and thus facilitating a much needed contact between students and faculty.

Well, those are the facts about *The Undergraduate Writers*. As an organization it is not of the type that can win any championships, but perhaps someday one of its members will become a Pulitzer prize winner. Until that happens its worth and reputation will have to be arbitrarily rationalized. But, to answer the question in some minds, it is still alive and functioning. For that matter, so, I think, are Herbert Hoover and Alf Landon.

RANK AND FILE

(Continued from Page 17)

—money. The kid here knows that. That's why he wants to be a union leader. Isn't that right kid?

Orgando—Carlos, you're an obscene fellow. I wouldn't trust you with a nickel. But, if they do corrupt John L. Lewis we'll throw him and his crew out and get other leaders and go on. We're due to win, it's in the cards.

Holtz—Come along, let's go to sleep. It's late. Better leave that rum alone Hayes, you've had enough. Turn out the light.

Hayes—Oh Christ, what a world! They're blowing each other's heads off in Spain and cutting

out each other's guts. Now they want to do the same here—what bastards! I was born twenty-five years too late. Life was good then. It was quiet and easy and people didn't get excited over everything and holler at you. When I was in high school, I used to dream that someday I'd get married and settle down with a bunch of children and have a horse and buggy. Look where I am now.

Don Carlos—Oh, turn off the light and go to sleep.

Hayes leans out of bed and twists the bulb throwing the room into darkness as the curtain falls.

THE END

“LIGHT”

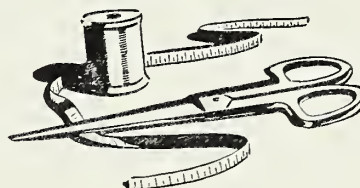
Literature

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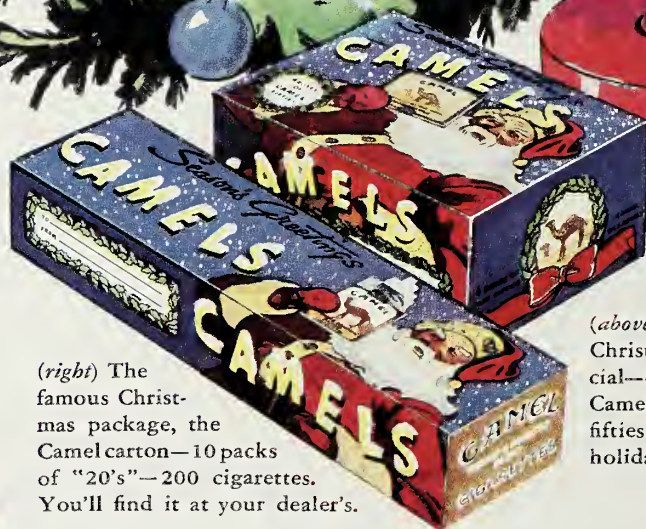
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(right) A pound of Prince Albert in a real glass humidior that keeps the tobacco in prime condition and becomes a welcome possession.



(left) One pound of Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—in an attractive Christmas gift package.

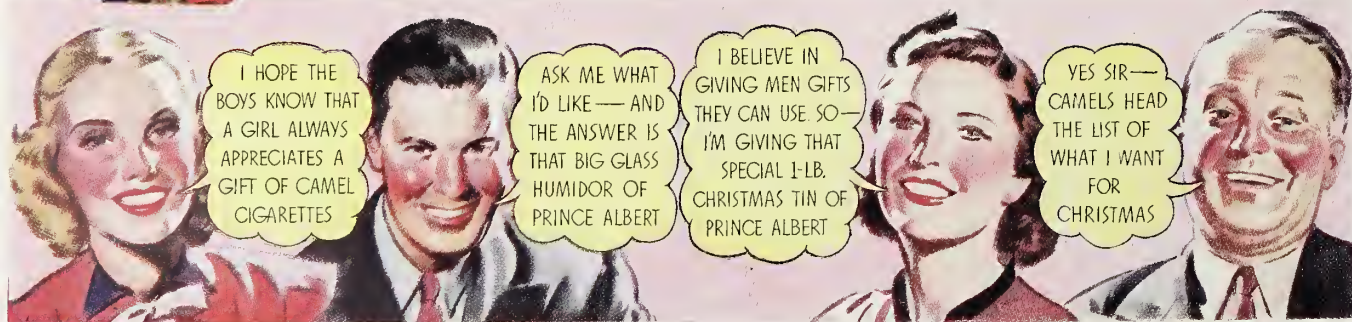


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Duke Undergraduate Literary Monthly



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Robert C. Wilson

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Editorial

WANTED!

ONE GOOD REASON WHY

- The ARCHIVE has a circulation of 2,500.
- There are some 3,000 students at Duke University.
- Each student, at an absolute minimum, spends \$40 a year in the friendly city of Durham.
- This makes a minimum total of \$120,000 which Duke students distribute to Durham merchants yearly.
- Football games, commencements, and other university affairs draw large crowds to Durham, who jump the total to a minimum \$250,000.
- Thus, at a ridiculously low estimate, Durham merchants benefit to the extent of \$250,000 each year from Duke students, friends, and relatives.
- With other ways that Durham benefits from the fact that Duke University is situated within its confines, the total is probably well around \$1,000,000.

Yet, in spite of these facts, the ARCHIVE, upon arriving at press-time, finds its two inside covers blank of local ads, and has to try to make its appearance typographically pleasant by this means.

The ARCHIVE would like to have one good reason why, since the above facts are true, Durham merchants are not willing (yeah, even gratefully eager) to place in our pages—for that matter, in the pages of all Duke publications—an \$8 to \$20 ad a month.

Note to Durham Merchants:

The editor is responsible for this, not the business manager, so don't get sore at him.

The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LI

JANUARY, 1938

NUMBER FOUR

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

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\$25, Art and Education

At this time the *Archive* announces a list of prizes for the best things published (or submitted for publication), in its pages this year. The total of \$25 will probably be apportioned after this fashion:

\$10—Short Story

\$10—Essay or Article

\$5—Poem.

These prizes are offered, first, because all collegiate literary magazines offer such prizes, and secondly, for reasons idealized further along in these paragraphs.

All undergraduates are eligible for these prizes, which will be awarded in May. Those wishing to compete should so designate their manuscripts, labelling them "Contest." Otherwise, only those things published in the *Archive's* pages will be considered for awards.

A faculty committee will be chosen to serve as judges. Their task will be made more interesting because of this fact. If they do not think any story worth \$10, but do think that a poem appearing in

the *Archive* is worth \$10, they will be allowed to award \$10 to the poem, leaving the \$5 for what they agree is the best story. More even than that, if they think one literary piece so far better than anything else in the issues, they will be permitted to award the entire \$25 to that manuscript. It is talent and ability that is being awarded, not literary form.

Twenty-five dollars seems an insignificant sum when thought of in relation to money put to other uses on the campus. But rather than moan a dirge upon that note, I prefer to muse about the significance of prizes in general—prizes for art work in general, that is.

The purpose they are designed to serve is, of course, a proceusmatic one. To be particular, it is hoped that the dangling of \$10 before your eyes will have the same effect that the idea of being a Phi Bete, president of a fraternity, member of Red Friars, or White

Duchy, or captain of the football team, exerts on various members of the student body.

But there seems something awkward about that analogy. Ten dollars the same as being editor of the *Chronicle*? Five dollars the same as being president of the Freshman class? In the eyes of the campus that must seem ridiculous. Perhaps it is. Part of college's "innumerable laughter."

The thing that makes it laughable, though, is the \$10. Now if it were \$100, or \$850. But the *Archive* can't afford that much money. The university could, of course. At commencement exercises, along with that \$100 medal it gives you for your ability to talk, it could give you a check for your ability to write. That ultimately raises a debate on the respective powers of the spoken and the written word. But it is an irrelevant question. To speak, or to write? Politics or art? Not quite that either. There really is no distinction, or should be none.

What I'm trying to say is simply this. I'd like to see literary ability—if there is any on the campus—rewarded; and I'd like to see creative talent—if there is any of that—encouraged. The *Archive* tries to do both with \$25. Perhaps you will say that is a sum commensurate in every respect (but that need not necessarily always be true here). And why should art be encouraged and rewarded? That is the next question. And it is the one I am chiefly interested in answering.

The best way to answer it is to say what is art's function. And one way I can be clear and specific in showing you that, is by giving you Professor Katherine Gilbert's summation of Plato's concept of the relation of art to education and morals; a summation appearing in an essay entitled *The Relation Of the Moral to the Aesthetic Standard In Plato*. Her essay appeared in the May, 1934 issue of *The Philosophical Review*, is reprinted in pamphlet form, and is available in both campus libraries as one of the most important adjuncts to the philosophy courses offered here at Duke.

But don't let those citations alienate you. The following is merely part of a simply-expressed theory of education laid on the

(Continued on Page 24)

Ask Your Grocer
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FRIDAY, JANUARY FOURTEENTH

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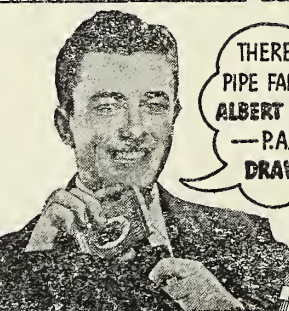
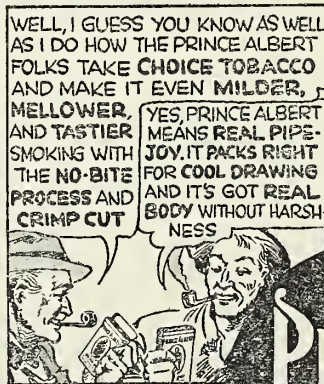
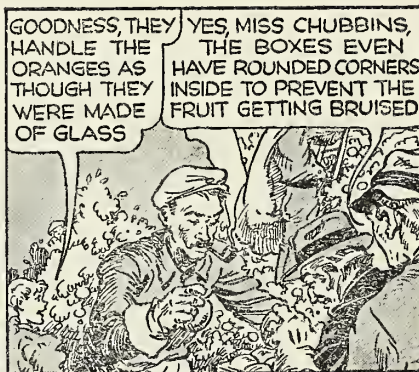
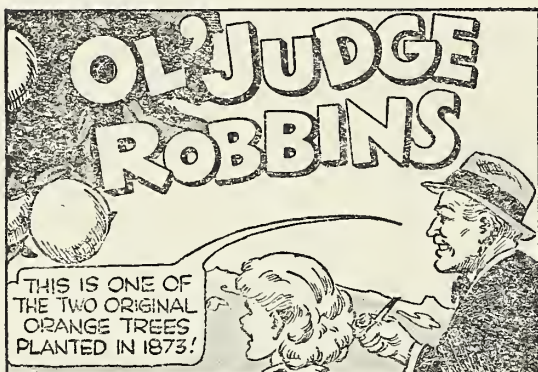
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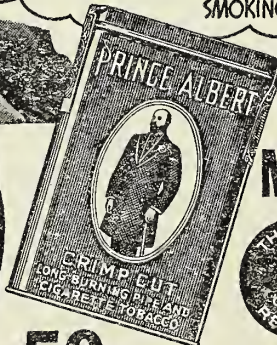
FRIDAY, JANUARY FOURTEENTH

FRIDAY, JANUARY FOURTEENTH



THERE'S ONE SWELL FRATERNITY ALL PIPE FANS SHOULD JOIN—THE PRINCE ALBERT JOY-SMOKERS. THEIR MOTTO IS —P.A. FOR GOOD PACKING, SMOOTH DRAWING, Milder, YET TASTIER, SMOKING!

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The Archive

DUKE UNDERGRADUATE LITERARY MONTHLY

VOLUME LI



NUMBER FOUR

January, 1938

Imaginary Conversations

*(Being a dialogue between Plato and the president
of almost any American university)*

ROBERT C. WILSON, '38

* * *

PLATO speaks first.

* * *

Well, the first thing we've got to do is abolish the football team.

I beg your pardon.

I said, we've first got to abolish the football team.

Abolish the football team! Good God, Plato, we can't do that. Why that's unheard of. Besides, the students wouldn't have it.

The students wouldn't have it? Why, as I understand the set-up, they don't play the game. Isn't it true that only eleven students, and eleven students alone, play the game?

Yes, but. . .

And isn't it true that you have some 3,000 students in your university?

Yes, but. . .

And those three thousand students do not play the game?

No, but. . .

Please excuse my interruptions, Ll.D. I wanted to make sure of the proportion of numbers involved. Now, what were you going to say?

I don't know now. I've forgotten. But you've said a lot of things that weren't quite true.

I? Not true.

Yes, you did.

But, my dear Ll.D., I haven't said a thing. I've merely asked a few questions. You're the one who said things.

What I mean is, that it all isn't as simple as you make it out to be.

I'm afraid I do not know what you mean.

Well, football is more than eleven men playing a game, and three thousand not playing it. It's . . . well, it's more than that.

I am inclined to disagree with you, Ll.D., but I would like to know first the purpose of a football team.

Well, it builds health and character.

It builds whose health and character?

Those men on the team.

Do you mean you built that coliseum you showed me this afternoon just for a place to improve the health and character of eleven men?

There are more than eleven men. The football team has a squad. There are often as many as forty men on it.

Then you built that coliseum for forty men?

No, for forty thousand men.

Forty thousand men?

Yes, there are that many seats for spectators. Filled it three times last year too.

But what do spectators have to do with the forty men whose health and character you're so interested in? Are they relatives?

No, of course not. A few of them might be.

Are they students?

Well, three thousand of them are.

Then who are the other thirty-seven thousand?

Oh, just people from round about. They pay to get in, you know.

Yes, I know. But I can't understand what they have to do with health and character.

Well, it makes it more fun for the players.

Fun?

Yes. Football is a tough game, you know. Sometimes the men get killed.

But if there are forty thousand people watching them they don't mind?

Well, it's not exactly that.

You mean you think a dead person is healthier than a live one.

No, of course not. You know,

Plato, somehow I feel we're getting nowhere with this conversation.

I agree, L.I.D. Now, I'm not very familiar with customs in this part of the country. Perhaps there is some misunderstanding on my part which prevents our minds from coming into accord. Shall we start over again?

Yes, if you wish. But, Plato, I'd like to know why you're set on abolishing the football team. Can't we start some other way?

Perhaps, L.I.D., you have forgotten the conversation we had this morning.

Oh, no, Plato, I remember it perfectly.

You recall, then, that we agreed to attempt an application of my principles of education to your university.

Yes, Plato, we did.

And we reached an understanding that we were going to dedicate your university to the training of good citizens, good political rulers, and good artists? And we were going to hold up before us as our ideal, the good of the whole, and not the good of individuals?

Yes, Plato, that was our conclusion. But there's something I don't quite understand. It's about training artists. Didn't you throw all the artists out of your *Republic*? Didn't you insist that art was immoral?

Oh, that. Well, not all of them. Most of them, I'll admit. And yes, I did say art was immoral. But I've changed my mind since then. We didn't have movies in those days, you know.

Oh.

And we agreed, did we not, my dear L.I.D., to fix our minds on our purpose and not be swayed by the opinions of the many, who are always wrong, who always take the easy way out?

Yes, that was in our agreement too. But, Plato, I am still curious as to why you want to start all that by doing away with the football team.

—Well, L.I.D., I'll try to explain. When I first landed in this country, and received your wire asking me to come here and lecture, I set about enquiring of your university. Now somehow, in my mind

the thought university is always associated with the thought library; and for this reason, I began my enquiries by visiting all the libraries in the city. And I could get no information. No one had ever heard of your university. I was enjoying once again my role as a gad-fly, but it was to no avail. I searched through great stacks of books and papers, but there I met with no success.

—Finally, one day in despair, I started making queries of people I met on the street. I encountered at last one man, who said to me: "Oh, yes, they gave Pitt a great battle last week." At my bequest he translated this for me, and I learned that he was speaking of your football team. I made further queries of this man and learned, though his speech was very difficult to understand, being extremely colloquial, the set-up of colleges, as regards football teams.

—He impressed upon me, L.I.D., that football teams have nothing to do with the educational purposes of a university. In thinking this over, I came to the conclusion that it was treasonable misconduct to place so much emphasis upon that part of a university, that part that really has nothing to do with the central purpose of a university. It seemed vitally wrong that your university should be known only to a few laymen, and known to them only by virtue of a game.

—Now more than that, I made friends with this man of the street, and he took me to a football game there in the city, and I observed what it was all about. I saw a group of young men running one way and being knocked down, and I saw another group of young men, distinguished from the others by the colors of their suits, running the other way and being knocked to the ground. Some of them being knocked so viciously that they were carried off on stretchers amidst many groans. And I observed that some of the people in the coliseum were very pleased when the young men in one color suits were thrown to the ground, and gave vent to their pleasure very vociferously; so much so, as a matter of fact, that I at first thought they had lost their

reason, or were overcome by a strange fit of anger. For they struck each other on the back with great blows, and threw things in the air, and shouted great oaths. And I observed also that there were a great many imbibing of strong wines out of bottles they took with furtive looks out of their pockets, and they were becoming very drunk. It all seemed very strange. They seemed all to be bent on losing their reason, rather than cultivating it; and thus a thing of that sort is in violent contradistinction to the purpose of a university.

—I regard it as a tumor, or as some other malignant growth of the body, which has first to be removed before the general health of the body can be repaired. It is all of that combined, L.I.D., which is the reason for my thinking that we must start our work by doing away with the football team. Are you yet in agreement with me, or shall we proceed with the argument?

Well, there doesn't seem to be much of an argument . . . but, honestly, Plato, a thing like that just isn't being done.

Isn't being done? Let me ask you this, L.I.D. If 90 per cent of all college students had syphilis, and you found a way to rid the 90 per cent at your university of the disease, would you hesitate for the reason that your remedy had never been heard of?

No, but . . . well, that's not the same thing.

Isn't it?

Of course not. Syphilis is a disease; football is a game.

Yes, L.I.D., I am aware of that distinction. But let me ask you this. What is the effect of football upon those who participate in it?

Football builds strength and character. I said that before.

Yes, and I pointed out the numerical disproportion. But I will pass that and ask you to consider this. Isn't it a form of strenuous exercise, and doesn't it involve brutal bodily contact, and don't those who participate in the game often become bruised, some crippled for life, some driven insane through pounding on the brain, some even killed?

Well, yes, that does happen to some of the players.

Doesn't some part of it, the bruising and the laming, happen to most players?

Yes, I suppose it does.

Then the effects of the game are weakening and destructive to both body and mind?

Yes, I suppose that is true.

Suppose hell. You know damn well it's true. And what are the effects of syphilis?

The same, I'm forced to admit.

Then my analogy which you first deemed ridiculous is a fair one?

Well, maybe it is. But go per cent of the students don't play the game.

That I know, Ll.D. And that is one of the things that puzzled me when you said the students wouldn't have it. Only eleven men play the game, don't they?

Yes.

And at your university there are some three thousand other students?

Yes.

Am I correct, then, in assuming that you are interested in destroying the health and character of eleven men of your university?

There are forty men on the squad. I told you that before.

My pardon, Ll.D. But would you be pleased to answer my question?

What was it? I forget so easily.

It is my understanding that you are interested in destroying the health and character of only eleven, pardon me, forty men; whereas there are some three thousand other students here. Is that correct?

Your mathematics are faultless, Plato, but I'm afraid you are laboring under a misconception. You see, the football team is sort of separated from the university as a whole.

A part? Not of the whole?

Well, you see the football team is a part of the university, and it isn't.

I'm afraid I still don't understand. Could you be a little clearer?

Well, you see, we select the players in a different way than we select the other students.

In a different way?

Yes. The general student is admitted here on his intellectual ability, and he pays us to come here. But the football players are brought here for their physical abilities, and we pay them to come here. They're all nice big strong boys, too.

I'm afraid, Ll.D., that I still don't understand how a thing can be one thing and then not that thing. Don't you say that your football players are your university students? Do you in any way distinguish them from the other students?

No. Except we give them jobs.

Then to all extents and purposes they are your university students?

Yes.

The only thing that differentiates them from the other students is that they play football and get paid for it? They live at your university and go to your classes, and in all other ways act like, and are considered as, your university students?

Yes.

They are not considered as a breed apart? As, say, you consider negroes?

No, except perhaps by the coaches.

Are they considered university students when they are playing football?

Oh, yes!

Then they are university students. And the students taken together as a team are considered a part of your university?

Yes.

Then the team is a part of the university? In all ways?

Well, I guess so.

You what?

Yes, it's true.

And now, if you remember, you said that the students wouldn't permit that the team be done away with. You do remember saying that?

Yes. I said that.

Well, and can you tell me why?

They like to watch the team play.

Is that the only reason?

Yes. I don't know of any other.

That's not a very good reason, do you think?

Yes it is. I think it's an excel-

lent reason. Supposing we did abolish the team. We couldn't get any students to come to our university anymore.

Are you sure of that?

Absolutely.

Don't you rather mean to say, Ll.D., that in abolishing the football team you would discourage from coming to your university those students who are intensely interested in watching football games? And don't you mean to imply that that is the main reason why a good deal of your students come to your college?

Well, now, I wouldn't go so far.

Don't you think, Ll.D., that if we use the term "student" with discrimination, we could say that most "students" are interested in something besides football, and that they come to universities for other reasons?

Yes, I guess that's true.

Then will you permit that I modify your statement—that your students wouldn't have it—to this: that those of your college body whose primary interest is in things like watching football games, wouldn't like it?

Yes, that is more true.

And the real students, if it were explained why the team was being abolished, wouldn't care?

Yes, that is true also. But there would certainly be a hell of a rumpus, Plato.

You mean, I suppose, that if when—we abolish the football team there is going to be a great outcry?

That's a gross understatement, Plato.

Because the majority will be against it?

Exactly.

But that majority will be composed of not-students, will it not?

Yes.

And they will leave your university, will they not?

I can see them now, Plato.

Permit me then, Ll.D., to draw together the threads of our conclusions. Have we proved that football is destructive to the health and character of those who participate in it?

Yes.

Have we proved that it tends to attract to your college a large num-

ber of people who are not-students and who do the college no good by being here? And haven't you said that we will get rid of them by doing away with the team?

Yes, Plato.

Then, in two respects, at least, it would be to the benefit of your college to abolish the team?

Yes, Plato, yes.

And another thing, L.I.D. You said a short while ago, in a tone of shocked horror (if you will permit my presumption in describing your manner of speech), that abolishing the football team was unheard of.

And that's one true thing I've said, Plato.

Well, I would like to ask you this. Is it true that a football team, by its success or failure, serves to attract attention to the college it represents, and that in such a capacity it is assumed valuable to its university?

Yes. It's the best way in the world of attracting publicity, Plato. We've had two all-Americans here in the past few years, too. Both fine boys.

And am I correct in assuming, on the basis of your remark that "everybody else has one," that every other college in this country values its football team for the attention it attracts.

Sure, Plato. They all do it.

Why, then, don't you believe that that is the best reason in the world for your not doing it? Don't you think, L.I.D., that in abolishing your football team, in being the only university in the country to do so, you would attract more attention than by struggling along in the same manner as all the rest? You wouldn't have to worry about winning all your games then.

Well, there's something in that.

Then that is a third reason for abolishing your team. And I would like to elaborate a fourth, L.I.D., that follows as a correlative of our second reason, which was, if you remember, that we would weed out our not-students. Now don't you think that not only would we weed out our not-students, but that our not having a football team would attract such attention to us that all the real-

students would flock to our halls?

Well, maybe.

And I would like to mention one more thing, L.I.D., if you will permit me the time. I'm not boring you, am I?

Oh, no, nothing like that. (Wait till I tell this to the coach.)

A football team is an expensive thing, is it not?

Natural that it should be, Plato. Salaries, uniforms, traveling expenses, etc.

Then, don't you think that with the money you would have at hand on abolishing your team you could do much to promote the welfare of other departments of your university, which are in harmony with our purpose? You haven't forgotten our purpose have you?

No, we're going to train good citizens, rulers, and artists.

Then that is a fifth reason. Do you now understand why we've first got to abolish the football team?

—You know, Plato, you're pretty good at this dialectic. And, logically, I suppose it would be best for the university if we did do away with the team. But you have a tendency to over-simplify things. Why, there are actually human lives at stake on such a decision as that. There are grown men with wives and children dependent for their existence on football; coaches, ticket-scalpers, the restaurant owners downtown. And, then, what would we do with that big stadium we've got? That cost a lot of money you know. As a matter of fact, it isn't paid for yet. And then, too, there are those alumnae. They're a pretty fierce bunch, Plato. There's no telling what might happen if we don't get to the Rose Bowl pretty soon. I've had all kinds of threatening letters.

—And speaking of letters reminds me. I've been wondering, Plato, what your commentaries would say if they could hear this conversation of ours.

Oh, God, don't bring them up. But that reminds me, L.I.D. We're going to do away with them. Commentaries, I mean. We're going to burn 75 per cent of the books in your library.

Oh, my good heavens.

I beg your pardon.

Oh, nothing. But Plato, do you know what lynching is?

Lynching? No. Why?

—I just wondered. Plato, aren't you taking this a bit too seriously? You know, football's a lot of fun to watch. It's good for you too.

Good for you? You mean for the spectators? Who pay to get in?

—Yes, good for the ego. Vicarious playing. Gets rid of inhibitions. Sort of sublimation. You know.

No. I'm afraid, L.I.D., that I don't know what you're talking about.

—Well, it gives people something to talk about, something to be interested in. Sort of purges them, you know. Like tragedy.

Oh, that's Aristotle. But there's nothing to it, L.I.D., I saw a game, you know, and I've learned a little about it. It's even lower in my scale of reality than those artists I threw out of my *Republic*. It's all make-believe, L.I.D. Why even the language of the game will tell you that. All the slang of athletics is borrowed from the terminology of warfare to induce an illusion for the people, "two mighty juggernauts hurled themselves into battle," and "fight, fight, fight," and "skirted the enemy's flanks," and "struck like lightning through the air," and "stood off a charging assault." And, really, you know, it's only a bunch of boys playing a game.

—And it gives the university something to be loyal to, Plato. We've got a lot of pretty songs we sing at games. And we've just bought our band new uniforms. And . . . do we have to abolish the football team, Plato? Isn't there some other way we could start?

No. Listen, L.I.D., you don't find any football teams in my *Republic*, do you?

No. But you had gymnastics. How about that? You did have gymnastics, didn't you?

Sure, but in a moderate degree. You recall do you not that I said in Book III of my *Republic*

"And he who mingles music with gymnastic in the fairest proportions, and best attempts them to

the soul, may be rightly called the true musician and harmonist in a far higher sense than the tuner of the strings."

And that it was agreed there that *"the mere athlete becomes too much of a savage, and that the mere musician is melted and softened beyond what is good for him."*

Then you think my students are too savage, Plato?

—Yes, L.I.D., or, rather, though it may seem a quibble, barbarians; or, if you prefer, Philistines. You see, they never think of adapting both their minds and their bodies to the good of their souls, but shy away from the word "soul" as if it had nothing to do with their minds and bodies. Some deny the soul rudely and boorishly, and on the other hand, I have observed others recognizing it and caring for it too tenderly, too effeminately. Neither is satisfactory, you see.

—But, L.I.D., let us not digress too far from our subject. How about it? Are we going to do away

with that football team? It'll be a better publicity stunt than that book you were telling me about.

Well, Plato, I'll think it over. Those alumnae. Honestly, you don't know. . . .

To hell with the alumnae. I'll take care of them in a dialogue or so. We're trying to establish a place where we can train good citizens and good rulers and good artists for the good of our whole country. Now what do you say? You admitted you were convinced it was the best thing to do. Aren't you a rational being? You can't believe one thing, and then act in a manner at variance with that belief, can you?

Well, I've been doing it for years, Plato. But . . . are you absolutely sure that's what has to be done?

We've got to empty our house, L.I.D., before we can set it in order.

It'll be empty all right.

And, besides, think what a publicity stunt it will be.

Yes, I guess it would at that. Everybody would think this a

pretty intellectual place, wouldn't they? Yes, sir . . . we could have some new pictures taken of the library . . . and we could have flower shows down in the stadium . . . and . . . o. k., Plato, we'll do it. God help me, for I'll need it. But we'll do it. What's the next step?

It's pretty hot and stuffy in here. Don't you think so, L.I.D.?

Why, yes, I guess it is. Wait, I'll open up a window.

No. Let's take a walk.

I can open this window. No trouble at all.

No. Let's take a walk. I think we both need some air.

Oh. Sure, Plato. There's one down stairs. But, come, what's the next thing we've got to do.

Are you sure you're not tired and weak, L.I.D.? You're not suffering from heart trouble or anything like that?

No. But I'm beginning to have apprehensions. But go ahead. What is it?

Well, we've got to abolish the Co-Eds.

(The rest of the dialogue is omitted in this edition, but it is extant, well-preserved, and will be included in a new edition of Plato's works to be published shortly.)

The Dawn Is Breaking

"...when two were in love"

JERRY J. McGRUDDY, '38

"That's the fourth time," he said.

"Fourth time what?"

"The fourth time the orchestra has played that."

He was getting sick of the damn band.

She smiled. "They know *I'm* here, Arne."

Marie, the dawn is breaking . .

"You like it because you hope it will be true." He didn't smile at her with his lips.

She grinned cockily. "Hope it's true? I don't know what you mean, Arne." Her tone was mocking. She took another sip of her drink and grimaced with disgust. Then, noticing the laughter in his eyes, she swallowed half the glass. And was almost sick.

He laughed. "At least you won't win out that way."

"Does it count if I get sick?" She was pale.

"No, Marie." Sharply. "You can't do that. You won't do that, will you?"

She shook her head.

He believed her. She was honest. She'd play fair.

He pushed his way to the bar, and bought another Scotch and soda. She wouldn't need another one for some time. *Darling Marie*. He shoved his way back to where she sat on a radiator. He bent down and kissed her on the cheek. He stood close to her watching the drunks, downing his drink in quick gulps.

Suddenly he was fed up with the place. He was tired of standing on his feet, and he was hot, and his eyes burned from the smoke. And he was sick of the damn music. It was a jam band. Red McKenzie's. There was no dancing. The place was just a low, narrow dive, with a bar along one side of the wall, a narrow aisle, and a few booths along the other wall. The

bar was covered, two deep. The aisle was packed tight with a swaying mob. The few booths all had six or eight people wedged in them.

The Dartmouth-Columbia game had packed Baker Field that afternoon, and tonight all the dives in New York were crowded with students. And most of them are here in *Nick's Place*, he thought. They were all drunk, hanging over each other's shoulders, shouting over the



game, making love shamelessly to their girls.

His eyes burned fiercely. He looked at Marie.

"Seen enough?" Her eyes were red and tearful too. And that last defiant shot hadn't done her any good.

"Then let's get out of here." He looked at his watch. "It's 2:30."

"Where we going?" Suspiciously, but with a grin.

"Don't worry. Some place. I've still got a couple dollars left."

Outside it was snowing. The wind drove it down inside his collar. She drew close to him.

"I'm getting one break," he said. "The weather. It won't be morning for a long time."

They walked across the street and looked in the Spanish joint, but decided to go on up to Harlem.

They both dozed in the swaying sub-way. But only his eyes were tired. The excitement of the chase is keeping my mind clear, he decided. Funny. It is funny. It could never happen with anyone but Marie and me. Two other people wouldn't feel toward each other as we do, or understand each other as we do, or want each other as we do. *Darling Marie*. Even if I lose tonight. . . .

"What were those conditions again, Arne?" She was leaning tired on his shoulder. She didn't open her eyes. But a smile played about her lips.

"If you don't pass out drunk. My money's got to be all gone. It's got to be before dawn. And you can't be asleep. —You've got all the odds."

She leaned closer to him. Her eyes were still closed. "I'm getting sleepy, Arne." There was a mocking warning in her voice.

"You can't do that. You've got to try to keep awake. That was understood."

Funny, how much was understood between them, how much had been understood between them ever since he'd known her, three years. They had liked each other without saying anything about it, and then they had gradually come to love each other, quietly, with neither saying much about that.

Only once, she had told him, to make sure he knew. And he had tried to tell her, awkwardly. They had both laughed, and it had been like that ever since.

They both found it too easy to laugh when one of them got sentimental. It was usually him, too. Like when he had kissed her back at *Nick's*. Right then he had wanted to be off somewhere with her sleepy in his arms, listening to all the beautiful music of love that had ever been written.

"Arne?" She didn't open her eyes.

"Yeah."

"You do love me."

Strange that she should say that now. But, no, it wasn't.

"Yeah. Even here at this hour in a sub-way."

She was reassured.

He wanted to bend down and kiss her. Her skin was clear and full of color even in the harsh light of the train. That was because of her hockey. Most girls got their only exercise at a few dances.

The train stopped with a jerk, and a couple got off. There were only a few people left, an old man, and two young Jewesses. The straw seats of the car stretched empty below their little squares of tooth-paste, and Cascara ads. It was the 79th St. station.

The train started again.

"Where we going, Arne?"

"Harlem."

He looked down at her again. Her lips were smiling. What was she thinking now? How long before they'd understand again, when there was no need for words, they both just understood. Funny. Even about tonight he couldn't remember how much was understood and how much said in words.

It started partly through what they had said, and what had happened in the room before they left, but mostly through what they mutually understood (and wanted). They had agreed that if they could spend all of his \$50 on drinks and

dancing, and at the end of that time she wasn't drunk, or honestly asleep, he would stay when he took her back to the hotel. Otherwise, he would go back to the "Y," alone.

Queer about their physical problem, too. They had never talked much about that either, except after some of their occasions he had told her sex could be beautiful and not a sin when two were in love.

She hadn't quite believed it. It was her body that was sensuous, not her mind. But when he made an occasional pass to see if she did, she had understood. She hadn't been insulted. Now they had made a mad game of it.

He had \$10 left. It was 3:00. It was snowing, and morning would come late. She didn't like liquor. She was too fair to get purposely sick. His mind was strangely clear after all that he had drunk. Only she was getting sleepy.

He jostled her.

"Oh, Arne, I'm so tired." There was an appeal in her eyes.

The two young Jewesses were frankly staring at them. They like us, and they wonder why we're not riding expensively in a cab. Marie in a black and white wrap and evening dress, and me in white tie and tails. But I'm a college student hard-up for money girls, and we're an attractive couple don't you think. *My darling Marie . . . the dawn is breaking.* He wanted to bend down and kiss her.

Hell. He didn't care. If that was the way she felt. She *was* sleepy. She was honest. That's why he loved her. He knew he could always count on her to be honest. He could even count on her to be honest in what she believed. *My darling Marie.* Hell, he'd take her back.

They got off at the next station, and took a train going back down town. To hell with Harlem. Besides, he had \$10 left.

When the elevator shot back down he picked her up and carried her down the corridor. No. 3457. He bent down to kiss her sleeping eyes before he waked her and sat her down.

Hell, he didn't care. She had to go to bed early at that school of hers. She hadn't been up this late since last summer. And, if she didn't really believe. . . .

Her eyes opened.

"That cold air was good. Have we any money left?" Her eyes wouldn't meet his.

He hesitated. "A couple . . .," he began. Then he understood. She wanted to play fair.

Oh, God, it made him like her! But—

He put her on her feet and kissed her.

She looked after him, puzzled, as he walked whistling to the elevator. She wasn't *sleepy*.

But—he knew she didn't really believe . . . He'd forgotten that had to be a condition too.

Logic of a Guinea Pig

"... honors work is an opportunity for ... intensive training ... in specialized fields"

JANE LOVE, '38

LAST September, after the first few weeks of regular classes, I became suddenly conscious of the strange attitude of two freshman girls who lived near me in the dormitory. They began to view me with definite disapproval and a you - don't - do - your - duty look whenever they passed me in the halls.

Finally, one of the girls came to me determinedly and laid her cards on the table. "Jane," she asked, "why don't you ever go to class?" It was an accusing question that demanded an immediate reply.

"I do," I answered; then, defensively, "I go to class two afternoons a week." The freshman's eyes still looked scornful: I hastened to add in hopeful explanation, "I'm taking an honors course, and I have seminars two afternoons a week."

There was a slight change of expression—the word "honor" is always good for that, at least—but the only return comment was a vague, uncomprehending, "Oh — —." And she turned away.

That has not been the only incident of its kind. After many similar experiences, I have realized that there are very few on the Duke campus who really know and understand what honors work at Duke is and what it involves. Not only may many undergraduate students be included in this number; there are undoubtedly some among the faculty who have not yet grasped the significance and promise of honors as it is offered at this university.

It is rather difficult to stick a pin into a definition and say that it applies to honors work. Perhaps the only definition which will apply universally to all outgrowths of it must grow out of the end

rather than out of the means. In that sense, honors work is an opportunity offered to students for more intensive training and independent study in specialized fields.

Suffice it to say that the methods employed in presenting that opportunity at different institutions have varied; Duke, like other progressive educational institutions, has endeavored to work out its own successful system, and the result is a scheme designated as "group honors" in contrast to "departmental honors" and other systems in effect at other universities. Until the year 1936-37 Duke was offering "departmental honors" in all subjects; but last year, the new "group honors" scheme was initiated in the English department with the co-operation of the Fine Arts and the Philosophy departments. The net material profit for the student enrolled in this course is a major in English and minors in the other two subjects. This year, 1937-38, has seen the installation of a similar plan, with variations, in the social science field.

For the purpose of clarification, it might be advantageous to say that the English course, at present, is outlined as follows:

JUNIOR YEAR

First Semester

English literature, 1744-1832
Philosophy—ancient Greek philosophy

Second Semester

English literature, 1832-1900
Fine Arts—English architecture

SENIOR YEAR

First Semester

English literature, 1660-1744
Fine Arts—medieval art and Italian painting of the Renaissance

Second Semester

English literature — Shakespeare and all literature up to 1660
Philosophy—esthetics

There are six students doing honors in English. No courses are required, but the students are at liberty to audit as many as they choose. Under tutorial supervision, one meeting of the group is held each week in English and one in the currently-emphasized minor subject. Papers are read and discussed at these seminars; under the present system, each student is required to present two papers every three weeks, one in each of the two subjects. At the end of each semester, indicatory examinations are given the students, but no final test of knowledge is held until, at the end of the senior year, the students are required to undergo eight comprehensive written examinations and three oral quizzes by a faculty board. Unless these examinations result in a satisfactory manifestation of knowledge in the minor and major fields the students are not eligible for a B.A. degree. If the results are satisfactory, one of the three ratings—Honors, High Honors, Highest Honors—depending on the academic standing of the student, is affixed to the degree.

That, in brief, is what honors work involves, in the external sense. But it is more than the acquisition of intensive knowledge in a particular field or fields. It makes a very definite contribution to a personality in addition to the quality of training it offers. Honors work, in general, makes that contribution, and in spite of the disparaging comments made by Dr. Widgery of the Philosophy department in his recent article in the *Southern Association Quarterly*,

the present honors system in effect at Duke is as successful in that respect as it can be in the half-out-of-the-shell stage which it has reached. The students who entered the English honors work last year have been the guinea pigs in a very interesting and fertile experiment. It has not, at times, been the most pleasant experience that is conceivable, but it has been worth everything that has been put into it. And, after all, isn't even a guinea pig, looking at things *from the inside out*, better qualified to judge whether the joy derived from his experience is greater than the sorrow? In short, students who have been constantly with the current system of "group honors," who know all the growing pains, are certainly more qualified to judge the excellence or the defects of the plan than are others who are on the outside looking in.

The most stringent test to which the excellence of honors work can be put is the following question: does it succeed in carrying out the purpose of a college liberal arts education? The first reaction to that query is, of course, another question: just what is the purpose of that type of education? Harold J. Laski, in an article entitled, "Teacher and Student" published several years ago in *Century* magazine, remarks that the business of a university is the "task of teaching the students how facts are converted into truth." In other words, the purpose of a college liberal arts education should be to teach its students *to think*—to think critically. The aim of a professor should not be to make of his students little bottles of unrelated facts which, when full, can be corked and put away in cold storage until they need to be opened for examination. Too frequently, the facts escape after the examination is over, and the bottle is empty again.

Yet, it is an indisputable fact that the tendency of lecture courses with their regular hour examinations is in that direction. The students sit in a class-room and diligently take dictation from the professor; they go home to study for a quiz. They see in their notes the

sentence, "Shelley's platonism is evident in his 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,'" so they learn to associate the phrase with the poem. But they don't read the poem; it has no bearing on the question. When they go to class for the quiz they write that phrase down beside the name of the poem and perform several other similar feats. The professor reads the papers and is pleased to see the externalities of the correct answers; he gives each student a grade. Now, what does that grade represent—the relative powers of recollection of the student or his actual thinking comprehension of the subject? The answer is too obvious for further discussion.

Perhaps the latter account is too harsh a criticism of course-work, but it is, at least, a picture of actual conditions in some courses on the campus. And some of these very courses are the most popular among the students! But that is not paradoxical, because it is much easier, on immediate considerations, to memorize than to think, and human nature is notorious for its love of the "easiest way out." Although the frequent quizzes are not wholly at fault, still they certainly encourage the substitution of memorizing for actual thinking. The conventional justification offered for them, that they aid the student in achieving self-discipline in his studying is invalid, obviously, for what possible impetus toward independence could an individual derive from a continuous process of prodding from external sources?

It would be folly to insist that all courses teach all students to memorize. But those courses which do encourage thinking may still be differentiated from honors work. One of the senior honors students once made the following remark: "Courses teach students to conduct analysis; honors work forces them to attempt a synthesis." That is an excellent critical comparative estimate of the two; I hope I will be excused for stealing it from him. An undergraduate in course-work may dissect and analyze until he has his facts clearly placed in his mind; but rarely will he at-

tempt to synthesize those facts with all the other knowledge he has acquired into an inter-related whole. He probably does not have time, since he is the constant recipient, in courses, of more analyzable facts. But, in honors work, the student is absolutely independent. In studying literature, his problem is not the interpretation of certain lines of certain poems, etc. His problem is the comprehension of the great minds that conceived the literature. And because he is compelled by necessity to work independently, he is moved to follow one line of thought, one problem, until he has completely mastered it.

This delineation of "synthesizing" introduces another great advantage of honors work, one which is often misconstrued as a disadvantage. Many critics preach against honors work in a tone of finality on the grounds that it leads to too great specialization, that it is narrowing. While it is quite true that under the present set-up, a student who wants honors work with a major in English must take his minors in Fine Arts and Philosophy and consequently has no choice in the matter, that condition can not be counted against the "group honors" scheme. At present, the system is so new that those in authority must feel their way carefully and restrict the experiment to the smallest field possible, but, in time, students will be able to choose their own minors.

But the criticism, "too much specialization," is more deeply rooted than any which that current defect would arouse. It is quite natural that the complete obliteration of any formal interest in anything but English literature, Fine Arts, and Philosophy may lead to that criticism. However, since the study is intensive, it requires research into every related field; consequently, in discussions carried on in the English literature seminar, for instance, English and European history of the period, philosophy of all ages, science, economic theories—all have a place in the discussions that they would not and could not have in a lecture course. The knowledge of each field un-

dergoes a synthesis in conjunction with the knowledge of every other field. The student learns to think by experience, not by imitation; the responsibility for learning is placed on him, and on him alone.

But, say the critics, if a cultural background is the goal, how can a student really acquire such a background under the hampering influence of specialization? He may attain a more true comprehension of those fields of specialization, but what about the opportunity he misses by failing to take courses in related subjects? Does the synthesis he learns to make really take the place of the analytical unrelated knowledge he gains in various courses? The answer is obvious. A student reaps from courses a harvest of smatterings; there may be smatterings of a vast number of subjects, but there will be no real, related knowledge. As Dr. Widgery remarks in his previously-mentioned article, "The term general culture too often means comparative ignorance."

Moreover, intensive study is conducive to an attitude of humility. The student realizes the vast multiplicity of human knowledge and remains humble as he faces the infinite frontier of which he has conquered only a small part. On the other hand, a student who has not thoroughly mastered any field, any section of that frontier, has a tendency to magnify his own accomplishments and to minimize his inadequacies. In short, although the adjustment of an individual's sense of values is a hard

order to fill, still honors work does contribute, in a considerable degree, toward that adjustment. It makes for a saner realization of the insignificance of the individual and his affairs to anything but that particular individual.

In still another respect, in the advantages derived from tutorial supervision, does honors work present an education superior to course-work. There is, admittedly, too little contact between the faculty and the students at Duke. Each body withdraws unto itself and peers, now and then, cautiously and curiously toward the other. But very rarely does one courageous individual from either group venture to wander into the other. The necessarily close association between the students doing honors work and their professors alleviates this deplorable circumstance and is, consequently, invaluable. Contrary to Dr. Widgery's belief, I do not consider it necessary that the professor be an extraordinarily competent scholar. From the student's point of view, it is more essential that he be a human being who is interested in the student as an individual, who will encourage and guide his students. Too often, a trained scholar tends to stifle the originality and creative activity of an immature student simply because he is positive that the student is off on the wrong track, so to speak. An interested professor who is still studying formally himself will not have forgotten the necessity of personal experience and will encourage

original thought even though he knows that it may be leading to disillusionment.

Honors work is not, however, without its dangers. The fact that it is an undergraduate course of study and not premature graduate work must not be forgotten. Moreover, the stimulation of a pedantic outlook must be guarded against. Immature minds wrestling with the details of things are likely to err in over-emphasizing trivialities. The intensive character of honors work obviously may lead to that mistake, but that the careful guidance of the professor can do much toward avoiding the pitfall is manifest.

Whether the set-up of honors work as it has been conceived at Duke, "group honors," will ultimately prove successful is problematical. At least, Duke is not marking time while other universities forge ahead. And surely it is the guinea pigs, the students who are the subjects of the experiment, who are best qualified to judge its success or failure. They alone know what real benefits they have derived from it and what contributions it has made toward their intellectual integration. They have turned to it from the disillusionment of course-work. To ask a student who is now doing honors whether he would return to courses voluntarily is to demand a vehement negative reply, for a poll of the guinea pigs taken on the question of the success of the scheme would yield an inevitable result: the "ayes" would have it.



Chesterfield

Let me wish you
MORE
PLEASURE
for '38



BOOKS

Since the ARCHIVE isn't what you'd call deluged with review copies of best sellers, and examinations are doing a pretty fine piece of looming on the Gothic horizon, we've gone no farther afield this month than the open shelves of the West Campus Library. Thomas Benton's *An Artist in America* and Younghill Kang's *East Goes West* are, in their very different ways, intensely American books. Both are autobiographical. Benton's chronicle takes him from his boyhood home in Missouri to Chicago, then to Paris and New York, through a series of wanderings over the South and the West and the Mississippi valley, and back to New York. The book ends with his recent decision to return to his home state and stay there. Kang's peregrinations involve his native village in Korea, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Canada, and a few trips around the States, less thorough than Benton's, but as interesting.

East Goes West. By Younghill Kang. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Kang's book is rather deceptive. As one reads it, it seems to have more weight, to be more memorable than one discovers it to be after finishing it. There are some attempts at poetic writing à la Wolfe, but they don't come off very well. The prose is good and it has in many places that quaintness which is always the result of imperfect fusion of the American idiom and the Oriental mind. The characters, with one exception, are excellently drawn. The exception is the young Korean, Americanized and rich, who might almost be called the hero of the book. The author seems to have known him too well to be able to write about him convincingly. We are supposed to believe that the young Korean had such a profound mind that all orthodoxies, all pursuits, all human interests, failed to satisfy him.

Instead he appears as an agreeable dilettante who didn't get his personality organized and who died penniless in a Greenwich village flat as a result. But the book's literary defects detract from it very little as a whole. Its main interest is not literary, nor is it the sometimes shrewd, sometimes commonplace comment on America that gives it its value.

The most interesting parts of *East Goes West* are those that deal with the author's struggles to get himself established in America on an initial capital of four dollars. The expedients to which he is driven for food and shelter would probably have forced a less balanced mind or a less strong character into some career very different from authorship. And his narration of his hardships is almost perfectly objective. Much of the book's ability to entertain even when its subject matter is dull is doubtless due to this same objectivity, which gives it somewhat the character of a novel.

An Artist in America. By Thomas Benton. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

Mr. Benton's book is a much more lusty offering than the other. In my opinion, it too derives what value it has from its exposition of its author's character and life. The style is extremely rough and very conversational throughout but it's admirably adapted to what Benton has to say with it. And here, by the grace of God, is a competent, even an unusually gifted artist, who is not preoccupied with the question whether or not he is a genius, and who does not, simply because he can express things in paint, feel himself called upon to make oracular pronouncements about human life and art in general. Benton is definitely an American artist. The "artistic temperament", by which long hair and cigarette holders, short tempers and bank balances

have so often been designated, is generally thought of in terms of European culture. Benton's artistic temperament vents itself in such unspectacular actions as quitting school to become a newspaper cartoonist, bumming around the South and the West in dilapidated automobiles, and finally deserting Broadway to become a solid citizen of Missouri. He had to have his fling in Paris, though. He went; he lived in ateliers and dabbled in cubism and kept pert French damsels and soaked in enough art with a capital A to do him for a long time. Then he came back to this country and began to learn how to paint. His description of this period in his life is a delightful essay on sanity.

In this book, even more than in Kang's, one notices objectivity. There is a large section which is purely anecdotal, having to do with Benton's vagabondage in this country. This section is so objectively written that it occasionally gives an impression of callousness. Benton is a good narrator and he has adopted the wise policy of keeping his narration impersonal and putting whatever comment he has to make in the form of an interpolated chat with the reader. One is impressed by his tremendously varied and detailed knowledge of the phases of American life that are not exactly typical, but are close enough to the typical and far enough from the bizarre to give the key to what our country is all about. When Benton essays comment about economics or politics or anything that isn't strictly in his own bailiwick, he has precisely the accent of the average well-informed American citizen airing his views after dinner. The book is profusely decorated with characteristic Benton drawings of flivvers, ramshackle saloons, lumber camps, steel mills, chorus girls, and other insignia of America.

JEW

“... he never quite forgot Marianne”

HELEN LESLIE, '38

SOL ROSENBAUM slumped comfortably in his chair. It was a leather chair. It had to be. Sol was plump. Through whirls of expensive cigar smoke his soft eyes shifted from the glaring solitaire on his little finger to Sam Garfinkle's grey face. Sam now just couldn't sit back and enjoy life, relax. With greater prosperity he shrank more and more. His face grew greyer and more wizened, and, topped by his bare grey skull he appeared a sharp grey wraith of efficiency.

Sol inclined to the voluptuousness of the oriental Jew, keen-minded and soft with richly expressive black eyes. Sentimental with his own, he was a merciless employer and a terrible competitor.

So Marianne was back in town. She didn't look so good Sam said, sick and washed up.

Sol spoke, "That's all Sam. And I am in conference this morning to everyone."

If Sol sometimes thought in Yiddish it was never apparent in his restrained gestures and carefully quiet speech.

Sam nodded and drifted out noiselessly with the grey smoke.

Sol sighed. Marianne he thought. Well, so maybe things would be different now. Twenty years was a long time. He was Mr. Rosenbaum now, owner of the town's largest factories. His dresses sold in every cheap store from here to Florida. Cheap dresses, sure. The cheapest rayon with seams like a camel's back. But they were smart, classy and they sold. At Sol's prices they had to sell.

So Marianne looked washed up.

He couldn't picture Marianne washed up. That urgent vitality had been the most striking thing about her. That and her eyes. Brilliant eyes they were, blue like violets Sol used to say. Blue like the evening sky. Arrogant and proud.

Sol shifted in his chair, tapped on the heavy mahogany desk. He was remembering the time, that one time when Marianne had let him kiss her. Just that once. Down at the shore it was. The two wrapped in a shrill wind and the salty sweetness of that child's kiss stamped forever on Sol's red mouth. Always after that she had joined with the others chanting *Dirty Jew Rosenbaum, your father is a taaaylor Rosenbaum's a Jeeew*. Children mir-



ror truly. And at that time, in a small New England town a Jew was humble and walked warily.

Well Sol mused, that was a long time ago. Rosenbaum means something in this town now. It means money and power, brains. Sol nodded. A gentile wife I got. Maybe not so young, not so good-looking. Maybe she didn't love me so much. And maybe not so proud to marry a Jew. But we got a nice home and two nice kids. And that Lennie smart like his father. Some day he gets the factory. Yeah, a gentile wife and I got in social in this dirty town. Why I'm almost a Christ myself. When it comes to charities the Rosenbaums are in all right. High-class snobs coming to call. Missions in China.

Sol chuckled from his round stomach on up. His contributions were reliably big. That the charity ladies always had to come to him, gave him a contemptuous gusty pleasure. It was an old and endless warfare, waged amicably because Sol had money and was safe.

It was a long time since Marianne had left that rigid town, run off, tritely enough with a slick blonde drummer. Poor and pitifully proud, her parents faded soon after. Yes, Sol said, they died really of heartbreak.

And the slim, dark boy that had been himself, who had followed blue-eyed Marianne always at a humble distance, he had been heart-broken too. Well, he was Mr. Rosenbaum now, accepted and prosperous, with a paunch. But he never quite forgot Marianne. Yeah, some day. Some day he would have Marianne. Sol Rosenbaum was no dirty kike any more.

From a vest pocket Sol drew a slip of paper with Marianne's address. Sam had delivered this along with his news. It was a poor section of town. Yeah, Sol thought, down with my millhands and the whores. Well, I suppose that's what she is. All those rumors and the polite hushing up. Things get around and you can't fool old Sam. Some day we teach Lennie the business together.

Late that afternoon Sol Rosenbaum picked his way through foul-smelling cobbled streets. No. 14. That must be it. God what a dump. So, maybe the lady is not so proud any more, with eyes like the evening sky. And his heart shook at the thought of a salt-sweet kiss, once a long, long time ago.

Marianne herself answered his ring. Sol looked at her. Brass-haired and blouzy, fat in her stained satin dress. One of his

numbers he recognized. Sick she looked, washed up all right. Disease, he wondered, or just bad living? Her eyes were hard. But blue, blue like violets, splendidly alive still.

"I am Sol Rosenbaum. You may remember? We were children together."

"I remember."

"May I come in and talk to you, Marianne?"

"You can talk where you are."

"Marianne, I am a rich man. I own the factory here. Own most of the town. I never forgot you, Marianne. Your eyes and your proud ways." Sol paused.

Marianne stared at him, unwavering.

"Marianne, won't you let me come in?"

Levelly. "No."

Sol cleared his throat.

"Marianne, I could fix you up a lovely house out in the country a little, give you the best. Everything. Whatever you like. I was always in love with you. I still am. I'm married, yes, but that doesn't matter. It was always you in the back of my mind. Always I said, some day Marianne. Even I would marry you."

Marianne stared through him. Her face, bitterly lined, was expressionless and still.

"Please won't you say something? This is no life for you."

The woman's gaze dropped to Sol's feet, traveled slowly, scornfully up to his face. Marianne laughed. Her mouth twitched and then set. She spoke quietly without emphasis.

"You dirty kike. Low-lived bastard Jew. Do you think I'd live in your house? Sentimental fat Yid? I wouldn't lie down in it to die. You oily Jew. Oily greasy Jew"

Abruptly she slammed the door.

Silently Sol turned, walked slowly down the street. Two tears lay in the pouches under his eyes.



A CHINESE BABY

WILLIAM K. FORREST, '41

A babe without mother's arms.
 A bairn bloody, in a desolate station.
 A child torn and crying and alone,
 As enemy guns flay the city
 And shatter its people.
 A child whose parents lie dismembered
 Around his little feet.
 Mother's head gapes and the mouth
 That once cooed to baby is slack.
 Father does not gape.
 For he is without face,
 Or arms or legs.
 Father is a fragment here
 Or over there, on the floor.
 Baby cries, cries, cries!
 A tiny hand without a thumb
 Drums against a baby nose,
 That bleeds and spatters baby blood
 Over a horror floor.
 Baby legs jerk with baby's cries,
 And baby is alone.

Albert Laessle

"... the only genius I have ever intimately known"

ALFRED G. REID, '41

EVERY Saturday morning Mr. Laessle used to have his chauffeur drive him out from Philadelphia to Chester Springs, where he invariably arrived during the five minutes when we were lying in the studio yard while the model was resting; and I am certain that he had the impression that we had loitered there all morning before he came. Immediately he would rush us into the studio, ask Bertie Stone to take the pose, and have the students roll out their figure stands. He would begin his talk to the class, then consisting of Gilbert, Louise, and me, and any of the painters who also might drift in.

"Gee, shtudents, I certainly like to see you all working here like this. You know—come on, shtudents, pull up the figures, ah, now—you know I sometimes think I shouldn't drive you too hard. Maybe I'd like to see how you'd get along by yourselves. But then, gee, I think, 'Well perhaps I should drive in on them and show them the right way of thinking.'

"I shee that Mr.-ah-a- has a figure here. Shay, that's mighty fine. Gee, shtudents, you know I like that; I like that a lot, but I just think I'd like to drive in on it. Now I'm going to push this figure over to where Miss Stone is standing, and there. Gee, shtudents, don't you like that? That's fine, but I see just that it looks a little heavy through the. . . Now, Miss Stone, do you mind if I just touch you with a little chalk so that the shtudents can see the pelvic structure?"

In case any model ever did object to his liberal use of a piece of blue chalk (and some did) she soon learned to say that she did not mind, for she knew that, regardless of any protests, Mr. Laessle would cover her with chalk so completely

that only a tub bath could remove it all.

"And now, shtudents, I am marking in here—just a minute now, Miss Stone; I am sorry if the chalk tickles—the rectus abdomenus, here the two iliac crests, and here the attachments of the two great trochanters, one on each side. By the way, Miss ah-a- What is your name? Arnstein? That's it. Why don't I remember? May I have your pocket book for a minute?"

Mr. Laessle always used a pocket book to show how the pelvic structure was wedge shaped. He also borrowed match boxes or pieces of clay to indicate the pelvis and thorax; and just when he had both hands in clay, he would point out the various structures with his nose. There was something not a little ludicrous in the sight of this veritable giant of a man as he stood humped over a piece of clay, his proboscis-like nose indicating his designs. He talked on all morning, sometimes making us late for lunch, and then dismissed the model, who was by this time patterned with blue chalk marks.

In the afternoon Mr. Laessle would begin to discuss the portraits that the students had made during the week. Each person rolled out the head close to the stand on which the model sat; and the whole procedure of the morning was repeated, blue chalk included. One time I suggested to Mr. Laessle that he should use several colored chalks instead of just the blue; he took the idea and covered the head model with all the colors of the rainbow. The model, who had once been a friend of mine, never spoke to me after that.

At about three o'clock Mr. Laessle might suggest that we had been talking sculpture long enough

and that we should take a rest in the yard, which would also give him time to smoke a cigar. But when he was in the yard, he talked sculpture to us. Then, refreshed, he would return to the studio and talk sculpture. It was sometimes nearly five o'clock when he finally stopped talking and left for the day.

He would balance his two hundred pounds on the toes of one foot; he would lisp, stutter, and explode; he would pick up clay and shape it, then put it down and reach for the blue chalk. From time to time he varied his technique, though any student who had been with him for a year could recognize the same old stories and illustrations repeated again and again.

His method was always that of a salesman. If he had entered into the piano business, he could have sold pianos; he could have sold ice to the eskimo or canoes to the Arabs. But, since his business was sculpture, it was his duty to "sell" his trade to his students, to make each student possibly another Laessle, and to send him out into the world with his stamp. Week after week he was pounding away on the same subjects; week after week students returned to hear what he had to say.

His teaching was dynamic, direct, illustrated, and effective. He could never keep his hands off the work of the students; he "drove in" on their sculpture. Everything he said he illustrated with whatever was convenient, a pocketbook, a box of matches, two lumps of clay, or his own figure, which he used to distort into every conceivable position. His aim was to teach students "the right way of thinking."

"Gee, shtudents, I wish I could give to you the right way of think-

ing, the mass way I call it. Think of your heads and figures as growing from the inside out, from the core. Never get-ah-confused with the outline. Shtudents, if you think in the right way, the outline will never bother you. Mr. Outline misleads you. You think of the surface, of the outline, and then, see, you have dropped the frontal bone back of the chin. . . ."

One time he was so exasperated with the manner in which a student had put too much detail into the neck of a portrait that he endeavored to show how a person's neck was nearly cylindrical. Calling one of the girls to stand in front of him, he began, "Miss-ah, do you mind standing right here? Now shee, shtudents, how Miss . . . how her neck is round. Shee how round it is, just like a stove-pipe. . . ."

Like the proverbial professor, he was absent-minded and could not remember names. I have heard his introductions among his pupils going somewhat as follows: "Miss -ah-a, I want you to meet Mr. -ah-a; and Mrs. -ah-hem, I want you to meet Mr. -ah-ah-a. What is your name, Mr. -ah?"

He was always thus, awkward, forgetful, and confused; but he remained the most powerful and forceful of teachers. Gradually I began to understand what he was talking about, what his plans were, and how he tried to develop the best that was within students. I could not help but be attracted to him, drawn to him for more than his teaching alone would indicate.

Once during the winter of 1935, after I had left Chester Springs, I returned to Philadelphia and paid a visit on him at his studio. He was friendly and talkative, still determined to bring a wayward pupil around to "the right way of thinking"; I decided to spend another summer studying with him.

II

When I returned to Chester Springs in 1936, I felt as if I had changed somewhat in my attitude and nature; but I continued throughout the summer working under him and developed still more of a friendliness with him than I

had ever had before. Gradually I felt that his teaching, slow and laborious at best, was influencing my work and manner of thinking. Towards the end of the summer I became more and more attracted to him, even when I disagreed with his opinion or resented what he said; and I left him with some sense of regret.

When I again saw Mr. Laessle at the first of the second summer, I noticed that he no longer smoked cigars. He explained, "Gee, you know I liked cigars; but I had to stop smoking. My doctor limited me to four cigars a day; and a man can't get along on only four a day, can he?"

In the summer of 1936 Mr. Laessle used to drive out to the school with his son Paul. He had used the chauffeur only when Paul was in Europe. Complete to the impossible hair, which curled up at the back of his head, Paul seemed, in a less noticeable way, another version of his father, though I always supposed that the son of anyone so strong in his thinking and so intense about his work could not help but be a little subdued by his father.

Mr. Laessle still stood on one foot, shifted and shuffled about, poked the calipers into the model, and rubbed her with blue chalk. One Saturday morning, when Mr. Laessle was attempting to show his students how Ruth Tate, a very voluptuous model, would shift her pelvic structure whenever her thorax leaned out of balance, a blunder enlightened the situation.

"Miss -ah-a, just lean over now gently, gently now, and rest your hand against my shoulder. There now, I'll hold you up. . . . Shee, shtudents, now how this weight of the pelvis slips over to compensate for the weight of. . . ."

Ruth Tate was standing on a rolling platform. The model's stand slipped out from under her; and Mr. Laessle, a man of sixty years, perhaps not too dignified at that, caught the nude girl in his arms.

Mr. Laessle could understand a joke and could laugh about it. Still, though he might impress one as being jovial and reasonably set

in his ways, he was perhaps the most sensitive man I ever knew. He demanded from his students absolute respect and attention. He could apparently detect the slightest hesitation of a pupil to accept *in toto* what he said, his tiniest lapse of attention, and his most passing loss of interest. At times I felt as if it were uncanny how he could notice in me an occasional stray thought or the trend of ideas within my mind. Although I found what Mr. Laessle had to say of interest, I have never been able to concentrate on a talk that continues for such a long time; especially during the second summer with him I felt myself nervous, restless, tired and unsettled. I used to come into the studio and lie down on a table during his talks, so that my head would ache less. Immediately he would notice that my attention had slipped. While he might laugh at me jokingly and remark with apparent unconcern that I was asleep, I could see that he was still sensitive to the fact that I was not following him.

I suspect that the cause of his sensitive nature lay in the hard struggle he had fought to gain recognition. In his early life it had been something of a struggle for him to regain credit for work which he, judging quite impartially, knew to be good. Even now it happens that one of his pupils has a teaching job that is ahead of what Mr. Laessle has; and the thought that someone younger than himself has recognition which he himself does not have may have caused him to build up a defense mechanism. Even so, no one could help but notice that he has been conceited about his ability; but I sometimes think certain people, in all fairness to themselves, can take pride in their work.

With Mr. Laessle sculpture had become almost an obsession. Not only did he talk sculpture during the whole morning and afternoon and during the rest periods, but he also spoke of it to me whenever I made the mistake of eating with him. I have heard from Bertie Stone and others who have been at his house that he talks art to his wife and guests. If I sat with him

at meals or went walking with him, I tried to speak of something besides art; only rarely, however, did he express himself in anything outside his work. Yet what he did of a philosophical nature I have always remembered, for he had a graphic and acute mind.

The last day that Mr. Laessle was at the school I happened to be in Philadelphia and did not see him. I had left for his inspection a composition of an alligator, a study that I had made from life. Wishing to make as accurate a study as possible, I had put into the head all the detail I could see; the head, which was the only section of the study completed, alone had required a week to work out. When Mr. Laessle saw the study,

he "liked" it, "liked" it so much that he "drove in on it", so the students there said. He wanted to simplify the detail and actually smeared out with a stroke of his thumb the work of a week. In the meantime the alligator had died, and I was left without the model necessary for the reconstruction of the study. I smashed up what remained of it.

III

I now realize that, though Mr. Laessle was not without conceit and prejudice in his views, his influence on any of his students has been inescapable. Those very students who fought against what he taught invariably found that Mr. Laessle remained an influence in

their work, a dynamic and electric force. His perception of detail and his ability to reproduce it remind one of Barye, while Laessle's compositions are, I think, in some senses finer. Mr. Laessle spoke of himself as being close behind the really great geniuses of sculpture, who were, in his opinion, Michaelangelo and Rodin. Even if his work lacks bigness and simplicity, no one can deny that the accuracy of his workmanship is as fine as a casting from life. He could sense the proportion of a head almost to the millimeter.

Aside from his work, however, I remember him as an intensely human and likeable person, the only real genius I have ever intimately known.



AMONG THOSE PRESENT

VIRGINIA HODGES, '40

Her lashes sweetly lower and lift
As she looks up or sips her tea.
With practiced poise she balances
Handbag and plate upon her knee.

Her lips are curved in well-bred mirth . . .
Amid this host of party-faces,
She talks with automatic ease,
Replete with all the social graces:

The gesture redolent of charm,
The knowing brow's ironic art,
Laughter upon dissembling lips,
And loneliness upon the heart . . .

Blank loneliness upon the heart!

One Frenchman Was Wrong

"Yes, growled the English"

BETTILU PORTERFIELD, '41

ANDRÉ Charmand sat down on the park bench and placed the brown parcel beside him. Then, as the shadow of a passing laborer leaped by the bench, he nervously picked the parcel up again and put it on his lap. Why had he got it anyway? There was no real reason? Maybe it was that psychological urge he had read about. Damn psychological urges! Now he was mixed up in one and couldn't get out. What to do?

The passionate French in André said; Commit suicide, don't live in this disgrace you've got into,—be brave and die.

The dash of English in him said; But suicide's so messy.

Yes, answered the French; And so is jail, but it lasts longer.

But before jail I could have some fun; perhaps, demurred the English.

Eh bien! have your fun then to night, and suicide tomorrow morning.

Oh very well, agreed the English.

So André and his brown package left the bench and hurried to André's bank. It was not André's bank where he worked, but André's bank where he kept his money. André didn't believe in putting his money in the bank in which he was cashier. That might make him too conscientious.

At André's bank, André drew out his 25,000 francs and closed his account. Then he went to his little room in the *Quartier*.

Half-an-hour later there emerged a new André. Carefully groomed, attired in top hat, white tie and tails, and having in his pocket book 25,000 francs. He was ready for his last fling.

First André called at Marie's apartment.

"Marie," he asked, "Do you still wish that emerald?"

"Why, André," Marie sidled over

to sit on the arm of his chair. "You know it would look lovely with my auburn hair." Why did women hate to call their hair red?

"*Eh bien, chérie*, I will buy it for you. Come."

At the jeweler's Marie pointed out the emerald, a gorgeous stone, and André asked nonchalantly;

"*Combien?*"

"Only 2,500 francs, Monsieur. *Bon Marché!*"

"Very well. . . put it on, Marie. Here, my good man," flipping two 1,000 franc notes and a 500 to the jeweler, André possessively took Marie's arm and led her out of the shop.

"To the Montmartre?" he asked.

"Oh yes," Marie gushed, astonished by this sudden generosity.

"To the Montmartre!" he told the cab driver.

Four hours later, at eleven-thirty, when André left Marie at her door he had managed to get rid of 4,800 more francs.

"Good-bye Marie. . . give me one last kiss," he pleaded, sadly.

"You silly! One should think that you are about to die, you are so sad."

"I am. Farewell—" Marie smiled indulgently as she waved her newly ringed hand at him.

When he left Marie, André started for the home of his true love. Marie, you understand, was merely an old friend whom he felt he must be nice to. The emerald was merely a token of friendship. For his heart was really all of Lisette Mernet, daughter of the president of the bank where André worked. For a year now, André had steadily been asking M. Mernet for the lovely hand of Lisette. And steadily M. Mernet had been saying. . . wait until you are sure of being a success.

A success! A year ago André had been assistant to the third

cashier and today he was head cashier. Or should he say he *had been* head cashier. What a fool he was to do it.

As he pulled the bell rope at M. Mernet's home, André tried to persuade himself that he wasn't taking too big a chance, coming here. His feet tried to run away, but he hung onto the bell rope and stayed on the porch until the door opened.

"Yes," said the butler, "I heard your first ring, thank you, Monsieur."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I-I slipped." André let go the rope. "Is M. Mernet at home?"

"No."

"Well, is Madame Mernet at home?"

"No, she is with M. Mernet."

"How about Mademoiselle Lisette?"

"So you finally got around to it. She's here."

"Would it trouble you too much to announce me? My name is. . ."

"Don't bother. I've announced you so often, M. Charmand, it's now second nature. Come in."

Lisette was looking more lovely than André had ever seen her. She greeted him politely.

"M. Charmand! So nice of you to call. . ." then as the butler disappeared. "Oh André, it's been three whole days."

"I know darling," murmured André, clinging to her.

"Don't ever stay away so long again!"

"I won't, my precious," then, remembering the brown package. "I'll always be with you. . . in spirit at least."

"How queerly you talk. Are you drunk? Your head is hot. Come, I know, you are tired from working at the hot bank all day. I am sure papa is a slave driver—*n'est-ce pas?*"

"Oh no!" murmured André, following her to the couch.

At one o'clock André left his Lisette ere Monsieur and Madame Mernet should return.

"I will see you soon?" asked Lisette as he prepared to go.

"Perhaps."

"Don't speak so! It frightens me. Why shouldn't I see you soon, my André?"

"There, there, my pet! Be calm. Soon!" he drank once more of the sweet wine of Lisette's full lips and left.

Down the boulevard walked André, feeling like the Forgotten Man Personified. He saw a flower shop just closing and dashed in.

"How much for all the flowers you have?"

"Eh? Why. . . I've got lots of flowers," said the puzzled shopkeeper.

"I know, I know. But how much for all of them—the whole bunch?"

"You mean all the flowers! Roses, orchids, lilies, sweet peas, gardenias and . . . and all?" The shopkeeper was of pleasant stock and thought only as swiftly as the three years of schooling he had had taught him.

"That's right! How much?"

"Well, it's very irregular—but—well—I guess about 10,000 francs, there are eighteen orchids you know. . ."

"All right. Can you deliver them tomorrow morning with a card?"

"Yes. But you must pay now, Monsieur." He had learned that in three grades.

"Here you are. Give me a card."

"*Oui, oh oui Monsieur,*" the astonished man now bustled about, claspings the ten 1,000 franc notes. "Here is a card Monsieur . . . *Mais oui, Monsieur.*"

"Farewell, my Lisette" wrote André, "I thought death the best under the circumstances. I wanted to give you the world but a flower shop was the best I could do. Forget-me-not."

"There!" he said with a catch in his throat. "Send this with them . . . and . . . *bon soir, Monsieur.*"

"*Oui, bon soir . . . mais oui, très bon soir, Monsieur,*" gurgled the

happy shopkeeper, bowing André out.

"Why did I do it?" André disconsolately asked himself. "Why have I got that brown parcel?"

André continued his walk down the brightly lit boulevard. Suddenly he thought to himself.

"But how foolish. If I am to kill myself in a few hours, why should I keep this brown parcel? I must take it back to . . . that's it—take it back."

That's right; excitedly breathed the English in him; Take it back, maybe they won't know, and you won't have to commit suicide.

Foolish is right; chimed in the French; take it back, get caught, and jailed. Nice chance of committing suicide then.

But what, Old man, exactly what shall I do with it?

Nothing, Monsieur, absolutely nothing. Let 'em find it on you and then they'll know why you're dead.

Yes, I suppose; sighed the English; I do wish, though, that I need not die.

Rather better to die for Lisette than for a stupid brown parcel. 'tis true, Monsieur.

Stupid brown parcel? inquired the British; Disgrace, rather.

Oh, be still about your disgrace and let me have a little happiness before I am nothingness.

You suggested the nothingness. Although I'm not sure it is really nothingness. That's something we could discuss . . . the hereafter; said the English.

Oh flut!

While André's consciences were thus conversing, André's body was unconsciously heading straight for the *Coq Rouge*, an excellent place for the drowning of one's sorrows. André's body decided to get itself well plastered before it became a corpse.

Well; said André's French conscience; I see we're in the *Coq Rouge*. What a fine idea.

Yes, growled the English; but since we've planned this, don't forget . . . André commits suicide at six in the morning. I am a man of my word whether I like it or not.

Oui, oui, we'll remember; said the French, and

"Scotch and sodas till this is used up," said André's mouth as André's hand put down a 50 franc bill and clutched the brown parcel . . .

It was ten o'clock the next morning before M. Mernet and the gendarmes found André at the *Coq Rouge*. He was sprawled out over the table, still frantically clutching the brown parcel.

"He has been there since about four this morning, Messieurs, and I could not budge him. He wanted 50 francs worth of whiskey and sodas but he went out on thirty francs," excitedly explained the proprietor of the *Coq Rouge*. "We gave him his change, behold . . ." he added thoughtfully.

But the Messieurs were not listening. They were staring pop-eyed at the brown parcel. Just at that time André woke up.

Mon Dieu, they've caught us! said the French conscience.

It's because you didn't keep your word at six, accused the English.

But what was M. Mernet saying?

"André, my boy, my boy, my hero, how did you ever know?"

And why were the gendarmes smiling so pleasantly?

"Know what?" asked André, wishing he'd waked up at six. What was that about the 'best laid plans of mice and men'?

"Know that they intended to take the Peruvian bonds! Oh, André, if you had not protected them . . . I mean us . . . from ruin by guarding them all night!" his eyes rested fondly on the brown parcel, as he said to the gendarmes. "You see how he was guarding them even in his sleep."

But . . . but . . . we were *stealing* them! murmured the French conscience, astonished.

What does it matter? Luck is with us, old fellow. We have the bonds, honor, and probably Lisette, so let us now have rest; drowsily muttered the English as André's head slipped down again and André's lips wore a sleepy, contented smile.

THE END

How You Look To . . .

"Have you no guts"

SHELDON R. HARTE, '37

JUST a few weeks ago I found myself within thumb's reach of Durham, and taking advantage of my opportunity, I visited at the University for a few days.

I would like to suggest to each member of the graduating class that if it is in any way possible, he should return to the campus for a short visit five or six months after graduation. It is a remarkable experience. On the one hand you are an outsider, you have already moved on—undergraduate life is behind you. On the other hand, however, you are still close enough to the picture to be a part of it in some ways, to move among the students, not an alien, but with the ability to grasp and understand the many subtle expressions of feeling and attitude about you, and to catch the nature and the current of campus life.

I must digress a moment before I enter upon the theme of my article to fulfill an obligation. The editor of your literary magazine, in commissioning me (at my request) to write an account of the impressions and reactions of my visit, requested that I add an autobiographical paragraph or two. It shall be one, and here it is:

After the wearying, but to some, inspiring three days of marching up and down in cap and gown, I recovered my three dollars and a half deposit, tucked my well earned (?) diploma under my arm, and . . . no, I didn't go home. I settled in Durham county to battle with the heat and continue working under Mr. A. T. West. Although, as it turned out, my labors were not lucrative, they were productive . . . of several reams of manuscript. Blessed with no end of good will and encouragement, in the middle of the summer I finally deserted our Alma Mater, and turned the radiator cap of an overworked and overloaded Plymouth to the North.

I don't believe Sheldon Harte ever went to a dance at Duke, or was president of any campus organization. He lived in a cabin in the Duke forest and wrote. He has completed several full-length plays which are highly regarded. One of them will be produced by the *Duke Players* in the spring. Mr. Harte was a member of the *Archive* staff last year, graduating in the spring.

As many of you will be, I was filled with high hopes and illusions of an unprecedented destiny. The theatrical producers of New York soon brought me back to earth, however, and have been doing very well in keeping me there. And so the summer gives way to fall, and the fall to winter, and I am still at my typewriter, suffering interruptions only to look for a job. But there are no jobs. (You will find that out soon enough for yourself—or will you work for father?) So, that's all there is to tell of me, and besides, this paragraph is long enough.

My feelings, after leaving Duke a few weeks ago, were many. There was one, however, which dominated the others, and excluding all the rest, I will concentrate upon that one. After undergoing the torments of interpreting an undifferentiated and subjective feeling in terms of thought which can be expressed, I realized that what I was persistently aware of among the students was an attitude of reticence and a sense of fear.

People were not saying all they thought, they were not engaging in activities, scholastic and extra-curricula, with their whole selves. In everything they were saying and doing, I felt that they were reserving a part of themselves on an indifferent plane—that they did not dare to enter upon their activities with unbridled zeal.

It was as if you were afraid to put your hearts into anything.

It was as if you feared to show enthusiasm.

It was as though you had much within you that you wanted to express, but feared to express it.

What, I asked myself, lies behind this unhappy, and even morbid state of affairs? Did I entertain the same general sentiment as an undergraduate? Or was it a reaction on my part to this prevailing atmosphere which drove me from the campus in my sophomore year? But to remain with the question; what is the cause? Was the present generation born cowards, or with some psychological quirk in their make up? Good, I smile with you. It is ridiculous to think we were born inferior to our fathers. But in speaking of our fathers, it must be remarked that they faced a different world than we face today. Oh yes, they had depressions in their days too, but it is true that then there were more unexploited fields for them to enter, than there are for us now. (It is interesting to note in passing that each depression which our country suffers appears to be more intense, to effect more people, and to be more prolonged than any one that preceded it.) And also, in our fathers' days competition was still a stimulant and a source of inspiration for enterprise, while now, the same factor is an urgent command for us to hang on to the few pennies we have.

But why do I dwell on the subject of economics? My subject deals with collegiate affairs. Are they, by any chance, interrelated? Do economic affairs have any serious effect on college life? But then (after a good deal of reflection), is there any phase of modern life that is not directly affected by the economic situation? I can think of none. Its good and its bad effects are prevalent everywhere. Is the present economic situation responsible for this reticent attitude, and this fear. I think . . . no! you

must know my heart, I *know* that it is!

The economic chaos of the present day, like a malignant tumor on the brain, is exerting an overwhelming pressure on our universities, the central nervous system of our civilization. It is spreading its evil in tremors to every nerve and fiber of the body—and its effects are paralyzing!

The attitude among the students of which I speak is to be traced to its direct cause in the economic system. The outlook after graduation, if you can hold on that long, is black. I myself often felt with many others: what is the use? What is there ahead? We have much to offer. We have ability. We are scientists, scholars, business men, artists, poets, playwrights, journalists, engineers, lawyers . . . what are we not!!? We are preparing ourselves, but for what? To walk the streets, weeks, months, years perhaps, eating out our hearts, breaking down our physical strength, trying to sell our ability and our trained skill where there is no demand for it! A promising future, this hand to mouth future of ours!!

Why in God's name, I ask myself (really fired with emotion now) was I surprised to find the attitude I did find on the campus? How could I have been so blind as not to have realized it during my four years as an undergraduate? How in the name of all that is sacred could these present day conditions *not* be reflected in every reaction to life of every student who is alive to reality, and not fortified by his father's millions, or by the caressing, but blinding words of religion?

Persistent uncertainty and unmitigated confusion in the world, with no beacon of hope to spell out alleviation, must necessarily reduce those who are preparing for the magnificent and breathtaking adventure to a state of utter discouragement. Not that their discouragement is open and revealed. What human can live for any length of time with acknowledged discouragement? No, they hide it from themselves, and they hide themselves from its source: the

functions of reality. But it still lives in them. It is expressed in the subtle undertones of their features, their ways, in their reticence, in that prevailing sense of fear.

Perhaps those who have taken it upon themselves to guide us, will reply (though it is doubtful that they take the trouble to read my work) that I am reading these features into the picture, and that what I see on the campus is nothing more than an expression of my own discouragement.

Oh believe me, it is reflected in your cynical smiles, in that peculiar way you have of shrugging your shoulders, or tossing your head as if to disperse weighty cares. It is reflected in that attitude you aptly express with: "So what?", but which even you yourselves know is false and insincere. You do care! You are hungry for love! You urgently need a cause in which to express the ideals which burn in you and in every youth, and which are sacred, for they bear the seed of the future! But you repress the finest in you. You accept the inhibitions which are imposed upon you with no outward sign of struggle! You do not look into the cause of your own discouragement. You will not speak! You will not act!

You are reticent.

You are in fear.

A contemporary philosopher whose sincerity and clarity of thought has brought him no end of criticism and dislike, has expressed his concern for the American college youth in something of a unique manner. I can see his brows contracted in anger as he speaks. In my mind I can hear his gruff voice, urgent and appealing:

"Damn this generation of parlor room pinks! Why don't they say what they think? do what they feel? Look at them as they stand by the counter sipping insipid soda water and bellywash coca cola! There is no will behind their sneering glances. Their laughter speaks of superficial thought. (Thought? How can they think with that damned Whurlitzer grinding out its meaningless jazz in the corner?) They talk of A's

and B's and F's, but never of the matter of the subject they are taking . . . they talk of their respective husbands and wives to be in terms of wealth . . . my God, they can't even make love with sincerity!

"In my day youth chose pungent, mellow beer! And when they laughed, they laughed heartily from the pits of their stomachs! And their love rose from their hearts and was sincere, and their hatred was meaningful and genuine. . . .

"What is the matter with you people today? Of what are you afraid that you hide behind the superficialities of life?

"Grasp a mug of the potent and honest brew. It is virile and strong! Learn to take it! Damn your soda water fountains! They produce only imitations, weak, sweetened, light. . . .

"Have you no guts!!?"

There is symbolic significance in the above, and without hesitation I leave myself open to those who will exercise cheap humor to ridicule the terms. For their critique is as meaningless as their laughter.

It is true, you avoid reality. You will immerse yourselves in nothing. You stand aloof, with assumed indifference. But your attempts to attain olympic heights of detachment to world events and to all that goes on immediately about you, result only in a bitter and self destructive cynicism. How can you reach a genuine objective view without first descending into the fires of love and hate . . . putting to test that which has been handed to you as ultimate . . . experiencing the thrill of personal discovery, and the fervor of enthusiasm.

You would be mature and take on the dignity of knowing all with indifference while you are still young.

Battle with your fears! Look about you! There is a cause that will support your faith—you have but to discover it and give it your hearts!

And so, I am exhausted. Perhaps some day I will write you the story of my success—and then again, perhaps not. In all events I say (symbolically):

Let us have more beer.

\$25, ART AND EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 1)

soundest of psychological principles. It explains why art should be rewarded and encouraged, in a way that an X-ray would show you that one of your lungs should be taken out.

The images of art may symbolize and express moral qualities and logical patterns.

Artistic images and patterns, absorbed by the plastic human imagination, become vital forces.

The unconscious absorption of such charms or forces is more effectual in the production of character than rational notions or information.

That is a clear and simple statement of art's educative potency. And a very intelligent one. If you think it too exclusive, take "education" in the Henry Adams sense of the word (the only sense in which to accurately use the word), and then lift out of *Ulysses*, Tennyson's line

"I am a part of all that I have met"
and then you will see that it isn't. It is all-inclusive.

What I am trying to say, of course, and what Plato, Tennyson, Henry Adams and Prof. Gilbert are saying, is that art is very close to man, and determines, though he isn't always aware of it, the tenor of his thoughts and actions, the quality of his mind and the direc-

tion of his moral actions. And as such an active agency in man's life, its importance is easily seen to be immeasurable.

Take man and the sun.

The sun is the source of man's physical life. Man once knew this so instinctively that he made a god out of it, and got down on his knees to worship it. When he wanted things to grow that he might eat, he cleared away obstructions that they might receive the sun's warmth and light. He knows that things—even himself—wither and die when the warmth and light of the sun is gone.

Art is as important as that. It is like the sun, only it is man's soul, and not his body, that receives its light and warmth. Things that obstruct the mind should be cleared away and the rays of art be allowed to shine in upon it and clean the air it breathes. Civilizations wither and die when the warmth and light of art is gone. History will tell you that. That is about the only thing of importance history will tell you. That some people have listened is why most people do believe in art, as all people believe in the sun.

We, who are college students, should certainly believe in it. Only we don't think much about our souls. Religion has spoiled all that for us. As we are awkward before

the name Jesus Christ, save when we use it as an oath, so we shrink awkwardly from speaking of the soul. (But there must be some way of thinking strongly and healthily of the soul.)

That, however, is becoming detached from the *Archive* and \$25. Even from the *Archive* and \$100. However, I cannot think, either, that anything you read in the *Archive* is going to do your souls much good. But great works of art will. That's the important thing.

Great works of art need warmth and light, intellectual warmth and light. So do small works of art. So, even, do attempts, by college students, at growing small ideas. That's how I like to think of the *Archive's* \$25. As a mote of warmth and light. (My figure is slightly twisted to a double use, but you understand. Money sheds warmth and light also.)

Now because you are Americans, keep in mind that it might be \$100. Then it won't seem ridiculous. Remember, too! Weren't you once given five cents for going regularly to Sunday school, for the good of your soul? And even now, aren't you given the benefit of the doubt—and a D-plus—by tolerant professors, for at least not openly sucking your intellectual thumbs?

There's no difference.

—Editor.

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Duke Student's Story Wins \$100

It is conceivable that such a headline as that might sometime appear in the *Chronicle*.

For *Story Magazine* is conducting its annual collegiate short story contest, with a first prize of \$100.

Any undergraduate is eligible for this contest.

All who are interested should see Prof. Sugden, Prof. Blackburn, or the editor of the *ARCHIVE*, for details.

This makes it possible for a talented Duke writer to clean up \$125.

And thus the lack of cooperation of the Durham merchants has forced us to these means to fill our ad space.

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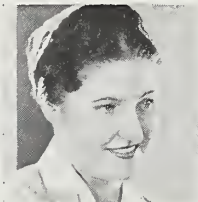
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"YES, SIR, in any bunch of expert shots — Camels are the favorite cigarette," says *Ransford Triggs*, one of the foremost marksmen in America. "Marksmen know that it takes steady nerves to make high scores. And the fact that Camels don't frazzle my nerves goes over big with me. I smoke plenty of Camels every day, too."

And millions of other people — the most loyal group of smokers in the world — put their "O. K." on Camels too — making Camels the largest-selling cigarette in America

TAKING X-RAYS is a delicate job—and a tiring one too. But as *Miss Myrtle Sawler*, X-ray technician, says: "When I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me. I get a 'lift' with a Camel."

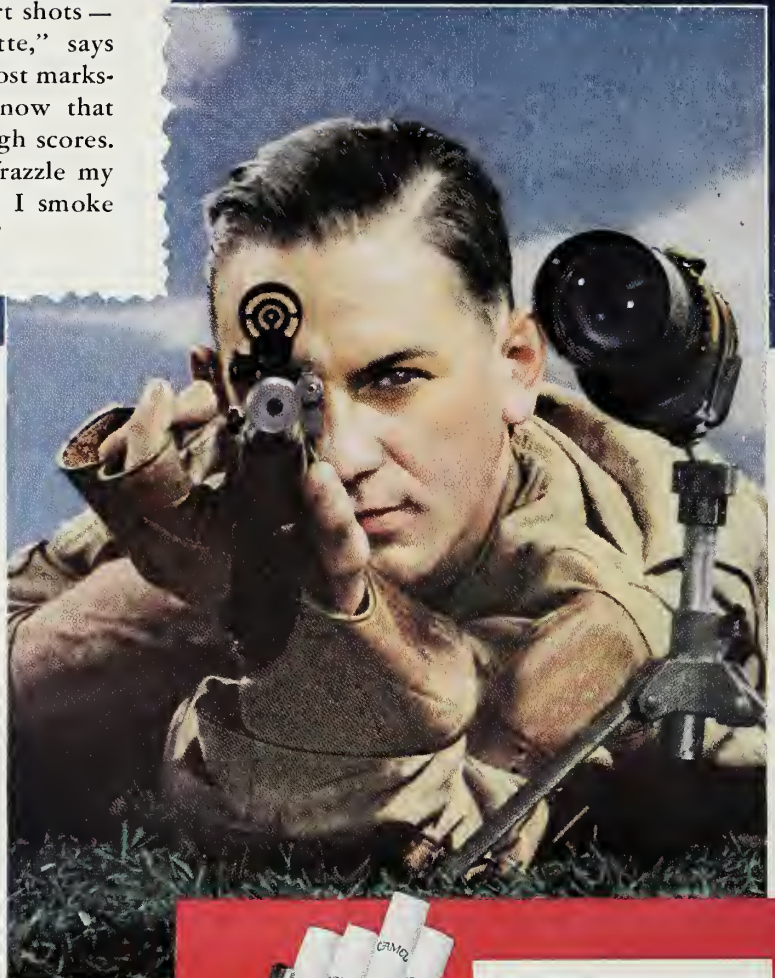


"I'M HANDLING money by thousands," says bank teller, *John McMahon*. "Jittery nerves don't fit in with this work. So it's Camels for me."

HOME economist, *Elizabeth May*, says: "There's a world of comfort in smoking Camels 'for digestion's sake,' at mealtimes."



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{ ABOVE }

Head-on view of *Ransford Triggs* on the firing line. His .22 calibre rifle is equipped with hand-made sights. He uses the sighting 'scope beside him to help get his sights set exactly for the centre of the bull's-eye. The glove helps protect his hand.



Camel pays millions more for **COSTLIER TOBACCOS!** Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** — Turkish and Domestic.

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The Archive

Duke Undergraduate Literary Monthly



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Editorial

"I AM ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO PREFER CAMELS" SAYS RALPH GREENLEAF

WORLD'S CHAMPION IN POCKET BILLIARDS



"HEALTHY NERVES ARE A MUST WITH ME!"

Fourteen different times the headlines have flashed: RALPH GREENLEAF WINS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. He is counted the greatest pocket billiard player of all time. Cool under fire. Often pulling from behind with brilliant runs of 59 and 76 to win.

"Even before I won my first big championship I'd already picked Camel as my cigarette," said Ralph in a special interview during recent championship play in Philadelphia. "I'd say the most important rule in this game is to have healthy nerves. It pays to be sure of the mildness of your cigarette. And on that score, I think, Camels have a lot extra to offer. One of the main reasons why I've stuck to Camels for 20 years is—they don't ruffle my nerves."

And America as a nation shows the same preference for finer tobaccos that Ralph Greenleaf does! Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America



Fencing experts, too, appreciate Camel's finer tobaccos. As BELA DE TUSCAN, the famous instructor, says: "The fast action in fencing is very tiring, and I welcome the 'lift' I get with a Camel."

"I'm devoted to Camels," says HELEN HOWARD, top-flight spring-board diver, of Miami, Florida. "They're my *one and only* cigarette! They don't irritate my throat. Most of the girls I know smoke Camels, too."



JAMES L. CLARK, famous scientist and explorer, says: "I choose Camels for steady smoking—always carry plenty of Camels with me into the wilderness. I'm in step with the millions who say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' Many's the time I've actually done it."



"The way these light boats bounce around is enough to knock the daylight out of my digestion! That's why I enjoy Camels so much at mealtime. They help my digestion to keep on a smooth and even keel," says MULFORD SCULL, veteran outboard motorboat racer.



DO PEOPLE
APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS? —

A matchless blend of finer, MORE
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— CAMELS ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE
IN AMERICA

The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LI FEBRUARY, 1938 NUMBER FIVE

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The College Mind

Partly through an application of the results of our own introspection, partly by virtue of our egoism, magnifying a personal observation into what may be an abortive generalization, and partly on the basis of conversation with, and observation of, many of our contemporaries (the only empirical proof we have), we have reached the conclusion that the spirit of the contemporary American college mind is to be limned in these words—*what the hell*. (With the exclamation mark to be left off!)

This conclusion means this to us: that we, as an individual, are not alone in finding a psychical gap between our convictions and our actions; that we, as an individual, are not alone in veering toward a fatalism that holds life something to endure rather than, as our elders would like us to think, something that we, with the courage of our youth, should hurl bold conquering challenges at; and that we, as an individual, are not alone in dismissing our failure to do what we know, instinctively or rationally, we ought to do with a shrug and a cryptic "*what the hell*."

Now we may be troubled with mental nearsightedness, but we're not blind. We know that the country has asylums well populated with persons with psychical gaps in their personalities, and we know that the world has always been fortunate enough to possess enough pessimists to balance its optimists. We make no boast that these "ills" are the exclusive privilege of college students.

Nor do we exalt the college student as so much more intrinsically worthy of concern than the rest of the country's population which has not the advantage of being college bred. But it is our belief that the intelligent minority which will continue to rule this country in the future will be exclusively made up of college graduates, and that in examining the college mind of today you are examining the governing minds of tomorrow. That belief is our excuse for taking such a thing as "the college mind" seriously.

First, what is this philosophy of what-the-hellism? Well, it is not two things. It is not a rationalization for laziness, and it is not strictly a philosophy. (We reserve that word for its Platonic uses; the college boy is not a lover of wisdom.) More accurately it is an attitude, or a reaction; or, to be impressive, it is the *Weltanschauung* of American college youth. We think it is also the *Weltschmerz*. But more clearly. When one year old, the boy jerked his finger back from the hot stove and said: "Ow!" Now, at twenty-one, the college boy has bumped his mind against the world and said: "What the hell." But there is a further difference; the one year boy's finger soon cooled and he went gaily off to fall down and break his arm, but the twenty-one year college boy has slumped down on his intellectual buttocks and with exaggerated cautiousness hesitates to bestir himself.

That is what is important about his philosophy of what-the-hellism; i.e., its failure to provide him with an initiative to action. For what-the-hellism is made up of one part apathy, one part resignation, one part futility, one part no-hope, one part no-faith, and one part no-action. It is a scornful denial that life is real and earnest; yet it is not a lusty indulgence of healthy vice. It is a casual dismissal of duty and values as relative and indicatively personal; yet it produces no creative action. It is careless unenthusiasm, unalleviated by even indignation. You do not have only to observe him glance at the C on his examination card, shrug, and say: "I could have done better, but what the hell." Perceive his slouching walk, his guarded eyes, his curled lip, the careful unenthusiasm in his voice, and listen to his ridicule of any action other than the most uninspired and elemental, and note his earnestness only when indulging the pleasures of the senses. The referent of his whole being is a negative, what the hell. He is too worldly to rage with indignation and hurl out an "everlasting no" at the world. He is indifferent. That is the danger. Or, that is his pose.

What is the origin of this apathy, this resignation, this conviction of the futility of things, this hesitancy of action, this absence of faith and hope? What is the cause when there is no effect? If we thought it meant anything we would say, the chaos of the world about him where he gets his ideas. We would say it results from the modern conflict of science and religion in which religion has taken an awful beating. We would say that what-the-hellism is the only scrawny weed that could be expected to live in the barren ground of his philosophic heritage, that of materialism and pragmatism. We would try to be clever and say that the Twentieth Century cri-

(Continued on Page 26)

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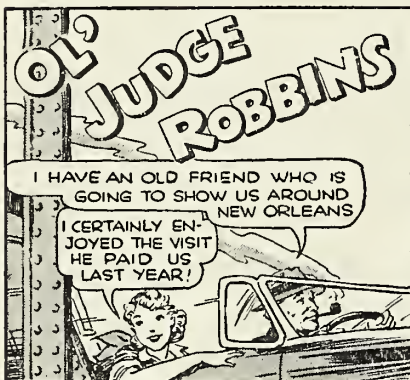
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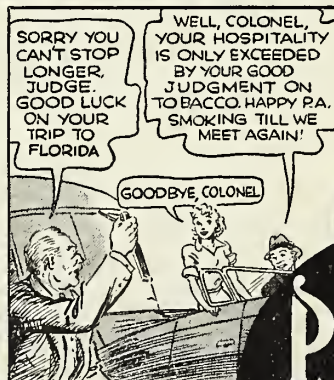
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The Archive

DUKE UNDERGRADUATE LITERARY MONTHLY

VOLUME LI



NUMBER FIVE

February, 1938

Our Fathers Who Art in Chairs

STAFF

WE college students, in subjecting our professors to a grading of the sort it is customary for them to perpetrate periodically on us, may be accused of a sensational indulgence of the college boy's traditional heritage—crass upstartness. But, viewed objectively, we are wholly justified in invading a province that merely custom has decreed shall be exclusively theirs.

Of course, the professors have a purpose in handing out their grades. They get paid for it. Well we're not getting paid for this. Our purpose is simply to sustain interest in this publication. We hope to achieve nothing more by our venture. The grades dished out by the professors are potent with meaning and power. They represent judgments, and strong ones, for on their basis some students shine with pins of honors, and others are shaken by blue slips of dismissal. Because of our youth, and because we're not getting paid for it, our grades will not be construed as having any potency. Nevertheless, they serve as rough estimates of general student opinion on a few Duke professors, and doubtless, in many cases, they serve as fairly accurate judgments of general individual professorial ability. But if there are to be any conclusions drawn, the campus will have to draw them. We simply present to you some 400 grades on some 40 Duke faculty members.

These grades were obtained in the following manner. Each staff member of the *Archive* was given a list of five professors and instructed to get ten student grades on each of his five men. Only those students who had taken a course from the professor in question, and had passed the course, were invited to submit their alphabetical opinion. Each student was asked to grade the professor on three things: first, knowledge of subject; secondly, ability to put knowledge across to the student; and, third, general profes-

sorial personality. The last named criterion included such sub-considerations as whether or not the professor made his subject interesting, whether or not he made the student want to work for him, and his general attitude toward his students and toward his work.

These three qualifications were thought to be the requirements of a good professor. The first would seem difficult for a student to ascertain, but by comparison one professor often impresses the student as knowing more about what he is supposed to be teaching than another professor. The statistics show that most students were willing to concede their professors a high grade on this score. "Ability to put it across" corresponds to what most professors demand of their students, facility in coughing up on examinations what they have had drilled into them for a semester. On this score, many students pointed out that though they thought their professor had an adequate grasp of the subject matter of his course, and though they knew from the number of books he had written and his general pedagogical reputation, that he must be a fine scholar, he lacked the ability to present his knowledge clearly. The third qualification was suggested to us by a remark of William James made with particular reference to early century philosophy teachers. "... it usually follows that 'safeness' becomes the main characteristic of his tuition: that his classes are edified rather than awakened, and leave college with the generous youthful impulse to reflect on the world and our position in it rather dampened and discouraged than stimulated by the lifeless discussions and flabby formulas they have had to commit to memory." It must be understood that it considers the professor's classroom personality as distinct from his personality as a man. (There should be no difference, but it is necessary to make this distinction.)

Of the total number of our professors, eight received the unanimous endorsement of 10 A's, all under the heading of knowledge of subject. These men were: Prof. Hoover, (Economics); Prof. Pearse, (Zoology); Profs. Dow and Webb, (French); Profs. Wannamaker and Wilson, (German); and Profs. Gohdes and Irving, (English).

Mrs. White, (English), and Profs. Wannamaker and Webb, attained the distinction of receiving the only A's under the heading of ability to present subject matter.

Due to our numerical set-up it was practically impossible to attain an A average as a professor, since nine A's and one B was averaged as an A—. The following, in receiving an A— average, may be adjudged to be held highest in student opinion: Profs. White, Pearse, Wannamaker, and Gohdes.

The following illustration is given to explain the working mechanism of our grading system. Professor Lundholm's grades are taken as an example.

A is made to equal 90; B, 80; C, 70; D, 60; F, 50.

Knowledge	Ability	Personality
A A A A B	B C B A A	A B A C C
A A C C B	B C C C C	A C A D A

The total of grades:

6 A's = 540	2 A's = 180	5 A's = 450
2 B's = 160	3 B's = 240	1 B = 80
2 C's = 140	5 C's = 350	3 C's = 210
		1 D = 60
840 = 84% or B	770 = 77% or C +	800% = 80% or B

Equalling:

.84	
.77	
.80	80.3 = B Final Grade
2.41	3/241

All of the following averages are obtained in a like manner.

Editor's List

(Economics, Sociology, Political Science)

There was one striking thing about my list, the high grades given under the first heading, knowledge of subject. I think Prof. Hoover was the sole professor to rate 10 A's under this heading; under any heading for that matter. However, Prof. Laprade was close behind with 9 A's and 1 B under the same heading. And Prof. Ellwood was close behind him with 8 A's, 1 B and 1 C.

Besides being impressed by the generosity of the students whose grades I sought, I was also cheered by their consistency, for this seemed to lend truth and accuracy to our article. It was no coincidence when 10 persons, chosen at random, all gave a professor the same grade. I noticed this consistency all the way through, in the low as well as the high grades.

	Knowledge	Ability	Personality
Simpson.....	D+	F+	F+ = D
De Vyver.....	B	C	B+ = B
Hoover.....	A	B+	B = B+
Ellwood.....	B+	C+	D+ = B-
Laprade.....	A-	B-	C = B-

Miss Jane Dusenbury's List (English)

Remarkable spontaneity accompanied every answer when students were quizzed on the merits of these five professors. But generosity, or at least the benefit of a doubt, made many of the harsher critics change their C-plus' to B's. One junior girl said of Mrs. Vance: "She's given me six C-plus. Every semester I get a C-plus from her. So you give her a C-plus from me on 'ability to get it across.'" The girl walked away, looking as though she had done something very much worth doing. After class the same girl came up and said a bit penitently, "Change that C-plus I gave Mrs. Vance to an A, will you? Why do you suppose I sign up for her courses every semester?"

One boy, who from his talk must have come from the wilds of southern Gaw'gia, offered a gentle line on Mrs. White. "Ya' know, ah nevah could get Missus White fo' any courses. Ah tried and tried. There was always some hitch, like the class bein' full. Finally ah jus' took it in mah head to go on an' listen in on Missus White. Ah set back in the back row, all by mahself, and ah swear she was somethin' good. She jus' whooped up those ol' poems ah hadn't cared anything about all mah life, 'til they really would mean somethin' to you, even if it wasn't just the right thing. Ah jus' go for that Mrs. White. Ah reckon I'll go sit in on some more sessions next semestah."

"What about Mr. Anderson?" I asked somebody that looked like an English major. I almost put down three F's on the strength of the sneer I got back. "Charlie Anderson, eh!" (sneer) "Give him three A's for me. He didn't leave much of my moral principles, but I found out why people come to college."

	Knowledge	Ability	Personality
Mrs. White.....	A-	A	B+ = A-
Mrs. Vance.....	B+	B	C+ = B
Mr. Anderson.....	A-	A-	C+ = B
Mr. Brown*.....	A	D	D = C
Mr. White*.....	A	C-	C = C+

* Prof. Brown's grade averaged upon only 4 person's grades.

* Prof. White's grade averaged upon only 5 person's grades.

Mr. ————— List (Psychology, Philosophy)

My list shows, I believe, the one flaw in our whole system of grading, in any system of grading for that matter. Take Prof. McDougall's grading. Now he received the highest grade among my five professors as regards to knowledge of subject. Yet he received one of the lowest in professorial personality. Many students pointed this out to me, stressing the fact that they thought Prof. McDougall one of the most learned teachers on the campus, yet a man whose value lies in his books and not in the huge lecture courses he is forced to bother with. They did not give him good grades on his ability to "put it across" and apologized for him in doing so, and the same was true of their grading of his pedagogical personality.

One of the surprising things about my list is the sameness in the marking, whether it be in the field of philosophy or psychology. Among my five professors

the range in the first heading was only from 81 to 86; and under the second only from 71 to 77.

There are probably more extremes of opinions and grades with regard to "personality" than that with the other headings.

	Knowledge	Ability	Personality	
McDougall.....	B+	C	C-	= C+
Lundholm.....	B	B-	B	= B
Rhine.....	B	C	C+	= C+
McLarty.....	B	C	C-	= C
Morgan.....	B	C+	B-	= B-

Mr. ----- List

(Fine Arts, Drama)

The attitude of most of the students whom I questioned was somewhat reluctant. Many of them hesitated to grade their professor's knowledge. They argued that it was difficult, if not impossible, for them as students to estimate the amount of knowledge of their professors who necessarily knew more about their particular subjects than they. That accounts, perhaps, for the large number of A's given under that heading.

When asked to grade their professors according to their ability to "put it across," most students agreed pretty closely, but their opinions about their professor's "classroom personality" differed widely—sometimes from A's to F's.

Co-eds were generally more severe than men and seemed in some cases positively vengeful.

	Knowledge	Ability	Personality	
Miss Hall.....	A-	B+	B-	= B+
Miss Mayfield.....	B-	C-	C-	= C
Mr. McDonald.....	B	B	B	= B
Mr. West.....	B	B	B	= B

Mr. Dimond's List

(Religion)

In these ratings of the campus divines it seems to be a general consensus that none of the courses will induce hysteria from over-excitement. But in justice to the department I must concede that this poll was for the most part one of undergraduate opinion. It goes without saying that the greater body of undergraduate religion students approach the courses as they would a dose of castor oil. This hardly makes the life of a religion professor blessed with an undergraduate religion course, a bed of roses. It is worth noting that the averages for professorial knowledge of subject are the highest of the three. At least there are some vestiges of humility left in the undergraduate.

	Knowledge	Ability	Personality	
Crum.....	B+	C	D+	= C
Myers.....	B+	C+	B-	= B
Spence.....	B-	D+	C-	= C-
Ormond.....	B	D	D	= C-

Mr. ----- List

(Zoology, Chemistry, Physics)

Because he led the natural science division with straight A's, the gold star should be awarded to the all-time favorite, Dr. Pearse, of the Zoology department. Dr. Gray of Zoology and Dr. Bigelow of Chem-

istry tied for second place with good averages. The greatest variety of opinions came in Dr. Cunningham's rating. He got both F's and A's, but he managed to slide in on the "dean's list." While practically everyone agreed that Dr. Edwards of the Physics department knew whereof he spoke, they were dubious about whether he put it across, and were quite decided that he didn't make it very interesting. Perhaps the grades were given in direct proportion to the grades formerly received and for some it was a chance to get even with the professor.

	Knowledge	Ability	Personality	
Cunningham.....	B+	C	C	= B-
Pearse.....	A	A-	B+	= A-
Gray.....	A-	B-	C+	= B
Bigelow.....	A-	B	C	= B
Edwards.....	B	D	D+	= C-

Mr. Ader's List

(Languages)

The striking thing about my list was the high grades given each man. All students concurred in giving extremely high marks for knowledge of subject. This seems inevitable, though I don't know the reason, in language courses. There was a general high agreement about ability to put the knowledge across too. This seems inevitable too. There is something more tangible about a language course than some of these more theoretical courses on the campus. The greatest variation came under the last heading. I got a few D's and F's here. But not enough to pull any of the grades down very low. To tell the truth I was a little worried about Dr. Wannamaker. I would have been scared to turn the grades in if he had flunked. But he came through, so it's all right.

	Knowledge	Ability	Personality	
Dow.....	A	B-	B	= B
Bridgers.....	B+	B	C	= B-
Wilson.....	A	A-	C	= B+
Wannamaker.....	A	A	A-	= A-
Webb.....	A	A	B	= B+

Miss Hodge's List

(English)

Most of the students interviewed confessed that they were rather hard put to it when it came to passing judgment on a professor's knowledge of his subject. This may account for the large number of A's for this part of the rating. But the responses to the other questions were ready and varied, and there was a wide range of reactions of different people to the same professor—thereby demonstrating the endless variations of the human equation.

The outstanding reaction among my list was the high grading given Professor Ghodes. He was given 25 A's out of a possible thirty. Professor Irving received the distinction of 10 A's for knowledge of subject.

	Knowledge	Ability	Personality	
Irving.....	A	C	C	= C+
Patton.....	B	C	C-	= C
Gohdes.....	A	A-	B+	= A-
Greene.....	B	D+	D-	= C-
Mitchell.....	B+	D	D-	= C-

The Pacifist

A Satire

LORENZ EITNER, '40

I

The meeting had been successful.

After much debate, a resolution had been passed to investigate the working conditions of the colored men who swept the floors of the library for eight cents an hour, one hundred and five hours a week.

"That will show them that we have a real mission on the campus," thought Isadore Rosenduft, the assistant treasurer and most active member of the L.A.W.F. (League against War and Fascism) as he walked home through the rainy April night. By "them" he meant the five thousand block-headed and flat-footed reactionaries who formed the student body of his Alma Mater.

Isadore was tall, bony and flat chested. His figure, clad in a reddish-brown raincoat leaned slightly forward; his long legs strode vigorously. Under masses of red hair that hung over his forehead and ears, a grey face full of pimples shone forth in the dim light of the street lamps. Isadore seemed excited; between his yellow teeth he chewed a wet cigarette, and gestured nervously with his hands.

There had been some trouble during the "free for all" debate which followed Dr. Eisenstein's speech on "Labor Unions in French Indo-China," and some one (—one of those damned Fascists, no doubt!) had begun to ridicule "those pinks whose way through college is paid at the expense of their very bourgeois parents, and who can therefore well afford to display a bit of ornamental Communism during their college years, especially since it is such a harmless hobby, and later, when they have graduated to honest, straight-forward Rotarianism, can so easily be excused by the idealism and hot-headedness of youth." After that Fascist had been expelled by force, order had been restored and the evening closed to the satisfaction of everybody.

But in Isadore's mind remained the question; did he mean . . . me? No, a thousand times no! He spat out his cigarette in disgust, and looked at his unwashed, tobacco stained hands, the fingernails of which he had reduced to little black spots through constant chewing. These were the hands of a proletarian! Those chewed fingernails spoke of dark hours of despair in which he wrestled with a thousand devils; in which he struggled for The Truth. If only those idiots could know how sincere he was!

It was true that he did receive a check every week from those philistines back home whom he disliked so much to call his parents: from that little Yiddish banker with his "Five Stars Loan and Trust Company" and that little old lady who divided her time between charity (Father robs them, and Ma saves

them from starvation) and the social world of Little Wabash, Connecticut. How he hated his parents!

Of course he *had* to accept their money *now*, but as soon as his literary productions had earned him some money and fame, especially his revolutionary epic, "From the Gallows," copies of which he had sent only yesterday to several progressive publishers, he would return every cent to them. He would leave school, found an existence of his own, and live with some woman in Free Companionship (indeed, he had in mind a very definite girl who had lately shown signs of promise and considerable affection—very much to his own surprise) somewhere in the slums of New York, where he would preach the gospel of peace and anti-fascism to the suppressed, and gather inspiration for his literary productions.

And so, fairly intoxicated with the happy prospect of an ideal life, a life strictly in accordance with his principles and those of the "League against War and Fascism," Isadore went home and to bed.

II

The next morning Isadore was awakened by the secretary of the "League against War and Fascism," who stormed into the room, brandishing a copy of the "Tobaccotown Morning Sun." Apparently unable to speak, he handed the paper to Isadore, then sank into a chair, feebly wiping his brow with a colorful handkerchief. With a hearty yawn, Isadore took the paper.

Suddenly he was wide awake. The whole front page of the Morning Sun was covered by one gigantic headline:

U. S. DECLARES WAR ON JAPAN

Isadore's heart stopped. With trembling hands he opened the paper and found on the second page a description of the incident that had led to the sudden declaration of war. The report describing the bombing of the American flagship and the heroic deaths of Mrs. Rosenbaum, Mr. Vladimir Uizescinsky and other distinguished Americans aboard the "U.S.S. Liberty" was a little masterpiece of journalism; heart-gripping, confused, and continued on page 14. The editorial page spoke of slaughtered babies, national honor, fighting to the last man, and violation of sacred rights.

Besides, there was the President's Address to the American People, which began with the words: "My friends, I hate war!" and which expressed the hope that all able-bodied, unmarried men under thirty-five years of age would speedily enlist "in order to check Japanese aggression, defend American property in the Orient, and accomplish world peace by ending

forever the constant conspiring against the cause of peace and world stability on the part of certain irresponsible governments."

A strange conflict took place in Isadore's soul. The idea of war filled him with horror, but that horror was mixed with a slight feeling of satisfaction to see a Fascist aggressor nation firmly opposed by one of the great democratic powers. His first impulse was to call the peace strike which the League against War and Fascism had so lovingly organized and practiced as an annual ceremony, in spite of the gross lack of understanding and cooperation on the part of the majority of the student body.

He had already composed the first lines of the great speech that he would give from the chapel steps to the assembled peace strikers, (Brothers! Today, when the barons of big industry are again about to drag the world into a bloody massacre; today let us stand united against—) when a notice from the administration, stating bluntly that for the next two weeks all unexcused absences would be punished by immediate expulsion from the university, was slipped under his door.

Isadore bellowed a wild proletarian oath, but decided on second thought that it would be in his own interest and in the interest of the Cause of Peace to postpone any drastic steps. Reluctantly, he went to his classes and sat through a few hours of Economics, Comparative Government, and Political Science. He was totally unable to concentrate, for it seemed that all those grey-haired, dried-up, pedantic scholars could dole out were dull, colorless lies, quite insignificant in a world doomed to perish.

But what troubled him most was that the news of war had not struck the campus like a paralyzing blow, but had aroused feverish enthusiasm everywhere. Like a contagious disease, it was spreading throughout the whole campus; everyone from the president to the janitors had contracted it almost at once, and even Isadore began to feel its symptoms. The atmosphere was like that after a successful football game. People who had never met before shook hands and embraced each other, the dullest professors

displayed almost Ciceronian eloquence, and people who ordinarily seemed to live in a deep coma had come to life and were swearing, hot-bloodedly, to beat hell out of those damned Japs.

Even Nature wore Sunday clothes. The day was clear and warm, and everything was bathed in strong, reassuring sunlight. Isadore thought grimly that a thunderstorm or the sudden appearance of an ominous comet would be more appropriate to the occasion.

He seemed to be the only one who felt the terrible gravity of the situation. It was as if the whole weight of these hours rested on his shoulders, and it embittered him to see the

others so carefree. "They are like people in the first stages of drunkenness, but they will be different when the great hang-over comes," he told himself, and he almost felt some slight satisfaction at the thought that perhaps in a few weeks these people would be slimy corpses or cripples, coughing out their lungs in hospital beds. To him, the whole thing seemed like a grotesque dance of death, a gay "Danse Macabre."

III

Isadore felt a strong desire to be among congenial friends and went to visit some fellow members of the League against War and Fascism. He was greatly surprised to find most of them even more enthusiastic about the war than the rest of the campus. Some of them were already packing their belongings in order to leave for the Training Camp at the earliest notice.

One of his friends, who had always been a fanatical pacifist, declared bluntly that one could not be both pacifist and anti-Fascist, and that he chose to be an anti-Fascist. Others argued that the time had come when the interests of peace demanded that the aggression of totalitarian governments be checked, and that they considered it their duty as pacifists to bring this war to a successful close.

Isadore found both arguments rather convincing, but his pacifism was too deeply rooted to yield to such reasons. In addition, he was bound by several pledges "not to enter war under any circumstance." Greatly upset and disillusioned, he left his friends.



As he walked through the campus, he noticed signs of intense patriotism everywhere. He passed a few members of an honorary fraternity who were inflicting a severe beating on a little Japanese student. An old lady approached him and asked for a contribution for a memorial which would be dedicated to the "Sons of Tobaccotown fallen for the honor of their country." To Isadore, that seemed somewhat premature, and he went on, only to be stopped again by co-eds collecting money for the Red Cross, peddlers trying to sell national insignia, and by a few threatening young gentlemen demanding if he had any Japanese goods in his possession.

IV

Isadore decided to spend the evening in his room in order to escape the big Y.M.C.A. bonfire which was to be held in the stadium, and which would culminate in a great burning of Japanese silk stockings donated by co-eds and the Daughters of the Revolution.

He closed the windows, pulled down the shades, and went to bed; but vague noises coming from the direction of the stadium kept him awake. He tossed about in his bed, rolled from one side to the other, curled up, stretched out again, bit his fingernails, and buried his head under the pillow, but sleep would not come.

Momentarily, a mad desire to throw pacifism overboard, and to join the enthusiastic crowd in the stadium seized him, and he had to exert all his will-power to suppress this dangerous urge.

About midnight, the entire student body passed by his window in a gigantic torch-light parade, and filled his room with the martial strain of "Marching Through Nippon." In despair, Isadore turned on the radio to drown out those patriotic noises, but all he could get was the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and a speech by some senator on the subject of "Our lines of defense in the Orient."

Finally, Isadore fell asleep. He dreamed that he was a soldier, about to run a bayonet through the fat, soft belly of a little Japanese, who, upon close examination, proved to be his Economics professor, Dr. Hubble. Vaguely disappointed, Isadore turned away from the dying economist, who suddenly began to lecture, in a high-pitched, clear voice, on "Our lines of defense in the Orient," and noticed a group of youths carrying torches that came towards him from a distance. Presently they stopped, aimed their torches, which in the meantime had turned into guns, and fired.

Bathed in cold sweat, Isadore awoke.

V

The week following the declaration of war was one of patriotic exuberance for the campus, and of acute suffering for Isadore. Not a single day passed without some rousing ceremony or the celebration of some important event. Almost daily, the papers reported some minor victory in the East. Everyone was impatient to reach the front in time for the great offensive drive which was generally expected to begin

at the end of the month. A recruiting officer had established himself in the lobby of the Union and was for many days besieged by mobs of students eager to "do away with the Japs." Among them were most of Isadore's friends, some of whom had already left the university with the first contingent of troops.

He had had bad experiences with a number of the recruits, who, in daytime, cockily displayed their new uniforms on the campus, and, at night, held riotous orgies at the Tavern, where free beer was served to all recruits. Frequently he had been called a traitor and coward, and once he was even involved in a fight with a group of prospective heroes returning from a drinking bout at the Tavern, and had been sent to the hospital with a few minor bruises.

But in spite of all, he secretly envied those recruits, and more than under their blows and offenses he suffered under his growing loneliness. Since almost every able man had left, the campus was nearly deserted; except for a few who were disabled or too young for service, all the students were "doing their part." Isadore was left in an empty dormitory, sat in empty classes, and ate in empty dining halls. He had always looked down on his fellow students, whom he considered perfect morons and utter blockheads, and never would he have thought that their absence could make him feel so lonely.

Isadore regarded himself as a man of action, as one destined to lead and to fight for his ideals, and he could not bear to be reduced to this miserable existence among cripples and women.

VI

It became more and more evident to him that he had fallen victim to a dangerous delusion, the idea of peace at all costs. But what was worse, he began to doubt whether he was justified in standing by and letting others fight for a cause which was also *his* cause. Besides, he suspected himself of having other than purely idealistic reasons for not going to the front. He had come to the conclusion that his fears of being gassed, torn to pieces, or being burned and buried alive had a definite relation to his pacifism.

Finally, a letter arrived from his girl, his idealistic love, who announced coldly that she did not want to continue her relations with a slacker. That was the last straw. There was a final struggle between Isadore the pacifist and Isadore the anti-Fascist.

Then his decision was made.

At once a strong feeling of relief and intense gladness overcame him. The evil spell was broken. The past week and its horrors suddenly seemed like an unreal nightmare, and Isadore felt like one who recovers from a dangerous illness. He dined with great appetite, and took a long walk through the woods. For the first time in days, he spent a restful night.

The next morning, he received from his mother a letter in which she implored him not to join the army. Isadore was surprised for a moment: then he laughed heartily and threw the letter into the wastebasket.

A few hours later, he shook hands with the recruiting officer.

Imaginary Conversations

ROBERT C. WILSON, '38

Persons of the Dialogue

Plato

A Co-Ed

L.I.D.

(The dialogue opens with a few remarks on the weather, which are omitted in this selection.)

You look worried, L.I.D.

Well, this being president of a university always has been a tough job, and since . . . well . . .

Yes? Since what?

Well, Plato, frankly, since you've come I've been in fear and trembling, never knowing what you're going to suggest next.

But you do know, L.I.D., what I'm going to suggest now, don't you?

It's about the co-eds, I suppose.

Yes, that is the subject we've got to discuss today. Shall we proceed?

If you want to.

You don't sound very enthusiastic.

Well, darn it, Plato, you see, of course there is a lot of truth in your theories, but this is the Twentieth Century, and things are different today.

Do you not mean to say my "ideals" rather than my "theories," L.I.D.?

I'll agree to the substitution of that word, Plato.

I appreciate your doing so, L.I.D., for it better enables me to make a point. You mean to say that my ideals are out of date? Is that what you meant in saying ". . . but this is the Twentieth Century, and things are different?"

Yes, that is what I meant.

Then let me raise this question, L.I.D., should I change my ideals to suit the Twentieth Century, or should we try to change the Twentieth Century to fit my ideals?

That is a very perplexing question, Plato.

Yes, and perhaps we had better not attempt to answer it. What do you say, L.I.D.?

Well, Plato, it seems pretty important to me that we try to answer that question, if only so that we will be able to defend ourselves from those who attack us. What you appear bent on doing is changing the Twentieth Century to fit your ideals.

You are right, L.I.D. But need I defend myself for that?

You will probably be called upon to do that.

Perhaps you are right. Then let us settle the point in this manner. If I satisfactorily explain to you, will you then undertake to explain to any who should come to you asking that I defend myself?

Yes, I will do that.

Then let me ask you this, L.I.D., would you criticize or chastize a painter who delineated the form of a super beautiful woman simply because he could not show that such a woman existed on earth?

Why, no.

Is not what we are doing similar? Are we not simply picturing an ideal state of things? And are we to be blamed because we cannot prove its existence, or even the possibility of its existence?

I think the analogy is a fair one, Plato, and I am satisfied.

Then we may proceed with our attempt to apply my principles of education to your university which we have dedicated to the purpose of training good artists, citizens, and rulers to serve the State?

Yes, I am ready.

You remember that our problem today is that of the co-eds. Well first, L.I.D., there is again, as in the case of the football team, the obvious disparity in numbers. I am correct, am I not, in assuming that there are some 850 co-eds in your university and some 2,500 men students?

Yes, that is correct.

Co-Ed: And we're not as ugly as the men say we are.

Plato: I beg your pardon.

Co-ed: I said we're not ugly.

Plato: You mean, I suppose, that your faces are not ugly?

Co-ed: Of cours . . . say! what do you mean?

Plato: My dear young lady, I am accustomed to thinking of a human being, whether male or female, as a whole. And when I speak of a human being as ugly or beautiful, I am speaking of the whole of that human being, his naked body as well as his naked face and mind and soul.

Co-ed: Well, I like that! Mr. L.I.D., are you going to let him get away with that?

L.I.D.: Now, my dear, I think you'd better leave. I'm sure Plato had no intentions of insulting you. It's just that he has very different ideas from you and me, and . . . well, perhaps you had better leave.

Co-ed: I won't.

L.I.D.: My dear . . .

Co-ed: I'm not going to let this old Greek insult me, and I'm not going to run away from him.

Plato: Well, will you make up your mind.

Co-ed: I'm staying!

Plato: That is perfectly agreeable with me, but I must ask you to be quiet, and speak only when you are spoken to. Now, L.L.D., where were we?

I believe you were saying something about the human body as . . . ah, as a whole.

Oh, yes. But first, let us settle this question of numbers. Now there aren't enough women at your university to go around. Do you think that a satisfactory arrangement?

Well, I hadn't thought much about it, Plato. You see, I'm only the president of the men's university. The women have a president too.

But, L.L.D., don't you think that your university should be an integrated whole? With all its parts working in harmony?

We have a lot of dances, Plato.

By Zeus, L.L.D., you anger me at times. Dances? What on earth do they have to do with making your university an integrated whole?

Well . . .

Now listen, L.L.D., this is another case like that of the football team. You have in your confines a minority that is either important enough to enjoy equality with all other parts, or, if it is not, should be done away with entirely. Now we proved in the case of the football team that it should be abolished. I'm not so sure we should abolish the Co-eds.

You really mean that?

Yes, L.L.D., but let me ask you, is there any reason why the girls are in the minority?

No, except that we haven't got room for them.

Can we get room for them?

I think that can be arranged.

Then I think that is what we should do, L.L.D., get enough girls here so that there will be one for each man student.

We will do that, Plato. I like that much better than doing away with them.

And now, L.L.D., there is a very important point I would like to bring to your attention. We agreed, did we not, that we were going to establish a place to train good artists, citizens, and rulers?

Yes, that was our understanding.

I wonder, L.L.D., if I made this clear: that we are going to establish a community in which our students are going to live for a long time, that we are not just reorganizing your college within the brief boundaries of four years.

No, Plato, I did not understand that.

Well, that's what we're going to do. And more than that, we are not only going to train those students who are among us, but from them we are going to breed other students to be trained from birth in our community.

What do you mean?

I mean, L.L.D., that when we get enough girls here we are going to pair off each one of them with a man student; by a careful scientific method of selection, of course.

You mean all our students are going to marry one another?

No, L.L.D., they will be brought together at certain designated times of the year for the purpose that marriage is designed to make lawful, but we will not fetter our students in such lowly bonds.

But Plato, that's positively indecent.

Indecent! I don't know the meaning of the word. There is no such word in my language.

Co-ed: I guess he doesn't know what it means. The very idea. He's a Communist. That's what he is. A Communist. And he's got a dirty mind.

Plato: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! My dear young lady, I have been renowned down through the ages for the calm rationality of my temper, but if you don't shut up I'm going to commit what is known in your country as murder, but what in my country would have earned me wreaths of laurel. Do you know the position of women in B.C. Athens?

Co-ed: You needn't shout at me. No, I don't. But, I still . . .

Plato: Will you shut up! Now, L.L.D., let us proceed.

Well, about this not marrying of our students . . .

Oh, yes. You see, L.L.D., we are simply going to hold our wives and children in common. The tie between our Co-eds and men students will be no longer or stronger than is necessary to accomplish their purpose, which will be to breed good children that we can train in our ways.

But, Plato, isn't yours a cold, ruthless conception of things. What about love? Don't you believe in it? And why not have them marry?

Don't I believe in love? By Zeus! Listen, L.L.D., haven't you ever heard of Platonic love? Oh yes, I know, that expression has derogatory implications today, but . . . by Zeus, "don't I believe in love"?! What L.L.D., do you think love is?

Why, love . . . love is an emotion. It's a feeling a man has for a woman, something that makes him want to live with her all his life. It's . . . well love is something that makes you care more for somebody else than yourself. That's the wonderful thing about it, Plato. That's what makes it beautiful.

You have hinted at some of the more superficial aspects of love, L.L.D., but let me ask you this. Love is essentially a desire, is it not?

Yes, it is.

A desire for what?

Well, when you're in love you're happy, so I guess love is a desire for happiness.

You are right. Now do all men want to be happy, L.L.D.?

I think so.

Why, then, are not all men said to love, but only some of them? Whereas all men are always loving of the same things.

I do not know, Plato.

Well, I will explain this to you, L.L.D., in the words of the wise old woman of Mantinea who one

time undertook to instruct me in the mysteries of love. In the answer to our question she said:

"The reason is that one part of love is separated off and receives the name of the whole, but the other parts have other names."

"Give an illustration," I said.

"There is poetry," she answered, "which is complex and manifold. All creation or passage of non-being into being is poetry or making and the processes of all art are creative; and the masters of arts are all poets or makers."

"Very true," I agreed.

"Still," she said, "you know that they are not called poets, but have other names; only that portion of the art which is separated off from the rest, and is concerned with music and metre, is termed poetry, and they who possess poetry in this sense of the word are called poets."

"Very true," I said.

"And the same holds of love. For you may say generally that all desire of good and happiness is only the great and subtle power of love; but they who are drawn towards him by any other path, whether the path of money-making or gymnastics or philosophy, are not called lovers—the name of the whole is appropriated to those whose affection takes one form only—they alone are said to love, or to be lovers."

Now, do you see my point, Ll.D.? Desire for a woman—which you term love—is only a part of love, as writing in verse form is only a part of the whole of creating, and it is not at all deserving of the exclusive application of the word Love which it enjoys in your Twentieth Century. There are other objects of love, there are other things that bring happiness. What we must do is bring these things to our students' attention. To best explain what I mean we should examine more fully the end of love. Your error, Ll.D., has been in mistaking the means for the end.

Well, what is the end, the main end?

In the words of the wise old woman of Mantinea, Ll.D., "... birth in beauty, whether of body or soul."

I'm afraid I don't quite understand that, Plato.

That's all right, Ll.D., neither did I. But Diotema explained it in these words.

"There is a certain age at which human nature is desirous of procreation—procreation which must be in beauty and not in deformity; and this procreation is the union of man and woman, and is a divine thing; for conception and generation are an immortal principle in the mortal creature, and in the inharmonious they can never be. Beauty, then, is the destiny or goddess of parturition who presides at birth, and therefore, when approaching beauty, the conceiving power is propitious, and diffusive, and benign, and begets and bears fruit. This is the reason why, when the hour of conception arrives, and the teeming nature is full, there is such a flutter and ecstasy about beauty, whose approach is the alleviation of the pain or travail."

Ll.D.: Those are very beautiful words, Plato.

Co-ed: Yes, it's wonderful. Almost too much for me.

But that is not all the old woman had to say. Love, she told me, was not love of the beautiful only.

"What then?" I asked.

"The love of generation and of birth in beauty."

"But why of generation?" I asked.

"Because," she explained, "To the mortal creature, generation is a sort of eternity and immortality, and if love is of the everlasting possession of the good, all men will necessarily desire immortality together with good. Wherefore love is of immortality."

You see, Ll.D., we have arrived at a conception of love which certainly can in no wise be termed "indecent." In the holding of our Co-eds in common, and pairing them off to our men students by careful process of selection, we will not be ruthlessly trampling on love. Rather we will be furthering the cause of man's immortality. And could anything be more noble than that?

I cannot refute you, Plato.

Say rather, Ll.D., that you cannot refute the truth; for Plato is easily refuted.

But Plato, you know this is the conservative South, and I'm going to have a tough time convincing the trustees that doing what you propose has any connection with immortality. Since Freud people have found it easy to dig up excuses for sexual libertinism. You'll be accused of trumping up this crazy idea of immortality.

Perhaps that is what will happen, Ll.D., but I wish you would get your mind off that. In your very dwelling upon that part of our program you illustrate the need for education in a conception of love that is inclusive of more than relations between the sexes. Our very abolishment of the institution of marriage is designed to minimize the importance of the sex relations of our students.

But it is important, Plato.

Sure, Ll.D. I realize that. That's why we are going to get some more Co-eds here instead of abolishing them. And that's why we are going to control their breeding together. What I mean is that that is only a small part of love. For this is true, Ll.D.

—"Those who are pregnant in the body only, be-take themselves to women and beget children—this the character of their love; their offspring, as they hope, will preserve their memory and give them the blessedness and immortality which they desire in the future."

—"But souls which are pregnant—for there certainly are men who are more creative in their souls than in their bodies—conceive that which is proper for the soul to conceive or contain; wisdom and virtue, in general."

—"And the greatest and fairest sort of wisdom by far is that which is concerned with the ordering of states and which is called temperance and justice. And he, who in youth, has the seed of these implanted in him and is himself inspired when he comes to maturity desires to beget and generate."

Does not that excellently explain our proposed scheme of selective breeding? Do you not see how such a conception of love—both of the soul and of the body—is in harmony with our purpose, which now is to breed and educate good artists, citizens, and rulers?

Yes, Plato. I think I can make the trustees see that.

Co-ed: I'm sorry, Plato, but I'm a bit confused by all this. Love, you say, is of beauty, of good, for happiness. And then it is of immortality and generation. I'm still not sure which it is.

—Perhaps this will help you, my dear. "The true discipline of loving or being loved is that a man begin with the beauties of this world and use them as stepping-stones for an unceasing journey to that other beauty, going from one to two and from two to all, and from beautiful creatures to beautiful lives, and from beautiful lives to beautiful truths, and from beautiful truths attaining finally to nothing less than the true knowledge of Beauty itself, and so know at last what Beauty is."

—Does that explain, my dear. You see, you and Joe are merely beautiful creatures.

Co-ed: Plato, have you ever been married?

Plato: Er, no.

Co-ed: Ever been in love?

Plato: With a beautiful truth, yes.

Co-ed: Oh.

Ll.D.: Er . . . one thing, Plato. Are our Co-eds and men students going to live together and receive the same education.

Certainly.

You mean you're going to teach the Co-eds music and gymnastics too?

Sure.

You know, Plato, we're not going to have any difficulty getting students to come to our university. Everyone will think this a nudist colony.

—I suppose we do run the risk that our whole scheme will be made fun of. But know, Ll.D., that ". . . the man who laughs at naked women exercising their bodies from the best of motives, in his laughter he is plucking

'A fruit of unripe wisdom.'

and he himself is ignorant of what he is laughing at, or what he is about—for that is, and ever will be, the best of sayings, *that the useful is the noble.*"

—Have we not proven that my way of Platonic love is useful to our purpose, Ll.D.?

Yes, Plato, we have done that.

Can our purpose be challenged, Ll.D.?

Since our purpose is the happiness and welfare of the greatest number of people in the State, I don't see how it can be challenged, Plato.

Even if we can't prove that such a State as we are describing has a possibility of existing?

Even if that is so.

Then if what we are doing is useful and noble we need have no fears of laughter. Miss Co-ed, what do you think of our scheme?

Well, I don't know if I want to get married . . . or, not married, since you don't believe in it, Plato . . . but I don't want to have kids so soon. I want a career. And besides, I want love . . . not your kind . . . that's cold and unromantic, but the kind Joe gives me now.

You still think love begins and ends with kisses, engagements and marriage? But how long do you think that can last, Co-ed? Don't you see how physical, and because that, how short-lived that is? There is nothing eternal about love of that kind?

Oh, yes there is, Plato. How do you think I was born, and my mother, and her mother, and her mother?

You can't see that it might be more satisfactory to love an idea, or ideal, than a person?

Co-ed: Gosh, no!

Ll.D.: That's the way most of them will feel, Plato.

Well, Ll.D., we'll have to abolish that type, and keep the rest.

Ll.D.: I'm afraid you'll have a hard time finding any of that kind, Plato.

Plato: And what do you think, Miss Co-ed? Do you think I can find any girls for our scheme.

Co-ed: You might ask the men students to help you find them. Maybe that's the kind they want.

After Such Years

When we were growing up, we bent our backs
Under a load of hurt and disillusion.
New truths arose to disconcert the old,
And all our ends dissolved in wild confusion.

Now, with the tolerant, retrospective eye
Of youth toward adolescence, we recall
Only the laughter and the eager loves. . . .
"We were happy then," we say. And that is all.

VIRGINIA HODGES, '40

BOOKS

SERENADE TO A WOODEN SPOON

Serenade. By James M. Cain; Alfred Knopf, 314 pages, \$2.50.

James Cain is a clever and intelligent man. When he writes books, they sell. That is probably the only reason he writes. He does not impress one as being a soul in conflict, for whom expression for its own sake is a necessity. His work is not the result of a blind unconscious artistic impulse. It is the finished craftsmanship of a man who has sat quietly before his typewriter and thought, "Now what can I write about that will interest a large enough public to make the writing of this book a paying proposition." After he has decided this, he goes ahead and writes. He is clever in deciding just what the public will read, and he is intelligent in the handling of his technique. The result is a book that is readable. Most reviewers have gone more rhapsodic than this and said, "unlay-downable." And I guess it is that.

In the first place, its style and tone cannot but have an appeal. The style is characterized by what is known in the theatre jargon as "pace." It moves quick as hell. That is a literary virtue in an age when a good deal of the country's reading is done on busses and in subways. As for the tone, well, it calls to our mind a picture of Mr. Cain pulling his checkered cap down over his eyes and writing his book out of the corner of his mouth, in a manner reminiscent of the way Clem McCarthy talks. So does Hemingway, for that matter. Well, that's all right, for critics more eminent than this one have concurred in juxtaposing these names in one breath.

Well, all those words are by the by, and are meant merely to suggest to you that the book is interesting. If it is not preëminently a book you should read, it is a book you will enjoy. College boys in particular should enjoy it. As a matter of fact, we can imagine Mr. Cain pausing with uplifted finger before his typewriter to think, "Now what can I write that will interest college boys." If he had thought that, that would be a good explanation of why he kept free of embarrassing emotion, and of being deep. The most philosophic observation in the book is a remark concerning homosexuality. "There's five per cent of it in every man. It takes only a meeting of the right man to bring it out."

The plot? Well, it is entirely fantastic, in that a little reflection will show you the improbability of the events ever happening. But that is no distraction

from the book's virtue. It hinges around a man named "I" (it is written in the first person) who, at the opening of the book, is stranded in Mexico. "I" is a broken down opera singer, who has lost his voice. After picking up a whore named Juana the plot shifts quickly to Hollywood, where "I", who has recovered his really fine voice, quickly shoots up in the musical world, via radio and the movies. From California he and Juana go to New York, where he cleans up on a big commercial radio program. The next step is the Metropolitan Opera Co. His successful career is interrupted by a murder. His now wife kills, out of jealousy, a guy named Sholto who has homosexual affections for "I." The same friendly ship captain who transported them from Mexico to Hollywood happens to be in New York harbor and helps them escape to South America. "I", now a household name, like Crosby and Whitman, disguises himself and never dares sing. The bridge of his nose hurts from his not singing. Juana rapidly decomposes in the hot climate, loses her figure and looks, but "I" sticks with her. Juana has the decency to not want to ruin his life so contrives to be killed. There the book ends.

Stated thus baldly, the book must appear crude and anything but artistic. But the artistry enters into the handling of the plot, not in the plot itself. There is not a college boy who will not like this book. Read it.

* * *

The Wooden Spoon. By Wyn Griffith; E. P. Dutton & Co., 318 pages, \$2.50.

This book will seem the calm after a storm, if you read it after *Serenade*. It is a tender, honest study of the childhood of the author, (in the guise of Ned Roberts), reared in a humble farmhouse in Wales by the sea, where life is a continual effort to keep ahead of real hunger. Ned struggles through the "turmoil of adolescence" to a vigorous young manhood. With meticulous care he carves the wooden spoon, traditional Welsh symbol of love, for Nel Huws.

You won't want to put this book down either, though it is too quiet a book to sensationally herald as "unlay-downable." But when you tire of the glib superficiality of your relations with most of your acquaintances and feel the need of a breath of cool honesty, pick up this book. You will not be intellectually enlarged from it, but you will find yourself at least momentarily geared to a view of life that is a little more sane—and appreciative.

Three Out of Five

A Story

PAUL ADER, '40

NELSON threw the book down with disgust and decided to go for a long walk. He paused a moment, turning over in his mind the possibilities with regard to direction. Then he went back to the chair, picked up the book, and stepped into the yard.

He strode along the shoulder of the asphalt road which came into the town from the north. At the foot of the hill he kept to the left, instead of going by the store, and passed old Mr. Crandall's house. The asphalt gave way to hard sand clay near the end of an irregular line of weather-blackened, nondescript houses, where a sign said: Breckenridge.

Nelson felt better with that behind him. His father liked the town. His father was a minister and had won the good will of old Mr. Crandall, who owned the mill and the store and ran the town. Nelson was different. He was a nineteen year old rising senior at the college, and to him the "charming little town" had turned out to be a languid bore.

The road dipped slightly, crossed a flat wooden bridge, and wound up into the trees. Nelson left the September sun behind and bathed his hot face in the cool dark shade. He looked to the right and left as he walked, and noticed that the wood-land on his right sloped downward toward the river. The left was more promising. Quite suddenly he came upon a natural entrance into the woods. He left the road, making his way easily between the oaks and hickorys. The brown, dry leaves were thick on the forest floor; underbrush was scarce. The woods were cool and shadowy and pleasant.

Nelson walked for several minutes before he espied a place to stop and rest. He eased his length onto the moss at the foot of a large oak and leaned against the concave trunk. The forest was all around him; there was little wind, but it was cool. He opened the book and started at the beginning once more.

But his eyes would not remain on the page. He was dreaming, he discovered with a start, gazing into the depths of the forest, to his left, to his right, in front of him. He saw nothing; he heard only the quietness. He brushed back his black hair from his forehead and sighed. This might be happiness. He didn't know. He was inclined to think that something was missing.

He sat reading and dreaming for two hours or more—listening for sounds he didn't hear, watching for something he couldn't see—before he did catch, he imagined, the sound of someone walking lightly on the leaves. And crying. Light tread of feet on dry, brown leaves . . . and sobs, like a child's.

Nelson put down the book and waited. Almost from in front of him they came . . . the sobs and the footsteps. The latter stopped suddenly, but the others

increased. He got up from the ground, stiffly, and went forward. He came almost immediately upon a girl seated on a fallen tree trunk, her forehead on her knees. Long brown hair fell around her shoulders, down in front of her bare legs to her ankles. After a moment she became conscious of someone watching.

The girl rose suddenly and stared at Nelson. She wore a plain brown dress, flowered, beltless, the sleeves cut out. She was barefooted, with brown skin, strong but young looking; perhaps sixteen, Nelson thought. Her features were even; her brown eyes encircled with red. She shook the long hair back behind her, and her face half-flushed with anger.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

Nelson was surprised; he was thrown on the defensive.

"Why . . . I'm Nelson Brenwell. I live in Breckenridge. I've only been here a few days."

"Why did you come here?"

"Looking for a cool place so I could read."

The girl looked away. Her irritation gave way to grief, and she sank back onto the tree trunk, crying silently.

"Who—what's the matter?" asked Nelson. He came a few steps closer. When the girl looked up, he could see that she had fine white teeth and smooth brown skin. Her lips were a natural bright red, her hair dark brown and crisp.

"My father's been sick for a year, and now he's died." She buried her face in her old brown dress again, and grief drained the strength from her healthy young body. Nelson wished he dared put his hand upon her shoulder.

The girl looked up. "What are you doing here?"

"I want to know what's the matter."

"I told you."

"Yes, but I mean . . . can I do something to help you?"

A trace of scorn was in her reply.

"You can't do anything."

"But I . . ."

"You can go away," the girl said.

"I'm sorry."

"Go away. I haven't any use for you!" The girl surveyed his neat clothes, his well cut hair, his rimless glasses; the black leather shoes and the book.

Nelson disregarded her gaze. "What's your name?" he asked.

The girl didn't answer. He repeated the question.

"Go away," the girl said.

"I'll go if you tell me your name."

She looked up. "Malene. Now leave me alone."

Nelson regarded her face for a moment. "Good night, Malene."

(Continued on Page 16)

Chesterfields
satisfy millions



They'll give you
MORE PLEASURE

The girl did not reply, and he turned, going in the direction of the road. He looked back twice, but the girl had not moved.

"Malene," he repeated to himself. "Malene. An odd name. And an odd girl." He stumbled over a log in the coming darkness. Finally he reached the road and went back into town.

II

The next afternoon at three he was in the same place. But he knew something about the girl. He knew that not far from where he sat there was an old cabin. Malene lived there; she had lived there with her father for five years. When she was eleven her mother had died, and her father had taken her out of school, moving out here in the woods. Now her father was dead.

Nelson read a little, not thinking about the book. He was thinking that she might come this way again. He'd worn old clothes so she wouldn't notice the difference in their dress. Yet he hardly knew why he wished her to like him. He would not admit to himself that he did.

Toward late evening he arose to walk around a bit. Behind him he heard a noise, and turning saw the girl. She had been watching him. How long? he wondered. Malene approached him quickly.

"I didn't want to see you anymore," she said, stopping in front of him, her bare feet planted firmly in the moss.

"But you do," Nelson answered. He noticed that her face was not free from signs of grief. She had been crying recently.

"You shouldn't come here and bother me." She shook her long hair, her face up.

"I'm sorry if I bothered you Malene. But I don't think I have."

"I don't like you," she said.

Nelson almost forgot himself. Her pointed frankness left him speechless for a moment.

"It doesn't matter," he said at length. "I come here because it is the coolest place I have found. . . . Why did you come back this afternoon, Malene?"

"Because I live here," the girl answered, indignantly.

"I'm sorry," Nelson said, quickly. Then he added, "You are too young and sweet and beautiful to get angry, Malene. If I come here to read, you need not come yourself."

"What's your name?"

"Nelson."

"I told you, Nelson, that I don't like for you to come here. If you do I'll hate you!" Malene spoke in a tone that convinced him of her determined nature. He bade her good night and left. When he disappeared, she was still standing, motionless except for her heaving young bosom.

III

Nelson went to his room after supper and sat on the bed, thinking. An hour later, when he began undressing, he had not decided whether he would go back again tomorrow or not. He had not made up

his mind, but he felt that he would, inevitably. Tomorrow was Sunday; he had known her since Friday, but he thought it was weeks. And she was still a complete mystery to him. He knew that he would go back.

As he walked swiftly along the dirt road, ignoring the sun, he realized that he had lost his apathy. He was coming alive. Never had he felt such consuming anticipation. His heart, his lungs, every part of him was speeding up, racing toward something unknown, yet perhaps not unforeseen. He felt that he had known this was going to happen. He turned into the woods, following instinctively, directly, the way to the old oak. On all sides were trees, green leaves with yet some red and brown. The moss was thick and green and soft around the roots of the tree. He sat in his old seat, reclining against the trunk and looking about him.

The hours passed. He read for long minutes, then raised his eyes, searching the trees in front of him for sight of Malene. She did not come. At six o'clock he gave up all hope. He returned home with a heavy, aching disappointment in his heart. He had been so sure that she would come.

Tomorrow perhaps! was his hope. Monday afternoon came, and she did not appear. With rising anger, he thought that she was avoiding him. He resolved, nevertheless, to come on Tuesday. The next afternoon was a repetition of Monday. Malene was nowhere. She did not come.

He came later on Wednesday afternoon, heartless. He walked slowly, loath to find her not there. But he was surprised when he approached to see her sitting on the ground near the oak.

"Malene!" he shouted, running toward her. "Where have you been?"

The girl stood up. Her manner checked Nelson's enthusiasm. She was sad, but not unbeautiful.

"You still come?" she said, a little irritably.

"Yes, every day. It's so pleasant here . . . but you have not been here for three days, Malene!"

"No! and I only came here today to tell you not to come again. Why do you keep coming?"

"I told you, Malene."

"I don't believe you. You come here because . . . because of me, and I do not like you."

"I don't like you particularly," Nelson retorted. "And I don't come here because of you."

"Then stay away."

"Why?"

"I will hate you! I tell you."

Nelson smiled. "Perhaps you are afraid that you will like me."

"No!" Malene exclaimed, coming closer to him. "No!"

"I shall come tomorrow," Nelson said.

"I won't be here."

"I'll come Friday."

The girl turned abruptly and without a word walked into the maze of the forest.

Nelson returned on Thursday, but did not find her. Forcing himself to be patient, he waited. She

did not come. With the coming of darkness he felt both disappointment and anger. He was angry with himself for being depressed. He half-decided not to come again.

IV

On Friday afternoon he was still uncertain as to what he would do. He thought of flipping a coin. "Heads I go. Tails I don't." He flipped the coin, which came down tails up. He regarded the coin distrustfully. "Two out of three," he said, snapping the coin into the air again. It was heads. A third time. Again it was heads.

"There," he said, "I go." He had known that would be the outcome, but he knew another thing; today would be the last time. From Friday to Friday was enough if she didn't come this afternoon. He had decided that.

The distance seemed shorter than ever as he walked it. The sun was not so hot as usual; there was a breeze. He felt strong and healthy, as he felt sometimes after a swim or a hard set of tennis. His slender body moved easily in his old clothes. And his mind was undisturbed. Either she would come or she would not. If she didn't, then that was the end. If she did . . . well, he could think of that when he saw her.

When he came to the old oak, he stretched out on the green moss; he left his book unopened. He took off his glasses and placed them carefully on the book. He could not read; he could only breathe deeply the late summer air and gaze up at the swaying red-green leaves.

Half an hour passed before he heard her steps on the leaves. Malene appeared, wearing the same brown dress that hung freely about her firm young figure. Her feet were bare as before, and he noticed the strong muscled calf and the slender ankles. Her entire body was graceful, coördinated. She stood a little away from him.

"Hello, Malene," Nelson said, sitting up.

"Hello. I did not think you would come again. This will be the last time."

"That's funny! I had thought the same thing."

"The very last time," she said, emphatically.

Nelson was puzzled by the expression of her face, brown and smooth in the shade. The sun turned her long brown hair golden around the edges. Her bosom rose and fell with her quick breathing.

"What do you mean exactly?"

"I say that we shall never meet here again."

"Why?"

"Because I have decided. Stand up, Nelson."

He got to his feet, and looked at her quizzically.

"You are not unusually strong, Nelson. But you are a boy. I am a girl. I have lived here for many years, and I am strong. You don't know how strong I am."

"Perhaps not," Nelson admitted.

"Come here," the girl said.

"Yes," Nelson approached her. Malene's eyes were deep and bright. He thought that she was beautiful. His heart and lungs were working rapidly. He wished

to embrace her and kiss her, but she was looking at him too directly.

"Now," she said, "if I throw you and put your shoulders on the ground three times, you will leave here and never come back."

Nelson was incredulous. "What?"

"Yes, three times. But if you throw me and put my shoulders to the ground three times, I will go with you."

"Go with me?" Nelson breathed still more quickly.

"Yes," the girl smiled, "if you throw me." She tossed back her hair with assurance. "Are you ready?"

Nelson's mind was awlirl. The girl is crazy!

"Are you ready, Nelson?" she repeated, bracing herself.

"Yes," he said, moving a little away from the tree. The girl advanced and seized his hands. At the first touch of her fingers he forgot what was happening. She was maneuvering, her bare feet darting about on the moss. Suddenly she came in and grasped him around the chest. Then he felt the real strength in her body. Her arms were living steel. She lifted him from the ground and before he realized it his shoulders were pinned firmly against the moss. He relaxed and breathed more easily. The girl smiled and released her hands from his shoulders. She stood up.

Nelson's heart was pounding violently. He was angry with shame. The next time would be different. He knew her strength now.

He got to his feet and smiled back at the girl.

"You are very strong, Malene."

"Yes . . . are you ready now?"

He nodded, and they met again. Nelson maneuvered with her, counteracting her offense. He was quick and lithe . . . she had surprised him the first time . . . this would be different. For five minutes they stayed on their feet. Then the girl came in, attempting to overcome him again by sheer strength. Nelson was prepared. Stepping aside, he deftly entangled her feet, and caught her as she fell. Her shoulders were pinned. Instantly she relaxed, her breast heaving, and again smiled. Nelson looked down at her; he bent to kiss her parted lips, but quickly she upset him with a powerful shove that sent him over backward. He came up on his feet. The girl stood up, smiling, and straightened her dress.

"We're even," she said. He nodded and prepared for the third encounter. In less than a minute she had tripped him and he was down on his back once more.

The fourth was longer than the second. She was more wary, and he had become accustomed to her tactics. But waiting, he found an opportunity to get her a little off balance and throw her.

It was even again. Before they stood up for the last encounter, they rested, breathing heavily. Nelson's whole body was tingling, trembling with the exertion. Malene was straightening her dress; her eyes were brilliant, her face flushed but not heated.

She looked at him. "This is the last one, Nelson."

He nodded, stretching out on the ground. Malene leaned over and touched his hair.

"You are very smart, Nelson. But you can't win this last one. Once you made me angry when you said I was afraid I would like you. You were right. But that's past. You'll lose this, and never come back here again."

"But what if I do?"

"Then I won't be afraid to love you . . . but you aren't strong enough." She jumped up. "Are you ready?"

Nelson lay on the ground, breathing, breathing. Malene sat back down near him. "Why are you resting still?"

"Because I can't do anything when I'm tired, Malene."

The girl smiled. She put her arm around him and lifted him to a sitting position. Nelson's mind was awlirl. He felt himself being raised. He closed his eyes and relaxed.

"You can have one more minute," she said, pillow-ing his head on her shoulder. Nelson could feel her heart beating against his chest; he could almost feel the energy in her young body flow into him. The minute was up almost before the words were out of her mouth. But he felt stronger.

"All right, I'm ready, Malene," Nelson said, sitting up straight.

"Well, come on!" She seized one of his hands and pulled him to his feet. She was laughing. He loved her strength and her laughter.

She came closer to him, a confident smile on her face. He braced himself. She attempted suddenly to pin his arms to his sides, but she succeeded in securing only one. With his right hand he grasped her left wrist and held on. He pushed her arm up and backward suddenly. Forced to her knee, the girl changed her grip, twisting and straining. He could see that a new expression—desperation—had replaced the smile on her face; the veins stood out on her neck and forehead. Nelson felt his own heart pounding hammer-like, shooting volumes of hot blood into his face and arms. He thought the veins would burst.

The girl changed her hold again, and they were thrown to the moss. She was breaking his hold with her knees against his ribs. He loosed himself quickly, rolled over, and jumped to his feet facing her. Almost

before he had turned she was up, and they were together again, whirling, twisting, straining. A moment later they were on the ground again. Her dress had torn across the right shoulder. Her hair was twisting and swirling about her shoulders. He could have caught it and have her at his mercy, but he had resolved not to hurt her.

She was putting all her strength into her powerful arms and legs, keeping him on the defensive.

Nelson knew that physical exhaustion was a few moments away at the longest. He took a long breath and gathered the strength in his fatigued body. She resisted equally, and they were motionless with the strain.

The girl lurched backward, thinking to roll him all the way over. But Nelson saw his chance. He braced his foot against a root before he was half across her, and killed the impetus which she had given him. He fought with his legs to keep her knees on the ground, straining to flatten her shoulders on the moss a few inches below. For a long second she resisted, holding one shoulder well up. Then suddenly she sank back completely, her eyes closed, her lips and mouth resuming their natural shape. She relaxed. Her bosom, half bare, rose and fell with a heavy rhythm.

Nelson slowly eased his arms, keeping his hands on her shoulders. She seemed to be sleeping as he looked at her, and he bent his lips to her forehead, her cheek, then her lips.

Malene opened her eyes, and sitting up, kissed him once. She stood up quickly and tied the broken shoulder piece.

"Wait here," she said, and ran lightly into the trees, her hair streaming in the wind.

Nelson sat down on the moss and wiped the sweat from his face. He closed his eyes and waited. It took Malene only a few minutes. She was back, and ran up to him, taking his hands.

"Now, we can go, Nelson." He smiled and allowed her to pull him to his feet. He saw that her dress was new and pretty, and she wore shoes!

They walked side by side toward the road. He glanced at her clean profile, the billowy long hair which she had combed out and adorned with a woodland flower. When she looked at him, her eyes were clear and brilliant, she seemed extremely happy.

Nelson kissed her again.

Lines Written in Dejection

Dark night, gather me 'round with velvet folds
And let no lightness glimmer through
To pierce my mood.

J. S. O., '39

Excerpts from

A College Sketch Book

WALTER SCHAEFER, '38

GEORGE

HIS HAIR is neatly parted and pasted. The hands and face and teeth are clean and behind the ears there may be remnants of dried soap suds. He takes a shower bath every morning and never forgets to turn it on cold before getting out. He wears a clean shirt, often a tie, and his clothes are of the proper cut and fashion.

He plays tennis, baseball and bridge and cheers frantically at football games. He belongs to a fraternity, the student council and a peace organization and is loud in his hatred of Hitler, Mussolini, Hearst, munition manufacturers and Japs.

In his studies he is fairly conscientious. He attends classes regularly, takes careful notes and turns in neat typewritten term papers of the proper length with long quoted passages. He does what he is told to do, works reasonably hard and is a "B" man.

From time to time he goes to church and speaks vaguely of reconciling modern science with old belief. Accepts the sanctity of marriage just as he accepts honesty, honor, persistence and charity as standard virtues. He complains about few things—the Union food, the sales tax and his eight o'clock class.

Of sex his notions are of a nebulous sort. He occasionally tells obscene jokes, gossips about his female acquaintances and is mildly interested in French Art magazines and books on sexual hygiene. Believes in birth control, limited divorce and sterilization for the mentally unfit.

An active participant in labor relations conferences, he, from time to time, reads papers on the forty hour week, John L. Lewis, the closed shop and sit-down strikes but never on the maid who cleans up his room for fifteen cents an hour or the colored laundress whom he beats down to fifty cents for a week's wash.

In a few months he'll be graduating—not with honors but neither will he have flunked. He'll be getting a job with Armours, the local gas company, patent leather works or bank. When he's accumulated four thousand dollars, he'll be getting married and later having three children. They will be properly fed and clothed and later sent through college. He'll play golf and bridge and whatever games are in fashion. Politically he'll pride himself on being a

liberal and vote against lynching, child labor and slums.

* * *

Divinity Students in the Locker Room

"Expect to get married?"

"Not right now. You thinking of it?"

"Hope to some day. Couldn't very well think of it on six hundred a year."

"Yeah."

"I honestly wouldn't want to ask a girl to marry me on that even if she was willin'."

"It all depends on the girl."

"Yeah, that's right—on the girl."

"I know a fellow who got married on two hundred."

"That guy must have been in love. Do you mean he really didn't have anything else?"

"He didn't even have that when he started. It was tough going. They both had to pick up small jobs here and there. You know, it's hard getting married on that and then again it's hard not to."

* * *

CALVIN

He'll tell you tennis is a great game—good exercise—keeps you fit. And he ought to know because he plays every day from a quarter to two—leaving a half an hour for lunch to digest—to a quarter to three. He will also tell you, without prompting, that you will be able to accomplish more with a little regular relaxation. All work, as you know, makes Jack a dull boy.

There is a rational neatness in his conversation—a refreshing absence of sentiment. No, he does not ignore the existence and power of emotion but in his hands it takes on a satisfactory order and system. It was not purely by a stroke of fortune that you happened to meet your 'one and only' one starry May night. What obviously took place was that you were in such a mood that any one of a number could have qualified as the 'one and only'. He does not make use of the word 'love'. 'Love' is a phenotype. It inadequately describes a situation that may be any one of a number of things—physical attraction, desire for companionship or intellectual sympathy. His choice of words is neat, precise and unambiguous.

The stimulus of his conversation will leave in your mouth the acrid flavor of jet black coffee and you will feel as though you were sitting on some mountain top with a vast neat panorama of square fields, planned cities and little maggots moving below you. He neither judges nor condemns. He accepts. Life is a balance sheet. For everything you do there is a price. It is inevitable and inescapable. Only weaklings complain when the bill comes in. Much of our misery comes about because we lack imagination and foresight—because we refuse to recognize the price tag and the first of the month.

It was on a Saturday evening early in May that Calvin gathered his books and went to the library to study. There had been too much noise in the dormitory to study—Mac bellowing in the hall to Schmidt, radios turned on full blast and strains of "The Old Mill Stream" coming from the bathroom. Some one had tried to borrow some studs from him. "Damn the fools; didn't they know that exams were coming in a couple of weeks?"

In the reference room were two people hunched over their books. They glanced up at him as he entered and then hurriedly dropped their eyes back on their work. Calvin sat down, spread out his papers, took out his pen and carefully wiped it. Then he leaned back in his chair. It creaked. The two others in the room looked at him indignantly. He sat forward, tense, scarcely daring to move, running his eyes down the columns of the pages. In the distance he could hear the echoing sound of footsteps in the corridors. Through the open window came the sound of harsh, rasping laughter. Then he remembered that he had to take notes but he had forgotten what was in the last two pages. He reread them but somehow they eluded him. He'd worked pretty hard that week. Was in need of relaxation—better go to the movies. He'd be able to make the work up later.

It was ten-thirty when he came out. It was a soft moonless night—the heavens ablaze with stars. Men and women, some swaying arm in arm, strolled by laughing and chattering.

At ten-forty he entered his room. On the floor lay a pair of pants. His room-mate had dropped them before leaving. "Careless fellow, he'll never get anywhere," muttered Calvin stooping to pick them up. Then he sat on the edge of his bed and glanced around the room. Everything was in order. The few books in the case were all in position—the largest at one end and the smallest at the other. The surface of the desk was bare of paper and pencils.

He removed one shoe at a time placing it exactly in line with the rest and tucking the laces within. Undressed and washed he wound the alarm, set it at seven. (Tomorrow was Sunday but he had work to do.) Satisfied, he walked to the windows, opened them top and bottom—to let the fresh air in and the stale out—filled his lungs and then got into bed. Before turning out the light he glanced at the clock—"11.03—H'm, three minutes late! I shall have to be quicker. Time and tide wait for no man."

* * *

"No sir, my wife's going to be a virgin. When she goes walking down the street, I don't want the pool room boys saying—'Uh, uh, look who's coming'."

* * *

"How's your sister, Hot?"

"Don't know but the boys say she is."

* * *

"Boy, if I ever get the money, that's just where it's going—into a *Super-charged Auburn*."

* * *

"Say Bill! The next time you put me to bed, for God's sake, put on my pajamas and take off my glasses."

* * *

"Anything that guy Roosevelt says is wrong and they oughta shoot that guy John L. Lewis."

* * *

"Oh I wish to God this university would close up. I'm so sick of it I never want to look at another book again."

* * *

"What we need around here is more school spirit. Why only last night we had to toss a couple of sophomores in the pond before we could get 'em out to the pep meeting."

* * *

"Him?! Hell, he wouldn't know what to do with it."

* * *

"If you've been writing to a fellow for a year or so, you get kind of hard up for things to say. Of course if you have to write mush, that's easy; you can scribble off three pages in a half an hour."

* * *

HERMAN

He could see it all clearly before him. It would be a small village with little white houses covered with honey-suckle, neat and clean, each with a little plot of ground around it. Inside each of them there would be deep chairs, large open fireplaces, columns of books—leather bound classics and gaudy jacketed novels. On the tables there would be magazines and journals in profusion for these people were to be cultured tho workers, tillers of the soil, millhands and truckdrivers. One and all they should have intellectual and refined interests. The floors of their houses would be deeply carpeted; from the windows would hang warm draperies and on the second floor there would be several bathrooms, but in none of these houses would there be a kitchen. There would be a division of labor and, with all the technological advances, the hours of labor would be reduced to six. They would all eat in a spacious restaurant on the village square. It would be a low ceilinged room with heavy oaken beams, small intimate tables with individual lamps. The food, wholesome but appetizing, would be served with unruffled calm. Over the tables would flow conversation, stimulating and bril-

liant. He, weary and tired from the work of the day, would sit in a corner table with his more brilliant associates surveying the work he had wrought.

They would be a happy people acknowledging gratefully the service he had rendered them. For were they not free of the everlasting fear of starvation? Were not their jobs on the vast community fields of the best possible sort? Were not the mothers relieved of the care of their children by the community nursing school? Did they not work but six hours a day with the rest of their time free for sports, reading, painting, dramatics and writing?

Yes, he had a right to be proud of all he had done. He could picture himself with his eyes slightly closed, his face haggard and worn from the weight of his burden, leaning back in his chair and dreaming of a day when vast cooperatives with little white houses and neat community squares should spread all over the country giving rise to a brotherhood of man that should know neither hunger, nor strife, nor hatred nor fear.

* * *

PETE

The floor is rugless. On the desk top are a scattered collection of pipes, several varieties of tobacco, a pencil and the sport section of the *Herald-Sun*. On the top shelf of the book case are a radio and a few books—"Economic Principles and Problems", "A Beginner's French Grammar", "An Introduction to Zoology" and a number of other texts. On the shelf below it are copies of the *Post* and *Colliers*. The lowest level is bare except for a dirty handkerchief. On the chair, crumpled up in a ball are two soiled shirts, a pair of dirty socks and underwear shorts. The bedspread is of plain white cotton. Pasted on the mirror are a number of stickers—"Duke", "North Carolina" and "V.M.I."—and wedged into the corner a small newspaper clipping of Ginger Rogers. On one wall hangs a Duke banner; on the opposite one, an enormous poster bearing the caption, "The Sign of Happy Motoring—Esso", which depicts a car speeding up a mountain top at sixty miles an hour. In the car is a woman, blond and ample of bosom, leaning back on the protective arm of the male driver.

Our Last Duke

(Thank you, Mr. Browning.)

That's our bronze Duke standing over there
Looking as if he were dead. I declare
That piece a wonder, now; the foundry's hands
Worked busily a week, and there he stands.
Will't please you go and take a snap? We chose
The foundry by design: for ne'er suppose
An artist fashioned that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its eager glance.
So to me you turn (since none walks by
This spot where I have come with you, but I)
And seem to ask me, if you durst,
How the cigar came there; so not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, was not
A part of our endowment due that spot
Of smoke in the Duke's left hand? Perhaps,
As you have chanced to say, "The leaf wraps
Around my lord's cigar too much"; or "Bronze
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-haze that rose along his nose." Such stuff
Is artistry, I think, and cause enough
For sticking up that spot of smoke. He had
A palm—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed: He cashed whate'er
He looked on, and his looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! Tobacco at his behest,
The falling of the rivers in the West,
The slice of stocks that some unlucky fool
Lost in the market for him, the golden rule
He rode around the terrace—all and each
Would draw together within his reach,—

In sight, at least. He thanked God,—yes!
but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if he ranked
His gift of a four-score million
With anybody's gift.—But who's repent
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In trade (which you have not) to make your will
Quite clear to the Church and say, "Just this
Or that in you displeases me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessened so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
You should feel yourself guiltless, and refuse
Ever to stoop.—Oh sir, we smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er we passed him; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew;
he gave his wealth;
Then their smiles stopped all together.
There he stands
As if dead. Will't please you leave? We'll meet
In the dope shop below, then,—I repeat
The Duke our donor's known munificence
Was ample warrant that no just pretence
Of ours for money would be disallowed;
Though his fair gracious self, as I avowed
At starting, was our object.—Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir.—Notice the chapel, though,
And its high tower, thought a rarity;
We built it o'er the Dukes' sarcophagi.

—SIDNEY STOVALL, '39

Milly

BETTY MARSHALL, '39

MILLY HARDIN was born during the last year of the Civil War. She's aged now—and queer, some people say. But they don't really know Milly. I do know her, I think. I've been acquainted with her for ten years, ever since the day she took her rifle from its place beside her on the porch and shot at me when I was trying to steal some cherries. The shot scared me so badly that I fell right out of the tree. Milly came down from the porch, in that slow deliberate way of hers, picked several handfuls of cherries from the loaded tree, and handed them to me.

"Take these an git, sonny," she said.

I left hurriedly that day, but the very next afternoon found me walking up the old rutty road that runs by Milly's cabin on the hill. Milly was out in the field hoeing her little patch of corn. I stood for a while and watched her bent frame silhouetted against the sky. She stopped frequently and leaned heavily on the hoe. The sun was pouring down its heat as hot and heavy as molten lead that day, but Milly worked on. She wore a faded and dirty dress that reached to her ankles and a large bonnet that almost covered her face. Her bare feet dug into the soft earth as though they were a part of it. She looked up once and saw me, but she didn't say a word. I walked on, perhaps a little disappointed that she hadn't spoken.

Milly held a deep fascination for me, a child of twelve. I asked my parents about her, but they could tell me little, being summer residents only, in Fletcher. All that summer I directed my hikes through the mountains to points it would be impossible for me to reach without passing her cabin. Milly saw me innumerable times and once we met in the road. She made no effort to speak, nor did her face show even a slight sign of recognition.

The cabin in which I lived with my parents was situated on a lake about four miles from Milly's cabin. Several families of us spent our summers in the mountains each year. The cool, clean air and the atmosphere surrounding those tall green peaks was a haven of refuge from the tight, sultry atmosphere of the city. We were acquainted with most of the inhabitants of the country. My father used to say that he enjoyed the company of those mountaineers more than he enjoyed the associations with some of our so-called friends at home.

We left early that summer, eleven years ago. I had seen Milly a number of times, but not yet had she spoken to me nor had I acquired enough courage to speak to her.

The next summer I returned to Fletcher, determined to know Milly.

It was chance that gave me my opportunity. I rescued a calf of Milly's. On one of my untiring trips along "her road" (as it now became known to me) I saw the little calf. In an endeavor to get through the barbed wire fence, it had entangled its hoof in the wire. I released the calf and was looking at the cut the wire had made when I heard, or sensed, the soft sound of feet on the heavy green turf of the pasture. I turned to see Milly standing nearby.

"What ye doin hyar agin, sonny?"

"I saw that your calf was caught in the wire, and I came over here to untangle it," I said.

"Be hit hurt much?"

"No, I don't think it is much more than a small cut."

There was a long silence. Milly simply stood and looked. I busied myself by examining the calf's hoof, although I knew well to what extent it had been hurt.

"How fer do ye live frum hyar?" She spoke suddenly.

"I'm living down at the lake with my parents."

"Thet ain't so fer, but ye better come up to the porch an rest afore ye gits goin."

My delight must have shown in my face, for she looked at me with a queer expression and turned to lead the way toward the cabin.

The cabin was small. I had to be content with remaining outside. The porch was rickety, the roof supported by gnarled posts that were cracked in places. Strings of dried peppers hung from the edges of the overhang. There was one piece of furniture. It was a shaky old chair, and Milly occupied it. I sat on the top step. I shall never forget the impressions that I received that day. I had a great deal of time to look about me and observe, for Milly scarcely spoke. She sat almost motionless, only moving to turn her head and let fly a spray of brown liquid that looked like tobacco juice. I learned later that she chewed snuff.

Milly's outward appearance was shabby and dirty, but somehow I overlooked that when I glanced at Milly. I seemed to look beyond that dirtiness to something clean and fine.

Milly's face was lined and yellowed. There were no creases from flabbiness, because her cheeks were hollow and the skin stretched tightly across her cheekbones. Three of her teeth were missing at intervals. Her thin lips were of a bluish color. But Milly's eyes were indescribable. Her frame was small and almost fragile, but when I looked into her eyes I saw something big and strong and capable. It wasn't the expression in them that gave me this impression, though, for Milly's eyes did not seem to have a definite expression. They were piercing, yet they were

soft and gentle eyes. The expression lay in their depths, I think.

Always there was an odor of tobacco about Milly and her cabin, but there was mingled with it an earthy sort of odor.

Milly turned a little in her chair and I saw the two guns. One was a rifle, the other a shotgun. They leaned against the flat wall of the cabin, within easy reach of Milly's hand.

I went back many times that summer to visit Milly. We talked but little, always just sitting on the porch in a pleasant silence. Always the two guns remained leaning against the door.

One thing only did I learn of Milly. She hated Poke Lathan and hated him passionately. Often he would pass Milly's cabin, as we sat on the porch. Not once did he pass without her murmuring: "The dang mean critter."

It being a matter of curiosity and knowing it impossible to discover the reason for this hatred from Milly, I inquired of some of her neighbors. I learned little, except that it was generally believed that Poke Lathan had killed Milly's husband in a furious rage over the rights to a piece of property. Poke was disliked by the majority of the mountaineers, being a cruel individual. He beat his horses unmercifully, and this was the unforgivable sin in that country.

Summers passed swiftly by and there grew to be a sort of a silent feud between Milly and Poke Lathan.

If guilty of the crime of which he was accused, Poke remained unconvicted, due to lack of witnesses and his apparently perfect alibi.

But Poke, as time went on, seemed to take delight in annoying Milly. I remember that he used to make it a point to whip his horses furiously as he passed her house. Sitting close by Milly on the porch, I could

see her rage within. Once the harness broke and the outside horse stumbled. Poke continued to beat it as it endeavored to regain its footing. Millie started forward, but then, as though something restrained her, she turned her eyes away and simply murmured: "The dang critter."

Another time Poke shot one of Milly's dogs, claiming that the dog killed his chickens. I had never seen Milly so much as on the verge of tears until the day I sat on the porch and watched her gently place the dog in the hole she had dug at the base of a tree which stood near the cabin. Then she didn't really cry. It was just sort of a shiny look that came into her eyes—just a glimmer of a tear.

After she buried the dog she returned to her place on the porch and sat even more still than I had ever seen her do. Not a thing about her moved. She seemed stiff, and I couldn't get into the depths of her eyes. Something in them shut me out.

That was our last summer at the lake. It has been five years now, since I have seen Milly. But I haven't forgotten her. I can't!!

I had intended to go back to see her this summer, but she won't be there. They have taken Milly to Asheville for her trial.

It seems that Poke Lathan beat one of his horses to death right before Milly's eyes. She took her gun from its position against the wall (I can see her calm, deliberate motions as plainly as though I were sitting on the porch with her) and shot Poke Lathan.

Milly will not be confused by all those people. They'll ply her with foolish questions, but Milly won't answer them. That guarded look will come into her eyes, and they won't be able to get into the depths to really see Milly.

I'm going to Asheville tomorrow to defend Milly at her trial. It will be my first case.

Reflection

Happy is he and he alone who writes
 His full biography within this line:
I once was born. I wed. I worked. I died.—
 Or he who is too mad to know himself
 So well. I would forget the tedious chain
 Of dreams and chromosomes that are my self.
 I'd have my pride in such a shattered heap
 That I should crawl in rags to beg from babes
 The wisdom of their ignorance. And yet,
 The very self I would deny, denies
 Its own desires. I would be all-consumed
 And made a real and humble slave by love
 Of Her—but She must have a pretty face.

EDWARD POST, '38

Jan's Worthy Name

JEAN OEHM, '41

ONCE upon a time, in the exact middle of the Black Forest, there lived a woodcutter and his son, Jan. Now the woodcutter was too poor and insignificant to have another name to give his son and so the boy was called just Jan, not even Jan White, or Jan Brown.

One day Jan asked his father to give him another name. The poor man was very unhappy because he could not but he told Jan that the midnight fairy could give him one.

Three nights Jan lay patiently on the edge of the fairy clearing waiting for the midnight sprite. Two nights he fell asleep but, on the third, he spied the little man gamboling over the grass. Up piped the elf,

"Speak now, I know you have a wish for me.
Ask now, I'll try to be a help to thee."

And so Jan began. "Mighty little man," he said. "I have but one name, Jan. My dear papa told me that you, a fairy imp, could give me the other that I desire."

In answer, the elf-man rhymed,

"A name you wish, That now I see.
A name you'll get, But not from me."

Jan cried out, "But fairy man, who else can give a name to me?"

"Earn the name you want so dear,
Earn it, then come right back here.
I will dub you with the name,
That will bring to you much fame."

With this last jingle, the sprite leaped up into the air and whizzed away.

Three days Jan pondered on the name he wished. Finally, he said, "I shall be Jan Strong. If I can make a mighty fir tree to bow down before me, I am indeed strong and the fairy will call me so." To prove his prowess, Jan chose the tallest, straightest fir which stood before the hut. First he threw a rope over the top-most branches and pulled. The tree bent but would not bow down. Then Jan climbed the tree and, holding the top, jumped to the ground. Even then he could not bend it double. Finally, he put on his jumping boots. These were magic boots which a witch had given his grandfather's grandfather for making her brooms. With a mighty leap, he jumped up seizing the top as he dropped back to earth. The giant creaked and groaned, but such had been Jan's strength, that it knelt there before him, its proud green-crested head touching the soil at Jan's feet. Yet, when Jan lifted off his hand it sprang up as straight and tall as it had ever been.

Jan wept. "I am not strong. Had I been strong, the tree would have gladly knelt to me and that way remained." But Jan was young, and soon he thought, "I may not be strong but fearless I can be."

Now as it happened, there were many large and ferocious bears in the forest. Jan set out to capture one of them to prove his fearlessness of even these most fearsome beasts. He hunted three days and three nights before he came upon even a trace of a bear. That third night, as he lay in the crotch of a tree, he saw shamle into the clearing below, a big brown bear. There followed him a larger bear, and that one was followed by another greater one. Indeed, before long the clearing was well filled by bears of all shapes and sizes. At the magic hour of midnight, the bears left off their inarticulate growling and began to speak as you and I. Finally the biggest, most important bear made himself heard by all.

"Hear ye, oh brothers," he rumbled, "have not times been bad? The townsfolk guard their cattle too closely and never venture any more to walk alone through the wood. We must teach them a lesson. Are you all agreed to take them by storm this coming eventide?"

The more thoughtful bruins rose loudly and lengthily in opposition to the plan of entering the village itself. Such an attack had never been attempted before. These objections were overruled, and a meeting place was set.

Jan, shocked by all he had learned and overlooking the danger of being seen by the enraged beasts, slid to the ground. He reached the village at noon of the fateful day. To the men who gathered around him, he told his adventure. When the bears arrived that night, you may be sure they received a warm welcome. Jan was not satisfied however. He rebuked himself. "I am not fearless. Had I been so, not by running away to gather the men together, but by attacking the beasts myself, I would have saved my neighbors from the marauders. Not strong nor fearless can I be called, but once again, I'll try to earn a name. Clever is that which I will be. By my cleverness I shall the richest man become."

Jan sold little toys which he made out of chips left by his father's toil; he worked for the farmers in their fields; he tamed a young horse of noble blood which he had found, one which was just foaled and wandering in the wood. This last he sold at a good price to a rich burgher. With the money he earned in these and other ways, he bought articles which he traded for better or sold. Soon it was known throughout the village that Jan was becoming rich. The poor, the beggars—all approached Jan as he strode through the village. Jan tried to be unmoved, but

**WHERE THERE'S
SMOKE THERE
MAY BE FIRING!**



THE OLD BOY got a whiff of Joe's stinky pipe—swore that Joe was stealing ink erasers to fill it—and fired him like *that!*

**THEN JOE SWITCHED TO THE
BRAND OF GRAND AROMA**



THE BOSS RELENITED, saying: "Any man with sense enough to find a burley blend *that* fragrant and mild can stay on my payroll forever. Get me a two-ounce tin!"

PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E. S. T., NBC Red Network.

his kind heart would not let him. No hungry child was hungry after Jan had passed by; no shivering widow, homeless or poorly clothed; no old man, forced to labor hard to get food to keep himself alive.

At night Jan would count his money. Though he had done good business all the day, there was no more, perhaps less, in his pile than there had been the night before. And so it went on. Jan earned much but gave away more. He did not grieve this time however. "Rich I shall never be but I am happy. For miles around, by my one poor name, am I known and loved."

One night as, weary but happy, he trudged back to his hut, overcome by fatigue, he lay down in a forest clearing to rest and fell asleep. He had not noticed that it was the same in which he had made his wish. When the hour of midnight arrived, Jan was awakened by the sound of tiny bells. Looking around, he spied the fairy of whom he'd asked a name.

The sprite jingled softly,
"A name you wished, a name
you got,
Tho try to earn it, you did not.
Not strong, not fearless,
not clever, could you be,
Not just one but all are thee.
The people call you Jan
the Good,

They know you as no
others could.
You've earned their love,
You've earned your fame,
I dub you Good,
Be that your name."

CONCERT

PRELUDE

The silken rustling of soft dresses and a glimpse of dark eyes and white throats—the formal, elegant black and white tailoring—the inky odor and the crackling folding of fresh programs—the excited talk of music lovers and the pleasing laughter of a friend's quiet greeting—music lovers.

The tingling thrill of intellectual anticipation. The lights dim and go out. A sudden hush and the vast auditorium is silent and listens with two thousand eager ears.

SOPRANO

Alone in her single spot of glory, glaring with its whiteness, she looses the eager Voice and gently bids it go conquer with its soaring sweetness. Taking a spark of zealous emotion from the white spot, the Voice gaily trips up the aisle rugs, pausing here and posing there—then gambols onward with sheer ecstasy of freedom and joy—the lyrical sprite perches on the back row, and with lilting, leaping movement, reaches the balcony. There, like a playful, innocent but truant golden child, it dances up and down and rows, until in swift and glorious flight it vaults to the chandelier peak high above and capers gaily—looking down in triumph upon the dark audience.

BASSO

Emblem of power and might, he stands firmly in the white spot of dazzling glory, and pompously commands the Voice forth to its ponderous and brilliant work. Strong and obedient, the Voice treads heavily up and down the aisles, goes back-stage, returns. Knocks on all the doors—finds the cellar door, pauses for a thick and growling moment, then enters, and goes down to sound the mellow wine casks.

POSTLUDE

The applause, gathering momentum and force, rolls in from the back rows, and, like a mighty wave, crashes against the sea wall of the stage, showering the singers with its generous spray.

—PETER MOODY, G.

THE COLLEGE MIND

(Continued from Page 1)

terion of value "what is the use of it" has merely been contracted to "what is the use."

We would ask you to take account of the principles of thinking he is taught to respect, only those which proceed upon the basis of empirically attested to facts, those things he can see and touch and that turn blue or red in a sulphuric acid solution. We would further refer you to the morning newspaper, with its chronicle of empirically attested to facts, where the college student learns what to expect of the outside world. It is hard to read between the lines of an AP dispatch from Europe and see God, goodness, or even greatness.

We would suggest to you that his line of reasoning might be this: my life is mortal; knowledge of essential things (things that have to be taken upon faith) is futile; words are empty of meaning and dangerous, (he has seen attributed to such words as fascism, communism, God, good, some twenty or thirty meanings); debate is futile, (he has seen the rulers of his country at Washington calling each other names like children and publicly threatening to kick each other down Pennsylvania Avenue); mature men whom I was taught to respect are making public fools of themselves and bungling this world into another war that scientists tell me will blast millions into death, (and he knows he will be one of them, though his mind lacks even the energy to hate); who will know or care that I did or did not do this or that, a hundred years from today, (he heard that as a title of a popular song, through which medium the masses get their philosophy of life); I haven't any excuse for existing anyway, (he tried to read a book by a respected novelist of this country which had the thesis, "what is the use of being a little boy if you're going to grow up to be a man?"); so—what the hell.

Before you hasten in with expostulations that such reasoning is of ridiculous superficiality, and before you line up your imposing array of names of brilliant thinkers who have believed, Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, Luther, Erasmus, Spinoza, ad infinitum, let me remind you that they were old, and that your college boy is young. Your old man carries along a mental umbrella when he goes a thinking. The young man is not afraid of getting wet.

Be not eager to condemn him, you who are old, and wise, and weak. In the first place, there is something admirable about his intellectual honesty. He is courageous enough to refuse to create gods in his own image. He has guts enough to deny that there is anything it is necessary he believe, simply because it is necessary. He has the fortitude to deny, while he is still young and strong (and foolish), the instinct of self-delusion which has saved the most philosophic of us from becoming gibbering idiots, which we would all become did we not grow up and weak. In the second place, if you do condemn him he will show you a daily newspaper and his muscles. In the third place, since in his troubled moments there is no deity

he can invoke with "Good Lord", is there really much choice in saying either "Good Ford" or "What the hell?" And in the fourth place, he is condemning himself.

No, do not condemn him, for there are too many absurdities in your impressively phrased thinking that he might challenge you with. Nor do you try to impose upon him your faiths or beliefs. Close up your empty churches. After all, his nihilism carried to its logical conclusion, leads to suicide. His "what the hell" is largely emotive now, is a quiet "I don't know, or care", but there is no telling when he might begin to examine it, and, being young, have the courage to know. And then we really would have a decline and fall of democratic civilization. For, though doubt is a healthy sign in a young mind, your college boy is going out into a world with the same doubts. He is going out into a world which will pretty much agree with him, a world now toying with the philosophical nihilism that will inevitably follow the next great Annihilation.

Not only that, but you must take into account that he is living in an intellectual atmosphere (and going out into a more intellectual world, or at least a world more widely educated), and that, as Macaulay said, an intellectual age will make good theories but poor images. It is but his misfortune, not his crime, that, dissatisfied with theories which are going out of fashion, he finds himself incapable of being more imaginatively articulate than is apparent in his "what the hell." Not only is what-the-hellism the Weltanschauung of the college boy, but it threatens to become the spirit of this age.

The truth is, of course, that what-the-hellism is intellectually poisonous. Witness the thousands of college students with healthy bodies galled with impotence, "between vague wavering Capability and fixed indubitable Performance."

Treading water in the sea of ignorance as we ourselves are doing, with either not enough, or too many, words to think with, we cannot transcend the limits of our ego and our ignorance to suggest a cure-all for the unhealthiness of our own mind. But this, we think, is true.

The mind of Man has matured to the point that it can exist without self-delusion. The truths of the mind no longer have to be carefully guarded from it as the truths of the body have been hidden from it under the words, sex, sin, and shame. The mind of the college student is maturing free of many lies of the past. His apathetic "what the hell" contains the seeds of a new intellectual honesty that if properly understood and guided could lead to a new era of brilliant, courageous, objective, healthy thinking—of the Hellenic type.

If the college boy could be taught to have the same regard for the exercise of his mind for its own sake, as his body is exercised for its own sake; if colleges had required courses in thinking, (as courses are required in exercise of the muscles), his dull "what the hell" could be rewritten as an astonished awakening to activity, a *what the hell!!*

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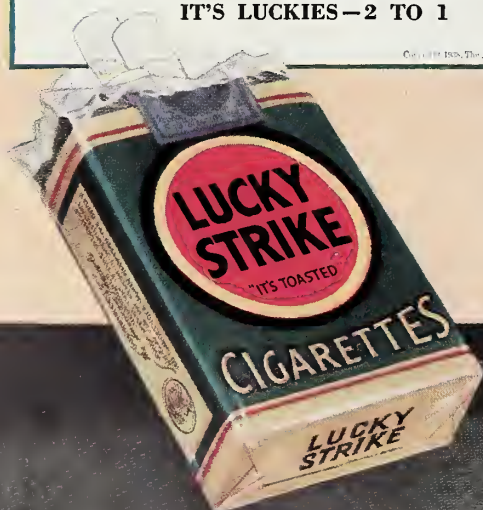
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***DOLORES DEL RIO
STARRING IN THE 20th CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE, "SHANGHAI DEADLINE"**

The Archive

Duke Undergraduate Literary Monthly



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Reminiscences of Dirty Red Berry C. Williams

I Ask No Heaven, a poem Virginia Hodges

Editorial

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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LI MARCH, 1938 NUMBER SIX

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To Be or Not To Be

If there be any truth in the rumors slinking about the campus, Duke University is about to retrace the one forward step it has taken since its inception—in the matter of undergraduate education. That step forward was the introduction, last year, of divisional honors; its retraction, the proposed abolition of this system and a return to the old departmental scheme. The issue is further complicated in the minds of the students by these two reasons, alleged to be responsible for the instigation of the movement backward: 1. the published opinion of a Duke philosophy professor; 2. the complaints of the son of one of the higher Duke administrators.

We firmly believe that the future of Duke University, not as the home of the Rose Bowl-Blue Devils nor as the birthplace of late Twentieth Century Extra-Psychic Mysticism nor as a Country-club, but as an educational institution, rests precariously upon the decisions that will decide the present problem of honors systems.

Two recent *Chronicle* stories on the subject have done little more than to suggest a conflict of faculty opinion on the problem, to exhibit that those students now being educated under the new system unite in endorsing it, and further to confuse the student body with a careless bandying about of such titles as departmental honors, divisional honors, and classroom education. The problem should be of vital interest to every student on the campus. It is the pur-

pose of this editorial to set before the campus, as concisely as possible, the problem, and to attempt an evaluation of it.

What is the problem?

Well, there are, at present, on the Duke campus, three means of obtaining an A.B. degree. These means are: 1. the class-lecture system, (in which most of us are engaged); 2. departmental honors, (in which some of us are engaged); and 3. divisional honors, (in which but a handful of students are engaged). Now the problem is . . . (but wait a moment! No, that isn't the problem.). Rather, the problem *should* be; by which of these means can the students at Duke University be best educated? We fear that the problem *is*: by which means can the *most students the most cheaply* be educated? But first, let us examine the structure of each of these three means.

1. *Class-lecture-room system.* Everyone is familiar with this system, because all of us are involved in it, at least through our sophomore year. This system entails a professor who tells you what to think and know. His lectures are sometimes supplemented by outside, assigned reading. This system includes such superfluous machinery of mass-education as quality points, hours, cuts,—and grades. That is the important thing about this system. The grades. A cold, impersonal letter of the alphabet is *the end of this means*. But you've all grown tired of hearing the defects of this system reiterated. It is an evil which everyone recognizes but does nothing about.

Let it be stated without further questioning that these things stand out as important about this system: the student is a passive subject, being *taught*, and the end of this program is the *grade*. (It might be parenthetically noted that this is the only *cheap* means of turning out a large *quantity* of students. And will probably remain so until someone discovers a machine that will give you a four-year college education in four days.)

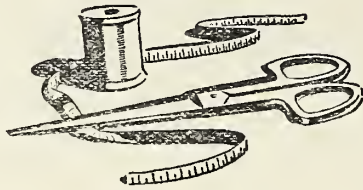
2. *Departmental honors.* This system involves special, intensive work done by the student *in addition to* his course work. Recognizing that some students may possess a semblance of ambition and may possess a more than passing interest in some field of study, this system frees the student from some of his class work and permits him to dig a little deeper into a given subject. Two things stand out as important about this system. First, the student is not wholly freed from courses, so the evils of grades and the mechanical exercise of being taught remain. Secondly, this system is a *prima facie* admission that course work is superficial and soulless—and an inadequate means of education! This is a compromise, an immoral compromise.

3. *Divisional honors.* This system entails a complete breaking away from the class-lecture-room type of education, and represents the carrying to its logical conclusion the idea of departmental honors. This is an intellectually honest system. Under it the student attends no classes, (except those he wants to sit in on), receives no grades, and is subject to no examinations until the end of his senior year, at which time

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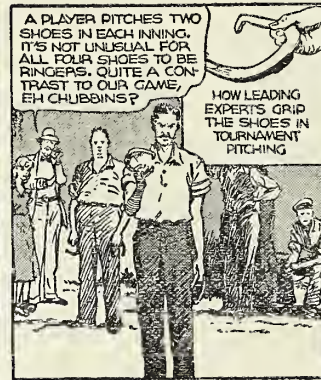
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DUKE UNDERGRADUATE LITERARY MONTHLY

VOLUME LI



NUMBER SIX

March, 1938

Henry Hitt Crane

Con

GEORGE ZABRISKIE, '41

Pro

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, '38

Henry Hitt Crane is an American phenomenon with methods akin to those of the old time revivalist who loudly and emphatically assured his audiences that unless they partook of his particular brand of salvation they were doomed to hell. But there much of the resemblance ends. Crane has more erudition than the revivalist; he has a smoother veneer of culture in his sermons, making them palatable to audiences which would scoff at the brother in the revival tent. Strangely, except for Henry Crane and the fundamentalists who still believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible, hell has ceased to be a very live theological issue. It may still be an issue, to be sure, but it is no longer weekly held up to congregations as the ultimate punishment of sin. Rather, the idea has been discreetly changed to the conception of heaven as a reward for virtue; yet like a twentieth century Cotton Mather, Crane thunders that the wages of sin are death. Despite this, he is a "modern" clergyman, and like all "modern" clergymen, he stresses the value of social, rather than private Christianity; the doctrine of being thy brother's keeper. That is good enough equipment for any preacher; but Crane's assets are even more extensive. He has traveled about the world, and with the aid of the knowledge gained by his journey and the present chaos of foreign conditions, he entertains his audience with his opinions on world affairs, and the applications of Christianity to international problems.

Now most people are Christians at heart, and they resent any suggestion of heresy. Any skeptic can testify that he finds it wise to remain silent about his views, lest he be regarded as anything from a horrible mis-

"Henry Hitt Crane is an American phenomenon" and so is George Zabriskie. For Mr. Zabriskie was able to size up our good brother after having heard him but one evening, while most of us of the adolescent mind swallow his "particular brand of salvation" for two or three years and are still hungry for more.

Mr. Zabriskie has obviously concocted his impressions with the idea of trying to depict what a freshman in pursuit of an honest, if exhibitionist, intellect would think of Crane. But he has written also with the obvious idea of trying to arouse the ire, and therefore the strong and, he hopes, the laughable defence of those who think Crane is a pretty good egg. Well, I think Crane is a pretty good egg, but all that Zabriskie's efforts arouse in me is good-natured amusement.

For example, does Zabriskie really suppose that Crane's ideas of hell compare at all, in a twentieth century way, with those of Cotton Mather (or of Jonathan Edwards, whom he probably means)? Does he believe that Crane thunders that the wages of sin are death? Mr. Zabriskie needs to travel, not so much geographically as intellectually, until he can discover that Crane's hell is a mental and spiritual unfulfillment, and that the wages of sin, according to Crane, are not a literal death possibly as often as they ought to be, but always a figurative death. Crane's hell like Cotton Mather's?—what a laugh!

Then there's that business of Crane's being a revivalist. Well, for that matter, Dr. Hickman also shouts on occasion, waves his arms on high, and impresses one with his sincerity; yet he is never thought of as a revivalist. Do we call Crane a revivalist simply

Con

carriage of nature to merely a wicked man. On doctrinal grounds at least, Crane is safe, and his orthodoxy conceals faults which any one of his audience would be quick to notice in a Communist, Fascist, or any other propagandist with unpopular views. Yet his manners and logic are strangely analogous to the political propagandists: the loud oratory, the fervent presentation, the use of truisms and half-truths to conceal fence straddling would make Henry Crane a valuable man in any political machine. His hearers are partisan; they do not need to be convinced: rather, they are eager to hear their own views expounded, reiterated and dinned into their ears.

And what do they hear? An hour of rhetoric dignified by the presence of Christian dogma. Similar bombast can be heard, watered to make it digestible for the masses, in the Holy Roller church on Sunday night. Crane's is a pseudo-intellectual approach to religion, an emotional subject rationalized to make the listeners feel that they are dealing with something very fixed and practical. The Holy Ghost and international diplomacy are mixed and delivered after the fashion of a politician speaking on the tariff and the labor problem, with the same degree of coherence, and the same result. The audience leaves with the feeling that the man is right, absolutely right, although two days later none has the slightest idea of what he said. But he was right, absolutely.

He might be thought to attract his audiences by his entertainment value, for he is a good showman, but the assumption is far from true. They come to be enthralled, to sieze every word as a bit of powerful wisdom, to admire his character which typifies the American virtues (high scholarship and an All-American basketball player during his college days) and to agree with him. His denunciation of war and international politics has all of the romantic appeal of Martin Luther casting his inkpot at the devil. If the munitions manufacturers and statesmen do not quake in their boots and vanish, as did Luther's tormentor, it matters little, for the basic appeal is in the act, not the results. Ordinary preachers are unskilled at casting inkpots, and exorcising the devil holds little appeal for them. The old technique of the evangelist, polished and revamped, serves Dr. Crane very well, and the audience still cries Amen! and Hallelujah!, although it waits until the service is finished. People with neither the courage nor the credulity to attend a revival meeting go to hear him because he has exalted revivalism to respectability.

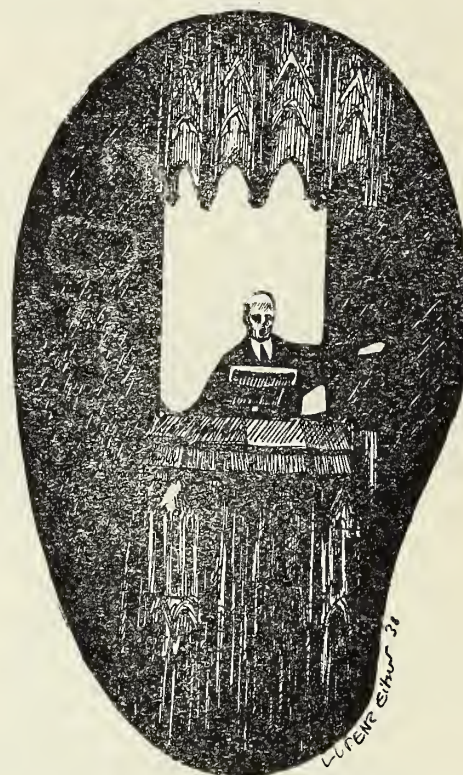
He "appeals to college men and the college mind." The inference to be drawn is that the college mind, under its intellectual veneer, is neither logical nor critical. It has been "educated" to the point where it neither judges nor evaluates, but accepts what it is given, because acceptance of ideas, if they are not contrary to early training, is the proper and polite thing. Furthermore, the emotional nature of the col-

(Continued on Page 5, Column 1)

Pro

because his obvious sincerity and forcefulness of presentation make an impression on us? Crane never invited me to hit a sawdust trail, but he has encouraged me to do a bit of thinking on what he has to say, rather than to dismiss him with a pseudo-sophisticated mental shrug. Crane a revivalist?—some joke!

And another thing, my Lord, Zabriskie, who told you about Crane's past war experience. Uncle Henry got into all sorts of trouble with the Secret Service Investigation Bureau and the rest of the interested bystanders in the last World War and immediately after, because he did just what you think he wouldn't do—that is, carry his pacifist preaching into practice. Anybody with a grain of information on the subject knows that Crane is at least one person, in the midst of a doubting world, whose sincerity of opinion and integrity of purpose have made him in the past and will certainly make him in the future, pursue the same course in his attitude towards war that he advocates today. Crane a man who preaches one thing today and turns tail tomorrow?—Zabriskie, you kill me!



On the point that Crane succeeds because of the type of his audience, you've probably got a bit of truth there. You would know better than I, because, after all, I'm only one of those general run-of-the-mill adolescents you're talking about. I must confess I'd rather spend my afternoon of Homecoming Day in the Stadium at an adolescent display of emotion over the inconsequential game of football, rather than in the Library in company with freshmen of real mental power who are looking up, though they never arrive

(Continued on Page 5, Column 2)

Con

lege student is one easily aroused: witness football games, where the students go on emotional sprees. Crane stirs their emotions at the same time that he appeals to their "intellects" by hashing a world chaos with religion. After his sermons, they leave remarking, "He's got something there," without bothering to think exactly what he has.

What has he? At present it is the ability to conduct a religious "pep meeting", to lift the students from the ennui which fell upon them when the football season ended. He has a message about Christianity and world peace, about the wicked governments which want war and the simple, kindly people who seek to avert it. Yet, if he was preaching twenty years ago, it was probably about the duty of Christians to serve in a war to end war, to crush the wicked Kaiser, who desired the conflict, and to liberate the kindly German people, who wanted only peace. If another war comes, that old message will be revived, and the militarists, so damned now, will again become the saviors of civilization.

Yet the amazing thing about the situation is neither Crane's technique nor the nature of his audience. It is that he should be given the mark of approval and encouraged by a university, supposedly an institution to develop intellectual honesty and critical thinking, to cast out the devil from its student body. That attitude is more astonishingly medieval than its uncomfortable Gothic architecture. If he were a political propagandist, using the same methods, he would be a most unwelcome visitor: if he advocated drastic social changes to remedy the evils of our economic and political systems with the same vigor that he uses against the abstract evils which every "good" man should abhor, he would be damned and cast from our midst. But his propaganda is for the "good" things which everyone accepts, and against the things which are generally condemned as "bad", so he is tolerated. More, he is encouraged. But how far would he get if he, with the political philosophy of Earl Browder, inveighed against share cropping and exploitation of labor, demanded slum abolition, or exposed the dishonest politics in American cities? How far?

Pro

at a clear idea of, the definition of "credulity." Crane has been with his church in Scranton for ten years, and they still love him there. Which, of course, proves that they, too, are of the adolescent mind. But that very point rather makes me appreciate the man all the more, when I think of the strain it must be on him, with his intellectual background of training, travel, and breadth of vision, to have to talk down, continually, to those around him.

I'd like to take this occasion to defend Mr. Zabriskie on one point; those who think they detect a note of jealousy in his mention of Crane's well-rounded abilities, his All-American rating at basketball, for example, are doing our commentator a grave injustice. It's not jealousy; it's only a divine disdain, a callous contempt for earthly achievements.

It would seem, from all of this, that I rather like Dr. Crane. In fact I do, for many reasons: his dynamic personality, his speaking technique, his absolute friendliness, his keen insight for the truth, and . . . Oh! for so many reasons. Incidentally, I have noticed that when one listens to the man without pre-conceived prejudices he retains, for an amazingly long time, the ideas which Crane has to offer. Notice how many of us still love to tell of Crane's talk with the half-dollar, and the labeling the pulpit as if it were a fruit jar. Forget it in two days?—Little George my sides hurt!

But the remarkable thing, it seems, is not Crane's technique nor the nature of his audience, but the medieval attitude of the University in encouraging his visits here. It is remarkable, I will agree, that when the University does not seem willing to bring, or students do not seem willing to hear, people with such reasonable systems of logic as Fascism or Communism, that they *should* bring, and we *should* be eager to hear a man with a stronger logic and a stronger appeal for a practical way of life than any proponent of these other doctrines. We all do have *religious* inclinations, though in spite of Mr. Zabriskie's idealism on the subject, I'm afraid they're not always Christian. What a grand thing for us adolescents that Dr. Crane used much the same methods that Jesus used with the screwballs of his day, that is, speaking in parables. It is a glorious feeling, at least for me, to have the opportunity to use what little religious inclination I may have, to gain a glimpse into real and purposeful living. Although this opportunity is seldom presented, I am grateful this one week during the year.

Never a Beginning

JANE DUSENBURY, '38

A Story

GUS and Penny still drive their ancient and dilapidated Packard phaeton around Coconut Grove. The first time I had seen it in a long time was two summers ago, when I was home from college.

I was in Pop Dickerson's drug store, drinking a soda over the counter, and Pop was telling me that his daughter had graduated from high school that June. Then the phaeton drove up, and grated to a stop. Pop waved out through the window of his little store, and Gus and Penny waved back. They were stopped in the shade of a palm tree in front of the store; Coconut Grove is small and lethargic, and there are palm trees and hibiscus bushes all around its shady streets. Today the palm fronds hung limp and still, shiny in the sun.

"The Van Gordens got a standing order," Pop chuckled. He filled two dishes with pistachio ice cream, and put chocolate sauce on them. Then he put six huge glasses of ice water on the tray and carried it out.

I wondered about the six glasses of water. Pop came back in and I asked him.

"Watch," he said.

Gus swung out from behind the steering wheel. He touched the radiator cap gingerly. It was steaming. Finally he pulled out a gray looking old handkerchief and unscrewed the cap. Then Penny handed him the glasses, one at a time, and he poured their contents down the radiator. He got back in the car and Penny handed him the ice cream. They munched solemnly, and Penny waved the hot air idly with a palm leaf fan.

"Gus don't like the fellow that runs the gas station," Pop said.

I'd known Gus and Penny ever since before they were married. When I was in high school, Gus had been studying sculpture intensively for several years under the best men. When he came to live in the Grove, everyone surmised he was going to take after his grandfather and do something with it. He'd won all sorts of awards for work he'd done in school; his work was compared favorably with his grandfather's. That was not faint praise; Augustus Van Gorden stood first in the rank of American sculptors. There is scarcely a park today in any northern city that does not boast one of his statues. But then Gus had married, and turned into a sort of recluse, living close to the tropic nature around him. He had very purposely removed himself from the artistic limelight, eager as it was to shine upon him.

I gave Pop my dime, went out in the bright sunlight, and leaned over the front door of the phaeton.

"Hello, Penny," I said. "I'm glad to see you." And I was.

"Louise! How grand!" Penny smiled, and brushed back her coppery hair.

"You're looking fine, Gus," I said to him. Gus grinned, and we all shook hands. I was glad because they really seemed glad to see me again.

We talked a while, about various people we knew in the Grove, and about how hot it was, and how fishing wasn't any good, even out in the stream. Gus evidently was still an inveterate fisherman. There were some glass bottom buckets in the back of the car, and some gigs for crawfish. The two had a sailboat of their own, that they used to go out in the bay for fishing. I would hear sometimes from home how they would go down to the keys and stay for days. To all appearances, Gus's sculpturing had reduced itself merely to a hobby.

"We've just come back from Soldier's Key," Gus said. "Wind was with us all the way. Come home with us to supper, Louise. We've got some snappers and trout. And the place looks good."

"Really?" I asked. I did want to come very much.

"Sure, if you don't mind riding in back with the fishing tackle."

I telephoned home from Pop's store, and jumped in back with the fishing tackle.

After supper that night, we talked for a while about Gus's grandfather. Gus bore his grandfather no malice, no grudge. I was surprised to find he had almost a reverence for his work.

"It'll be a long time before there's another like old Gus," he said.

There were two of his grandfather's original pieces placed conspicuously about the small room we were in—one a sketch for a fountain, the other a bust of General Grant.

"Grandfather was the sculptor of his age," Gus said. "But can you imagine a man of his sensibilities sprinkling his things around in parks and museums? Getting smudged up with all the gawking they have to take."

Penny clenched her chin and banged her coffee cup down. "But just look at the name and reputation your grandfather has, Gus. I just can't see why you—"

But Gus was going about the living room putting up the windows as far as they would go, and tying the slight curtains in a knot to let in more air.

We talked about the current competition in Coral Gables. A fountain was going to be erected on one of the big plazas there, and sculptors were invited to submit sketches. Penny had evidently tried before to get Gus to enter, because when the subject came up, he sighed.

"I just don't want to enter, Penny. Grandfather was a sculptor, hand and heart. All I've got is the hand. Grandfather didn't see it wasn't any use to put statues around. People use them to strike matches, or else fuss they aren't modest."

Then he became jocular. "I'd much rather fish. Look at that." He pointed to a six foot mounted swordfish that almost filled a wall, glistening green in the dull light. "Penny and I, we caught that. Stuffed him, too."

"You can see the stuffing," Penny said, looking sadly at the fish. "We should have had it done."

"I know we can't afford things, Pen. And it's my fault." Gus sighed, and leaned his head back in the chair. "Old Augustus would have had his heart in a chance like this. A chance to put something beautiful where there isn't anything else beautiful. But me—well. I see the futility, and Grandfather didn't."

This did not ring just true to me. It is natural for an artist, usually a naive soul at heart, to seek the approbation of the public. I looked at Penny, and she was gazing, almost with dislike, at old Augustus's bust of General Grant.

Gus went on. "We're living all right, aren't we, Penny? The house is fixed nice, don't you think, Louise?"

"I do. Oh, yes."

The house helped Gus and Penny to live so completely to themselves—maybe too completely. It took them to its heart; on cool evenings it burned little pine fires for them. I could imagine Penny stretched on the red and black Navajo on the floor, her hair red from the flames, reading to Gus something soft of Tennyson's; reaching to toy with his shoestrings, and then looking up into his black eyes.

And then, on hot nights, the stone house would keep cool air inside, and Gus and Penny would drink lemonade, and fan lazily, and play long, reposeful pieces on the victrola. The lights would be down low so no one would come in. Outside the banana leaves would hang limp and green.

Penny broke my rambling thoughts.

"Come back and look at some of Gus's things," she said.

Gus looked at us blackly, but not unkindly. His eyes followed us as we went into the next room.

"This is where Gus works." Penny spoke as though it were a holy place.

It was a rather large room, very cool. There was a big north window, but now all we could see through it was darkness and the still grey shadow of a palm frond. The room was cluttered with a sculptor's implements. There was a clay head of Penny, marvelously delicate, an almost pictorial piece. A skeleton made of sticks and newspapers, and fastened with wire, leaned in a corner, ready for the clay that would put the cold flesh upon it. Small completed sketches stood on the long table, mostly of marine subjects, long supple fish, or herons. By the door was pasted a large photograph of the first Augustus Van Gorden, his eyes black like Gus's. It was cut

from some magazine, and had no inscription. It was the only picture on the wall.

Penny led me to a metal stand in the centre of the room, where there was an almost completed clay piece that stood about ten inches high.

"If he'd enter this in the competition, Louise! If he only would. It would win. Of course it would win! It's a Triton, Louise. It would mean several thousand dollars for us. I wouldn't want to live anywhere better, and I wouldn't have Gus any different for the world. But we could do so many little things. Some new books he wants, and more records for the victrola, and another sail for our boat. We have money from Gus's inheritance, enough to live com-

fortably. But if only he'd win this competition."

Penny's hurried speech and wide eyes made me mistrust her motive.

"Penny, is the real reason you're so anxious for Gus to enter because of the money?"

Penny dropped her hands to her sides, and her face turned a little white. "Louise, I'm ambitious for Gus. He has everything his grandfather had. All he needs is a start. It's all I can do, to oppose him when he wants to keep his work in the dark. But can you blame me if I want my husband to be famous?"

Penny clasped her hands and devoured the clay with her eyes. Life in the piece was still nascent, but it was about to be born. The clay was supple and sweet.



All of a sudden, I wanted tremendously for Gus to enter the piece. I thought he must.

Penny stacked a sheaf of anatomy charts together nervously, and piled up some scalpels and knives. Then we went back into the other room. I knew at once Gus had heard everything we'd said. He was not in the chair where we had left him. He was standing with his feet apart, and his head lowered. His fingers trembled, but he held a cigarette that sent smoke curling through the still air, up to the ceiling. There was color on his high cheeks.

"Gus!" I said. "The Triton's a wonder! It's just perfect."

Gus did not glance at me, but his eyes burned at Penny. She walked toward him slowly. He didn't budge, but jutted his chin out a bit. Penny walked closer and closer. For a small room, the distance seemed immeasurable. I thought of Esther going unbidden to King Artaxerxes. Penny stood within inches of Gus. She came only to his shoulder, and her head shone copperly before his dark shirt.

"Gus," she said. "Please. Please enter the sketch."

Gus looked down at her. The smoke still trembled up into the air. Then Artaxerxes extended the golden sceptre. He threw the cigarette back of him into the grate, and put his arms around her waist tightly.

"If you say so, Penny."

"Oh, Gus!"

A low slow roll from the bay echoed stilly, and outside the beginnings of a breeze fluttered the palms.

In a few moments, we all sat down, Penny on the arm of Gus's big chair, and we talked about Gus's finishing the sketch in time for the competition. He was resolute and matter of fact. He thought the piece was good, but he had no enthusiasm for the competition.

Of course, Gus's Triton won. He seemed no more than relieved. Penny and I went to see the other sketches submitted, but they were badly worked, showy pieces, marked not even by sincerity of purpose. Gus's Triton was the jewel of the collection.

The entire Chamber of Commerce, after spending an hour being lost in the winding streets of Coconut Grove, paid a call on Gus, and presented him with some sort of a contract. After consultation with Penny, he signed it reluctantly. Then they arranged his train ticket to Jacksonville, which was the nearest place he could get the statue cast into bronze. They wanted a photograph, but Gus refused. They asked him if the statue would show any influence from his grandfather's work; at this, he turned on his heel, and stalked away, red to his ears.

The next day, Gus started work. He got some more clay, and some iron to make his skeleton. The finished figure was to be about five feet, on a fountain pedestal about seven feet.

Gus worked in a state of constant nerves and suppressed excitement, and Penny waited on him hand and foot. I dropped around every day to see how the model was coming.

Gus literally lived in the room with the north win-

dow. The window was open, but it was a hot summer and there was seldom any breeze. His forehead was always wet, and he looked feverish. He smoked a lot of cigarettes, and threw the stubs, still burning, out the window.

Penny brought him icewater, and lemonade, and clean shirts, and sandwiches. She borrowed an ineffectual electric fan that blew his papers all over the room, and threw him into a rage. He stomped and swore, and then was contrite and humbly begged pardon, and went back to his clay.

It was marvelous to watch him with that clay. He made it positively bloom. He stood solidly back from the mass and daubed with the third finger of his right hand. His touch was firm and human. Occasionally, on large planes, he used a knife, but usually it was that strong finger. Penny sat on a tall stool and watched the statue grow, with eyes big as though she were watching the loveliest thing in the world.

Every once in a while, she would get down and go change a record on the victrola. Gus wanted music all the time he was working, and he wanted it loud. Sometimes the basses made the windows tremble, and sometimes the woodwinds went soaring like so many souls through the summer stillness. Once their nearest neighbor, a gentle old lady who lived four vacant lots away, came in to ask Gus and Penny timidly if they'd mind not playing quite so loud. Penny was very sorry, and nice about it, and the next day the old lady brought over an orange shortcake, "for the young man who hadn't been out in such a spell."

Finally the clay model was finished. Not a soul had seen it but Gus, and Penny and I. The Triton was seated on the back of a swimming porpoise. He was sitting erect, head thrown back, his arms carrying to his lips a big conch shell. The anatomy was perfect, of both human and fish. It was better than anything on the same order that grandfather Van Gorden had done, I thought.

Gus looked at it a last time before it was ready to be crated and taken to Jacksonville. He would make the mould and get the statue cast up there.

"I wish to heaven this was all," he said. "I wish to heaven I didn't have to put it out before everybody. Old Gus would just be getting excited about it, I suppose. Ready for the great, great public!"

Penny looked unhappy. "Gus, I wish you felt differently. I'm proud of you for putting up one of your statues. What's the use of being a sculptor?"

"There isn't any use. That's the hell of being born with the itch in your fingers. There's always the damn crass public eye."

"But some people appreciate—"

"And some vulgarize. And some just stand and look. They chew peanuts and gawk."

Would this keep a man from showing his efforts to the world? I wondered.

Gus softened, looked at his statue, and sighed. "It's going to be beautiful." He took Penny by the shoulders. "Does it have to be put up, Penny?"

She looked straight at him. "Yes, Gus. It does."

He was gone over two weeks. During that time Penny got hollows in her cheeks and circles beneath her eyes.

"It's half of me against the other half," she said. "I have such faith in Gus. I want to see his work all over the country. And this is the first time he would ever put anything up—anything! But if you knew how he's hated it."

"What does he do with the things he makes?"

"They seldom get beyond the clay. There are a very few stored down in the Grove. Most of them are broken up."

Penny leaned against the door.

"We were in a park once where one of his grandfather's statues is. It's a beautiful one, too. Some boys were throwing acorns and little stones at it. Gus went crazy; he chased them away, and said he'd kill them if they ever came back. He knows his grandfather's things are wonderful, of course. But he can't understand how he could put up his work as he did."

"Well, after all! What's the use—"

"Oh, I know," Penny spoke wearily. "I don't understand Gus's idea at all. Is beauty beauty if there's no one to see?"

Time went by and Gus came back. He did some final work on the bronze, hammering and shaping, but I did not see the statue until the day of its dedication. While Penny wanted him to consider this the beginning of a change of ways, the birth of a career, he considered it just the opposite. This was a new path he had ventured; he would go to the first milestone. Then he would turn back.

Critics were enthusiastic, but if there was one word to describe his reception of their praise, it was mistrustful.

"What do they expect from me? What do they expect from me, anyhow? I'm not my grandfather." He brushed his hair angrily the wrong way.

So now, Gus raved, he must go and watch a veil pulled off his Triton, and hear a speech made on statuary to beautify the environs of Coral Gables.

The Chamber of Commerce finally prevailed on him to come to the dedication, by swearing he could be absolutely incognito.

Taking Gus over there would be hard for Penny, I knew, so I went early and lost myself in the crowd that gathered around the draped statue. The beautifully proportioned black granite fountain was visible beneath it. People stood around and stared at it. It was hot, and children drooped against their parents. Orange and green streamers separated the crowd from the platform, where sat the mayor and his company.

I saw the big Packard phaeton drive by and park up the road. Gus and Penny got out and walked toward the assembly. Gus looked pale and uncomfortable in a suit and necktie. Penny walked with her head up, and with firm steps.

They came and stood so near in front of me I could have touched them. Penny clung to Gus's arm. The mayor began to talk. Gus leaned down and whispered longingly, "Penny, if only we could keep it for ourselves."

Then, in a firm and serious voice, Penny made a surprising answer. "Gus, don't you be afraid."

The mayor talked yet a while; finally the veil was drawn off, and there was Gus's Triton.

What a splendid sight it was! The water shot up from the shell that was bent to the Triton's lips. Then it fell, licking over the dry green bronze, changing the statue to a lithe, living thing. The sun shone on it, wet and glistening. The porpoise threshed and swam, water drops sparkling on his back. The Triton sat atop him, caught in one moment of perfect movement.

There was a murmur of comment, and much moving to get better views, but I heard only Gus, as he stared at the Triton, wide eyed and deadly serious. He said to Penny, never taking his eyes from the glimmer of sun and water on the Triton: "I've taken some beautiful thing out of the ocean and put it in the middle of a desert. And people will stand around and stare."

People were now beginning to assert themselves as to opinion.

"Are those legs or fins, Harold?" asked a woman with runover shoes.

"Gawd, what a torso!" said a gum chewer.

"That's a beautiful thing," said an old man, feeble in his seventies.

"Papa, can you drink that water?" a small boy asked, and threw a paper airplane that struck the water and floated shapelessly.

The mayor mopped his bald head, and descended the platform, pushing the orange and green streamers out of the way. A photographer pushed people aside, and took a picture of the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce alongside the statue.

"Sure is hot," the photographer said.

Gus had never taken his eyes from the Triton. I knew how tightly his fingers, strong from the clay, must be clenching Penny's. I knew how Penny's heart must be hurting for Gus, yet how she was praying he would feel this moment his beginning. Gus gazed a long time at his shining, perfect statue.

"What do they want?" he said huskily. "What do they want, anyhow. I'm not my grandfather. I never will be. I've—I've got better sense."

Again Penny answered in a serious voice, but a voice that shook. "You're just as good, I tell you. Gus, don't you be afraid."

Things were clearer now, and sadder.

Gus turned abruptly and walked away with Penny. I knew he'd never come back to see his Triton, although he had put great love and infinite pains into its creation.

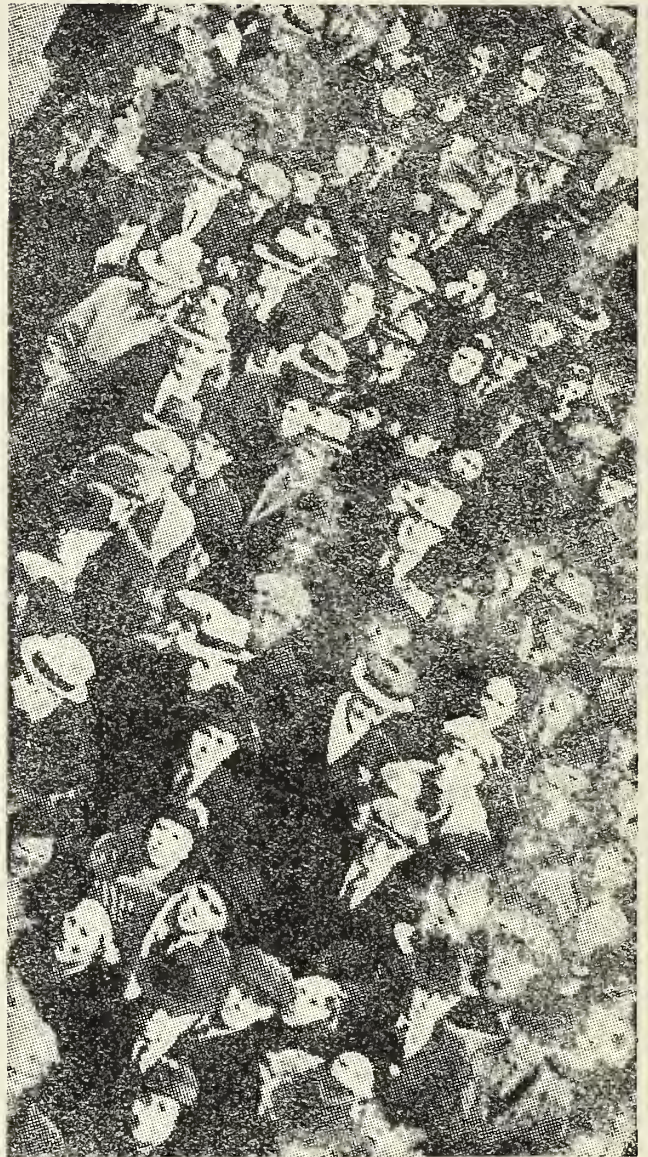
The two got in the car, and it started off, radiator steaming. In the back seat, two tall bamboo fishing poles stretched skyward, and shook their tips as the big phaeton rolled away towards Coconut Grove. Penny's head was the last spot of color; it glinted gold and white in the distance, just like the sunlight and water. And it was bent down into her hands.

Eruditio et Religio

RODERIC BENT, '38

THE MOB:

He won't come.
 The hell he won't.
 He don't dare.
 What a story this will make.
 Look at those camera men.
 They got all of them here.
 And look at that mob of reporters.
 And those mikes.
 Only one.
 It's going to be broadcast to every single spot on
 the world.
 It's all arranged.
 I can hardly wait.
 I've known it for a long time. I could feel, it.
 There are some things you just know.
 Aw, hell, it's as much of a surprise to you as us.
 And I'm not so sure I'm glad.
 This is going to make the world uneasy as hell.
 It's going to change a lot of things.
 What do you suppose is keeping him?
 I don't care who it is, they always keep you waiting.
 Jesus Christ!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
 What the hell's so funny?
 Were you swearing, or. . .
 Shh, here he comes!



The mob of 3,000,000 (three million) people, standing in the huge square amongst towering buildings of stone and steel, turns silently to fix its six million eyes on the huge platform built for the speaker. There is nothing on the platform save one radio mike, with the letters NBC on it. It is slender and black.

Suddenly, there appears standing on the platform, the form of a man. He is tall, but slight of build. He is neatly dressed in a gray business suit. At first glance, he appears to be about thirty years old. But a closer look reveals a face drawn with pain, with deep scarring lines twisting his face into a sardonic sneer. His hair hangs in long curls down his neck, and around his head is a strange golden light, as if the sun had got entangled in his hair. But it is a cloudy day, and his hair is gray.

He stands, slightly stooped, a frail figure, looking calmly out over the enormous mass of upturned faces. There is a dead silence in the crowd. There is a dead silence all over the world. Then he walks slowly to the black disc on the slender pole and speaks.

I am Jesus Christ. I expect nothing more of you than that you are silent while I speak. Those who are on their knees please stand up. Thank you.

The reporter for the Times scribbled . . . a hell of a nice guy . . . no ostentation . . . play up human-being angle . . . well dressed.

Man, I appear before you today out of desperation. In the past, my Father and I have thought it best to leave you to your own devices. There are so many of you, Man, that it is impossible to arrange things so that you are all equally provided with food, clothing, money, and happiness. Those material things are beyond our jurisdiction. There is a law even beyond Our powers of changing which decrees that for those who are rich, there must be those who are in want; that for those who are satiated with bread and wine, there must be those who are hungry; that for those who are content, there must be those who are in misery. That law is Necessity. That law is Number.

Man (whining): I hunger.

Time-womb Woman: I love.

But I have not come here today to expatiate in defence of my Father and Myself. I have come, Man, to bid you goodbye. Two thousand years ago I was crucified on a cross. I endured the rigours of My life and the humiliation and torture of My death for a purpose, for a two-fold purpose. To teach you how to live, and to solace the fear of your mind. But you no longer need me, Man, and I no longer need you.

My name is now an oath. You have defiled my pictures. You have broken my statues. You have deserted my churches. But I have come not in a spirit of revenge, Man. The simple truth is that you have outgrown Me. You no longer find it necessary to believe in Me. And now that that time has come, now that your minds are mature, you can be told this.

Man (whining): I hate, I lust, I am hungry, I am sad.

Time-womb Woman: I love.

You are mortal. There is no life after this. When you die, you become, as many among you have prophesied, (and that is the reason) nothing but crumbling dust, and that has been the fate of your fathers, and that shall be the fate of your children.

Your actions, Man, are your own. Your will is free. You are bound only by one law, Necessity, which decrees solely that there are certain needs of your body which must be ministered unto. I made your flesh out of animals.

I, Man, have been created in your image. I am merely an Idea, now taking flesh by the power of Goddess which you gave me.

Time-womb Woman: I gave birth to a man who dreamed, to a man who dreamed.

But those are things you already know, Man. This perhaps, you do not know. As an Idea, I am

immortal. I am no longer an Idea in your minds. You have crucified me again, with your minds. But mine is a dual life. For I exist in a Mind higher than Mine.

Time-womb Woman: I gave birth to a man who thought, to a man who thought.

You and Me, Man, are but a fragment of reality. We are only the small parts of a greater whole. You, Man, are the Idea existing in the minds of animal, and in My mind. I, Man, am an Idea existing in your mind. But there is a Great Scheme of Things, Man, which exists in My mind, and I, in turn, exist in the mind of the greater God of this Great Scheme of Things.

Man (whining): I am hungry.

Man who Thought: I fear, I fear, I fear.

What you have thought to be the whole of reality, Man; what you have seen as you soared high in the air, and as you have pried into the earth; and what your maturing mind has conceived as it has thought on its vast store of knowledge; all that, Man, is but as a passing fancy in My mind. Your reason is my sensation.

Time-womb Woman: I gave birth to a man who died, to a man who died.

My words, Man, may sweep away your reasoned excuses for existing, may obliterate the criterions and moral standards which you have used for judgments and directions of action. I am offering you a new concept of reality, and not a flattering one I'm afraid.

The reporter for the Times scribbled . . . look up what Copernicus did . . . and crowd grew restless and muttering.

Yeah, verily, Man, my words will fan the flame of your fatalism and you will be tempted to rush to extinction in a violent orgy of pleasure. Well you may do so, Man, for this earth will continue to look down on other worlds as a star. You will not be missed, Man.

You are an insignificant, unimportant, ephemeral animal, Man, puny and futile, your mind as your body. I, an Idea you created out of fear and ignorance and have killed with egotism and ignorance, mock you with your ignominy. You can no longer live your life for My sake. I, too, am a subordinate figure in this Great Scheme of Things. You once lived, I now am living, for something higher.

The Man who Died: I am lonely in my grave, I am lonely in my grave.

Time-womb Woman (whining): I am sterile, I am sterile.

But, Man, I do not hate you. There is a way of salvation. It will take courage to find it. But there is a way. You must go on living your life with no expectation of Divine reward, as you have in the past

with your illusion of Immortality. You must go on, Man, living a noble and humble life, an unselfish life, for its own sake. Not for My sake, Man, and not for your own sake. You will be rewarded.

How? Man, all Life is slowly moving toward a goal. That goal the wisest among you have adumbrated with faint conceptions of Beauty and Truth. It is for the sake of Beauty and Truth that you must live nobly and humbly. When the energy of life runs itself to extinction, all those deserving souls who have peopled the world will be brought together, and will be given life for one moment to glimpse the splendor of actualized Truth and Beauty. The length of time you will be permitted to gaze upon Truth and Beauty, the joy it will bring you, will be in direct proportion to the strength of the conception in your minds, in the minds of you individual men.

Time-womb Woman: I lust, I lust, I lust.

If you live nobly and humbly for the sake of something outside yourself . . . but, you are growing restless. I am growing tired. Know, Man, you are at a crisis. There is a way of salvation. A long, arduous way. A long-distant glimpse of Truth and Beauty. You may, Man, go on believing in your own importance, you may go on fighting among yourselves. But if you choose the latter, prepare for extinction.

For the mind of Him who is greater than Me in this Scheme of Things has decreed that . . .

One of the Mob shrieked out:

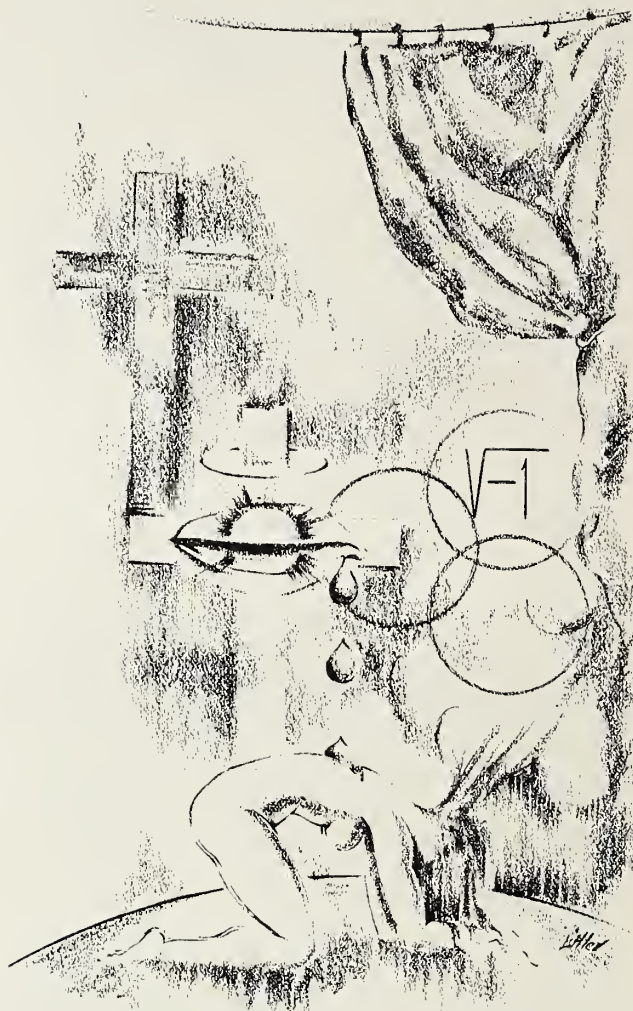
Fake!!

He's not Christ!

For Christ's sake!

This is a gag!

Let the sonofabitch have it!



A pistol shot rings out. Christ slowly crumples to the floor of the platform. There is a great stillness, then the huge mob surges to the platform. It cracks under the pressure and falls. The slender black pole with letters NBC on it breaks in two. All that remains on the platform is a pool of blood, fast seeping through the cracks to the pavement.

Two strong men quietly take hold of the man who fired the shot. With a sharp crack they break both of his arms. He makes no resistance. There is a little froth in the corners of his mouth.

Souvenir

The rain strikes almost imperceptibly.
Mind wrapped in threads of mist is lightly drawn
Backward upon the trails of memory.
And longing faintly spreads its watery stain
Upon the soul's dry, soft, absorbent grain.
But less provokingly than golden days
Flood the unconscious being with the sun

When all seems gold, dissolved in summers gone.
The gray dream and the golden dream are one
And each, though both are one, is far more real
Than the taste-sated, color-blinded hour
When passion spun small worlds within his power.
All the loved forms are mingled in this haze.
Here is the meeting of all wandered ways.

KIFFIN R. HAYES

*Follow
this pack*

for MORE
PLEASURE



Chesterfield

They Satisfy

College Love

WILLIAM VINSON, '39

A Story

AGNES walked down Mangum Street. Conscious of her swinging hips and her coy smile. Conscious, too, of the men who were following her with their eyes. She was proud of it. Proud to know that she was still as attractive to men as before she had married. Men's eyes were hopeful then; now they were covetous.

But once in a while Agnes still had a Duke man interested in her. She had been popular with them before she had married. After that they had left her alone. Still liked her. More than liked her; but they weren't going to take any chances. It was only the freshmen who were reckless enough to know her now. Almost all of the older fellows, the ones who had known her before she was married, had graduated.

But every fall a new crop of freshmen came in. Freshmen who would hang around on the corners on Saturday nights. Big eyed and big eared, in groups of twos and threes, and calling to the girls passing back and forth and giggling. Gradually drifting off one by one down side streets. Following the receding giggling.

And there were always some freshmen who would follow her around. Over there, across the street, was a fellow who kept looking at her. Agnes saw him as she turned the corner and walked up Swift Street.

The freshmen hadn't worn their dinks since Duke had beaten Carolina; but he looked like a frosh. She had seen them come in every year; she could tell a frosh.

Yes, he was following her. He turned up Swift St. too. He didn't bother to cross the street twice. He was on the same side as she was now. Quick work. Maybe that wasn't too good a sign. Maybe he'd want too much. Never can tell about these freshmen.

Agnes began to walk more slowly. She wanted him to catch up with her before she went into the beer joint. Just before she walked through the door of the joint, she turned around and gave the frosh a fragment of a smile. A small smile. Scarcely visible except to the frosh.

He followed her inside.

When he came in, she had already gotten her bottle of beer and was going to a booth. She sat down and began pouring the beer into her glass. She was holding the glass slantwise so that the beer wouldn't foam.

He got his bottle of beer at the counter and poured part of it into his glass. He half turned and his eyes met hers as she glanced up at him.

Then he took his beer and walked over to the booth and sat down.

"Hey, how' you?" she asked, her glass in her hand. The frosh was pouring more beer into his glass.

"Okay, thanks, how are you?"

She leaned toward him. "I'm always swell when I'm drinking beer." Then, looking at him admiringly: "You're a University man, aren't you?"

"Yeah," he said. He thought: *Damn: what breasts she's got. Must be twenty-three or four years old. Wonder if I can borrow Al's car some night.*

"What's your name?" she asked. "I'm Agnes."

"Call me Jerry", he said.

While she and Jerry were talking, Agnes thought: *Not such a bad kid. Some of these freshmen are pretty decent fellows. Hope he won't want to carry this too far.*

Jerry thought: *I never saw such a chassis. Damn clever kid, too. Lot of fun to be around, anyhow. Maybe I better go easy for a while.*

After she had finished her beer, Agnes said, "I have to go now."

Jerry said: "How about meeting me here tomorrow afternoon. Same time as today?"

"That'll be swell, Jerry," she said. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye," Jerry said.

Agnes walked to the door with her hips swaying. At the door she turned around and smiled at him. It was almost a trade smile.

Jerry was in the booth the next afternoon, when Agnes came in. He paid for her beer. They both had two bottles apiece.

They met again at the booth the following evening. Agnes wore a dark dress with a low neckline. Jerry wore a coat and tie. They both had three beers apiece.

"You're the best looking girl I ever saw, Agnes. You're swell," Jerry said.

It still pleased Agnes for freshmen to tell her this. Jerry was a nice kid, too.

He said: "How about letting me take you home?"

Agnes had heard this before, too. But she wasn't going to take a chance this time. Her husband might come home earlier than he planned tonight.

"No," she said. "Not tonight."

"Aw, come on," he begged. "I don't even know where you live."

"No, not tonight."

"Please."

Agnes thought: *These freshmen are quick workers; can't take the chance tonight.*

"Some other night," she said.

He was sulky. "All right", he said. But he

thought: *Damn if I don't follow her home. I can't stand it much longer.*

Agnes sensed what he was thinking. She said: "Don't try to find out where I live, Jerry. I'll meet you here, not tomorrow night, but the next night." She paused. "Good night, sugar," she said.

"Good night," he replied.

Jerry followed Agnes home. It was a damp cold night with a heavy mist that dripped from the trees and made the sidewalk slippery. It hovered thick around the street lights, and caused them to give out a puny, unhealthy glow. At each corner Jerry could see Agnes under the sickly street lamps. Half a block away, he could see her figure, full and yielding, under her close fitting coat. He could see her stride out of the diffused light into the darkness. And always hearing the click of her pumps on the cement. Agnes walked quickly, with the steadiness of a young animal.

Now they were walking over a stretch with few street lights. There were dark tobacco warehouses on both sides. Then there was an open lot grown with tall weeds and scattered cans. It was cut in two by several railroad tracks. Then more tall weeds, soggy with fog.

Jerry could hear the click of Agnes' heels against the cement. It was too dark here to see her body. Jerry walked faster now, seeing in his mind's eye her swinging body. There she was ahead of him, and he could just make out her figure. Even with the cool mist in his face, he became uncomfortably warm. He felt his armpits clammy, and he flung open his raincoat. He thrust his wet hands into his pockets. He was close to her now; in ten seconds he could overtake her. It was dark here: only empty warehouses and weeds. Nobody within blocks. Everything closed in by fog. He thought: *Go ahead . . . here's your chance . . . here's your big chance.*

But he kept behind her. Wanting her, yet keeping behind her. He thought: *Maybe I better wait. Maybe I better not rush things . . . tomorrow night, maybe.*

Then they were past the dark warehouses, past the high, wet weeds and rusty cans. Back again to vague street lights and old, forlorn houses.

Agnes turned down a side street, her head straining forward, as if she were looking for a light in a house farther down the street. As if she were afraid to find a light in the house.

Jerry followed her across the street, saw her walk into a low, crumbly house; saw it dark. Heard from across the street her fumbling with the key, stepping inside. Saw lights flash on. Her hips moving across the room.

Jerry thought: *I'm coming here tomorrow night . . . Maybe then. . . .*

The following evening Jerry borrowed Al's car. As he drove to Agnes' house, he thought: *It's coming to a showdown tonight. I can't stand it much longer. God, but she gets under your skin.*

There was a car parked in front of Agnes' house and there were lights in the house. Jerry parked the car and walked slowly up the sidewalk to the house. Before he went up the porch stairs he looked to see who was in the house: two men and a woman besides Agnes. She was leaning against one of the men, her arm thrown around his shoulder. She was looking into his face and laughing. They were swaying to the music from the radio.

Jerry climbed the few steps.

He walked across the porch and knocked loudly on the door. Agnes broke loose from the man and came to the door. She was frightened when she saw Jerry. She stepped outside quickly and closed the door.

Jerry said: "Agnes, what the hell!"

Agnes' tone was cold. "Listen, Jerry, I asked you not to come here."

Jerry said: "Who the hell's that man?"

Agnes said: "Listen, you're a nice kid. Go away and I'll meet you tomorrow night."

Jerry said: "Who the hell's that man?"

Agnes said: "If you hadn't been so damn nosey, every thing would have been okay. We'd have had fun." She looked significant. "Real fun."

Jerry said: "Who the hell's that man?"

Agnes said: "He's my husband."

"Your husband?" Jerry went cold. "Why the goddamn son of a bitch. I'll kill hell out of him."

He tore past Agnes. She grabbed at him. He kicked the door open. His breathing was coming in little, quick spurts. The glare of the light blinded him. Jazz pounded from the radio. Agnes' husband was standing, lighting a pipe. Jerry started toward him. *I'll kill hell out of him.* Agnes came in from the porch and grabbed him from behind. "Jerry, get out of here," she screamed. He felt her breasts against his back as she struggled to thrust him toward the door. He wrenched loose. Turned and glared at her. Her husband strode toward him. Agnes stepped in front of her husband. Jerry looked at her. Bewildered. Then he reached for the doorknob. "I'll meet you in hell before I meet you again", he said.

He walked out of the room. Down the steps and sidewalk.

He got into Al's car, and drove away.

Deas

EDWARD POST, '38

HE watched her as she ran on happy feet up the path
Hair flying on the lifting, lowering breeze that she cut—

Up to his arms and his known lips. Deas he called her, and she

Called him plainly Bert who kissed her with hot lips and held her as if

She were a great ivory crucifix and kissed her mouth As he would kiss the bleeding breathless mouth of Christ—with passion

Stirred deeply up and tempered by mysteries.

“Come, Deas,

To the hills and watch the sun set.”

through the pines,
Climbing and reaching the green meadow-top, they saw the long
Day's fleshless gold swept all from the night-blue east and scattered

Across the purple western slopes. They lay on the grass

That slenderly bowed and dipped, rippling up and across and down

The hill through the straight stark pines. And the last red gold poured over

The rim.

An early moon rode up on blue night-breezes.

Deas turned her face to the sky. The white light caught

In the curls that spread around her head, caught on her brow

And her smooth high hollow cheekbones, on her lovely chin, thrown up

And back as the hot, hot breath that rose and beat In her bare breasts, whispered and sighed out across her lips and over

His neck, and burned in his ear. In the naked moon-light he felt

All along him from lips to thighs her warm flesh tremble.

He leaned on his elbow and looked at her, sunk whitely bare

And pure of passion in the grass—no secrets held From him. Even as she slept. He kissed her breasts, rested

His mouth on them. His thoughts turned gently backward, far

To half-remembered scenes. Half to the rolling fire-flecked

Night and himself, half to sleeping Deas, a murmur rose

In his brain, flowed silently, mood inviolate, To his lips and forgot its shape: Your breasts recall to me

A lonely course of days through which, child-hearted, I Once wandered. Away from our fox-and-the-geese games to the rolling

Brook-run meadows I have fled to race the rock-torn Stream into the woods and lie there in a cool and fragrant

Shade on some broad-backed, bull-stubborn boulder spraddled

In mid-stream. Long I have lain there till the pines blackened and sifted

Blazing sparks over the ripples and splashing spray, Now breathing out their first startling chill, sweet breath of night.

Long I have lain there. Panting—beneath the weight of beauty,

Crying in me for something greater than I to cleanse Me in, to pour out in the muddy clutterings

Of sense, too full of scattered essence for my infant Soul to filter and refine. Your breasts recall

To me the lonely agonies of those upsurging, searching

Days. And time has tempered pain, dammed against The passionate poundings of forgotten tears, but failed, ever failed

To calm the rush and flow of feeling swept along By sight and sound and touch. And still I seek some vessel

Greater than my soul to cleanse me in. Your breasts Are deeper than this world—reach far back to the cool, Sweet springs of spirit. And resting my lips on them I feel

The same frustrated sensitivity I felt When in the woods I cried for something greater than I

But knew not what and could not grasp. Perhaps your body

Pale and fragrant can hold the troublings of my soul. You have taken into you all the agony

That broke and blistered through my veins, drained from my limbs

The weakening fire, and spread your pure young flesh under

My crossing arms, my hard binding legs, to buy me peace.

He raised her hand and kissed the palm and seeing the mark

Of his teeth in her side where the blood had sprung darkly beneath

Her skin, he kissed the wound. She woke and smiled at him.

“Marry me, Deas.” “Because of this?” she asked. He shook

His head. “No. Not for this, Deas.” She nodded. And drew

Her dress across her nakedness and tears.

Bert built
A shrine on the spot. Men must build shrines. To
show
Where once perfection was, or picture it in copies,
Raise a stone, a log, on which to stretch their souls
and beat
Out of them with pleonastic prayers and quick tears
Their weakness and desire and disappointment. A
mound, a stone,
A log to which men hobble sentiment and wonder,
Glad to chain down freedom if it bring security
And peace, grateful to the trick of their minds which
leads them to fear
And ignorance of fleshlessness, happy that they
Can nail logs and stack stones which remember where
and how they were glad.
So Bert built a shrine of two large stones touched side
to side
And a smaller one on top. And Deas thought he
meant
By them two bodies of flesh from which arose a fine
Spirit-core of oneness. That is what he meant. He
said to her
"This is *my* shrine—my shrine to you." He took her
hand
And kissed it again and in the higher moonlight he
saw
Where his finger's nail had cut into her palm and the
blood
Stood dry. He wept.

Crush stones with your aching
hands and feet,
Stamping stone on stone, and flinging your weary
arms again,
Sow them through the tops of pines. You will not
make
Them stars by that, though falling stars are only
stones.
Bert went often up the hill to the shrine to recall
The night that Deas spent virgin blood to buy him
peace,
To contemplate the mysteries of blood on her palm
And the wound in her side. Striving to come out of
himself
And into the spirit of her, into the spirit of Deas
That he had fastened under the stones. Sweat burst
hotly
Over his body, dropped from his brow and stung his
eyes,
Bittered his lips saltily—. But no peace came.
He struck his fist against the stone, crushed his hand
And felt pain rush through him and anger fall off.
The wind
Chilled his sweated flesh, left him calm and weak.
One day he came on a stinging-adder huddled between
The stones. Bert kicked with his foot and the snake,
head bloated big
With passion, strove to draw back through the hole
between the rocks.
A knot-headed stick, a power over his head, a symbol
Of force incomprehensible, a will past all

Communion with his heart and brain, fell crushing
hard
On his skull, shattered his minute wish, his simple
fancy.
And once as Bert watched, two flies hung in atom-
throes
Of procreant embrace fell drunk on the spirit-stone
And died beneath a brute stick that worked an un-
consulted
Will. And Bert spit in disgust as if to cleanse
The sight from his thought, the eraser of trivial lusts
and orgies.
Soon he no longer went to the shrine and winter came.
Winter came. Came five times and the fifth summer
came.
One night Bert said, "Come up the hill, Deas, and
watch
The sun set."

They climbed to the meadow-top and
saw the red
Sun fall and night darken through the sky. The
world grew pale
With thin moonlight and heavy silence folded around
The hills. Hung low below the shuttered stars the
amber
Moon swung slowly out across the billowed blackness
Of the hills. Far in the fallen pit of the valley, far
Like some dwarf-phantom's shrill cry, drifted a cock-
scream at the moon's
False dawn. And Deas turned her face to the sky.
The white
Light caught in the curls that spread around her
head; broke
Across the wrinkles of her brow; and rolled around
Her high full cheeks; caught on her chin and spread
along
Her bare breasts emptied clean of fierce young heat
and fallen;
Dipped on around the flaccid fullness of her belly.
Her hot breath sighed in his ear. In the naked moon-
light he felt
All along him from lips to thighs his body sink
Into the full rolling trembling flesh.

He leaned
On his elbow and looked at her spread whitely bare,
and void
Of fire in the grass—no secrets held from him,
Even as she slept. His thoughts turned swiftly back-
ward.
He raised her hand and looked at the smooth palm.
She woke
And smiled at him. He frowned and his eyes dropped
to her breasts
Flattened upon themselves. She drew her dress over
Her nakedness and tears.

There is one blasphemy—
one:
The learning of secrets, the tearing of a veil, the strip-
ping
Of a god. And blasphemy is a boomerang that must

Be hurled with skill, lest it return and stun a man's heart.

A man must shut his eyes, deafen his ears, and keep His hands in his pockets when he passes god, if he would believe.

See god in conjured visions; embrace him in imagining;

Kiss his passionate lips passionately when you dream Of god. But when god passes do not see him even.

Deas followed him down the hill. And many nights, Night after night, they slept in the same bed. But he Refused her love; turned his back to her bosom; and both of them wept.

And many nights he went into town and drank whiskey,

And the time of early autumn, pregnant with many rains,
Came.

Bert sat behind the grease-heavy smoke-mist and drank.

A girl with wet curly yellow hair and ox-brown eyes And a handful of quarters swaggered in; up to his table.

She sat and played with her quarters and Bert looked in her eyes.

His thoughts turned gently backward, long to half-remembered

Scenes. He touched her hand lightly with his hand.

"What do they call you?"

"Gladys. Gladys they call me. A drink?" He shoved the bottle

To her, not dropping his eyes from her yellow hair.

"You're young,"

He murmured. "You're lovely." She dropped the quarters into her pocket

And they left the cafe and went out into the rain and the deep

Puddles where the rain had smacked for many days.

When they came

To the house he woke Deas and told her to sleep with the kid.

Deas stumbled dumbly on her bare feet, in a long straight gown—

To the door and looked back. Gladys lay in her place on the bed,

One firm breast rising pale and round from her open dress

And Bert bent down to kiss and rested his mouth on the warm

Full flesh. His thoughts ran wordless to his lips: All—Gladys—all of the great veiled mystery of woman,

Deep to be brimmed and unknown emptiness to fill; a brook

I have not drunk before, hidden from worn paths, shadowed

And cool, where I may press down my soul and drown it, lose

It and never regret it; a lost soul drifting in cool shadowed waters.

Tumbled far along the valley, bounding from hill To booming hill rumbled the roaring. Bert leaped up Eyes wide and bright with fright. Deas startled and ran

To her child. With a quick hand Gladys shut her dress as she rose.

"What is it—the noise?" And the thundering roll pounded down

Louder and nearer and louder. "The dam at the valley-head

Is gone! Splintered! Wild rivers cut loose!" He grabbed her hand.

"Deas!" he called. But Deas had gone ahead up the hill;

Her child in her arms; through the whipping spray of the wind and the rain.

High on the hill they saw the black flood gallop and glide

And sink the valley; leap and twist; shatter; hurl rocks;

Rip and swallow, slash and whirl past; gulf on and on Into the night beyond. Deas huddled over

Her child under a whistling pine and slept all drained Of strength. And Gladys crouched against a husky bole,

Broken with weakness and exhausted fear, and slept. But Bert

Stood sleepless before the shrine; rain pecking ceaselessly

At his face; eyes turned moment by moment to Gladys. His head

Pulsed with the sight and the touch of her breast. His mouth half opened

And worked with heavy breath not eased by fear and the rain.

There is one worship: the ignorance of secrets, the stopping before

A veil, the longing to see and the refusal to see.

To fall in dusty thirst and cutting hunger before

The broken flesh and blood and bite desire out of your tongue

And beat your gnawing belly into numb denial,

Lest you know the breaking bleeding sacrament—lest you know.

The touch of her breast! His brain danced around the image madly,

Heating and maddening and dancing around her breast. He looked

At Gladys slumped asleep and her breasts shuddering with cold

And tightening. His brain swam in a fever. Quivered At the nervous strings of lightning. Pulsed against his eyes.

He stumbled a step toward Gladys and heard a shattering cracking

At his back; turned on his toe and a tiny glow stood along

The cairn where the spirit-stone had split—opened apart.

He knelt and stared at the cleft that shone steadily in
 the dark,
 And out of it grew a soft sound, the voice of Deas, low
 And mellow with tears: You call me god. Your hands
 have not touched
 Me, your lips have never touched me, but in desire.
 You have stood before the temple and imagined the
 holy ampulla
 Globed in your palm, your lip at the holy font, your
 fingers'
 Tips pressed at the holiest-holy door. But all in the
 dream
 Of your desire. And standing before the temple you
 Have made me god. I am a woman and did not ask it.
 I would have wished no more of you than simple pas-
 sions
 To fill my emptiness with love and fill my empty
 Arms with your loving self. But you have made me
 god
 And what I would ask, I cannot ask. Bring the keen
 edge
 Of sacrifice, the hard poverty of worship.
 You shall not defile your god, lest he rise from the
 moisty dust
 Ugly and sickened and failed. Quick with your rite
 Of sacrifice and your gift of death! Render to me
 What is mine; render the last will of your flesh.

Softly

Away, it whispered away inaudible. Bert stood.
 The fever had wasted in his brain and dull sorrow
 Calmed the mad dancing. Step by bewildered step he
 came
 To Gladys and saw her dress twisted around her white
 thighs.
 He took off his shirt; spread it over her legs and rain
 Slapped against his back; spread a shirt-veil over her
 nakedness
 That his mind stripped free and stark again; knelt at
 her side
 And pressed his head hard on the brute bole of the
 pine;
 Hard in tortured revolt; stuporous agony.
 His mouth watered with thick tears that cloyed and
 choked his throat.
 He kissed the cold blade to go where his warm lips
 would never go—
 Into her heart; saw her startle awake—eyes wide;
 Her mouth open and shut soundless, and die. Strength
 released
 Him in a wretched rhythm of sobs and left him limp
 with weakness.
 He turned his head. The lightning slithered its flare
 over
 The night and he saw the spirit-stone was whole—and
 dark.



Our Apple Tree

Once she lifted slender, girlish arms,
 And piled them high with bloom of cloud and sun,
 And stirred the drowsy dooryard with her charms,
 As earth and sky were manifest in one.
 I had not thought to find a tree so changed,
 So altered of her bloom within these years,
 An old, old woman grown who far has ranged
 With wind and dust and harvesting and tears.
 Yet here there are no scars of discontent
 For all this girdled bark, these broken boughs
 These holes where house wrens freely came and went;
 Here is no grieving. Still her robins rouse
 Their sleeping music; soft on liquid lyres
 Her rosy finches join the morning choirs.

PETER J. COSTIC, '40

Reminiscences of Dirty Red

BERRY C. WILLIAMS, '38

"All his life Red had been getting the worst from everybody"

THE first time I remember a knowin' Red I was a little scrapper in th' fourth grade. Red didn't go to school, but we seen him ever day on the trash wagon when it passed on its way to the city dump. He was about three years older'n me. My bud, Bill, an' Mac Rees, an' me used to eat our lunches together at recess, for th' main an' simple reason that me an' Bill was always a tryin' to swap off our potted meat biscuits to Mac for th' hot dogs an' mustard his ma fixed between his biscuits. We'd spin tops an' play marbles too, but Mac always claimed we played cahoots on him—an' we did—when-ever we could git him in a game for keeps.

Like most kids we was fascinated by th' trash wagon. I reckon almost ever kid, at some time or other in his life, wants to be a fireman, a train engineer, or a garbage man. Anyhow, we did, an' we thought Red Cullick was a great feller, although we never could muster up no use fer Clark Eakes, th' man Red worked fer. Eakes had a mean, low streak in him that two years in th' Reform School couldn't git out.

Then one mornin' Red asked me if I didn't want to go around with them. I said yes, but that I was afraid to. He said old man Simmons—he was our principal—wouldn't catch me, but I was scared to go. So Red said if I'd meet him at Sandy Freeman's Junk Yard after school let out he'd take me with him to gather up scrap iron. That afternoon I sneaked off from Bill an' Mac, an' took a short cut up a creek bed. An' sure enough, Red was a waitin' fer me at Sandy's. Now, only a kid can know how big I felt when they set me way up on th' driver's seat an' started off with that pore old nag a pullin' that wagon. We made all th' back alleys in town an' really got a batch of scrap iron, but it was pitch dark when we finished a weighin' it up, an' pulled up at Woosley's Station in front of our house.

Red give me a dime fer helpin' him, but that didn't make me perk up much, 'cause I knowed I'd done stepped in it. Ma would be scared to death, 'cause Bill didn't know where I was, an' Pipey—he was my gran'-daddy who we lived with then—would be a stormin'. Any way I figured it, I could just see

my little tail a gittin a beatin' from way back yonder. I got to th' front porch when Pipey spied me an' run out an' started a huggin' me up like I'd been gone a month. He carried me on into th' house an' hollered to them that I'd done been found. Well, jimminy crickets, Ma was a ringin' her hands an' a screamin' that somebody had done kidnapped her baby. They had even telephoned th' police an' half th' town was a searchin' fer me. They was even a talkin' about draggin' th' river out at Bonner's Island.

Well, when I told them I'd been on th' trash wagon with Red Cullick, Pipey blowed up. He said yes that he was th' little scamp who, with a little nigger boy named Heck Dobbins, had stole sowe tow sacks from his stock yards an' sold them to th' Farmer's Grain Co. Then he told Ma to go out an' git him a limb, that he was a goin' to warm my britches. Ma commenced a cryin' an' a beggin' him not to go a hurtin' me, but Bill just stood a sneerin' an' a sayin' he hoped I would git a tannin' fer runnin' off. Ma brought in th' rottenest limb she could find, but Pipey stormed at her an' sent her to th' back-kitchen with Granny. Then he got

a green switch an' really started a pourin' it to me. You know, a man what loses his temper like that is dangerous. I knowed of a man once't who accidentally killed his young'un a layin' it on so thick. But my gran'-daddy's heart was even bigger'n his temper, so I oughtn't to mouth about it, fer he never whipped me but twice't anyhow. Th' other time was when me an' Bill was a swipin' peaches out of Olly Pitt's tree an' I accident'ly bashed Bill in th' head with a big rock I was a throwin' at th' peaches.

Now, you've never heard th' like of stink they raised about Red Cullick a takin' me on that trash wagon. Everyday they dug up some new dirt on Red. A body'd think Red had trouble enough of his own, but, you know, people acts a lot like animals sometimes—they just try to make things worse. Granny said Cullick was no account, that he come from acrost th' tracks, that he come of bad blood. Nobody ever knowed his mammy; she had died a givin' birth to him. But his Pappy, old Wilkes Cullick, was th' fitter-notherest triffin'est white man in town. Why, a



quart of rot gut likker wasn't more'n a drop in a bucket to his belly. An' filthy—why, hawgs was nice company compared to him. Th' only time he ever took a bath was when him an' old Charlie Waddle, another town drunk, got stewed to th' gills an' fell in th' river at Bonner's Island. Worse'n all of this was th' way Red had been brung up. Old Wilkes lived in a shack out by Bonner's Island, an' spent all his time a fishin', a sleepin', an' a soberin' up. He left Red to be tended by a no account nigger gal, but some of th' old busy-bodies in th' Camelite Church got to snoopin', an' run th' nigger off. So old Wilkes cussed out Belle Allen an' a whole passel of church dames, an' just fer spite left Red's older brother, Kemmie to take care of him.

Now, a body'd think it was enough to say all them mean things about a person. All his life Red had been a gittin' th' worst from everybody—an' usually a givin' back th' same in return. But my granny kept on a snoopin' an' a snortin' an' a bein' real mealy-mouthed about it 'til she fin'ly forced Clayborne Jackson to make Red go on back to school where she said he belonged.

Th' first year Red was back in school they put him in th' fifth grade, one grade ahead of us, an' we didn't git to see much of him 'cause he had to work at odd jobs around town everyday when school let out. He never would chum around with us much at recess 'cause he was ashamed of how scrubby his lunch was—usually just a sweet tater between biscuit, or some corn pone an' middlin' meat. We didn't want to hurt his feelin's, so we just made out like we didn't notice it.

Miss Bernice, the fifth grade teacher wouldn't let him go on to th' sixth grade at commencement, 'cause she said that anybody who'd answer her question about describin' th' Fall of Quebec by a sayin' it was real cold an' all th' men was a freezin' to death was just a plain an' simple ignoramus. So she flunked Red an' George Tryling on general principles.

Things run along smooth then, an' we didn't have no more trouble while we was in th' sixth grade, except for Scotch McCown a actin' a smart alec an' a gittin' Red into trouble. Miss Lorena, our teacher, had told us to bring in a poem what we'd made up, an' we was all up Swift creek without a paddle a doin' it. But all of us except Red brought one in. He said that it was sissy an' that he couldn't think of none. Scotch stole his tablet an' showed Miss Lorena a poem he said Red had wrote in it. Miss Lorena got half-tickled an' half-disgusted when she read it. So she made Red read it before th' class. It went like this:

"Dog eat a rice straw
Dog eat a minner
Dog eat a cat bird
Big enough fer dinner."

Th' class nearly died a laughin' an' I thought Red was a goin' to cry, but he didn't. I know he'd a bloodied Scotch's nose if he'd a had a chance't. Miss Lorena told Red he'd have to stay in after school til he wrote a decent one. Well, Red stayed and stayed,

but he couldn't muster a line. Finally, though, he turned one in, an' packed his book satchel ready to leave. But Miss Lorena said no, wait a minute, that it wouldn't do, that she'd heard Uncle Dave Macon sing that over th' Grand Ol' Op'ry. An' she had, fer this is what Red had wrote:

"Me an' my wife went to bed,
Little brown jug right under my head;
I woke up, th' cork was pulled,
Th' jug was empty, but th' wife was full."

Red 'fessed up agin, but begged her to let him go, said he wasn't cut out fer bein' a poet. But Miss Lorena took a mean spell an' said he'd stay there til Judgement day unless he made up a poem. I felt awful sorry fer him, so I sneaked in an' gave him a poem I'd wrote. It went like this:

"The friendly cow all red and white
I love with all my heart
It gives me milk with all its might
To eat with apple tart."

Miss Lorena said it sounded mighty like Baby Ray's Primer to her, but that she reckoned that was as far as Red's wit went, so she let him go.

Red just got a conditional pass to th' seventh grade. "Skew-ball" let him go on up 'cause he said he had been a purty good boy that year. Well, we done all right til about mid-year, when old "Skew-ball" caught a bunch of us a smokin' in th' furnace room. Th' only ones he seen was Red, Babe Johnson, an' Dillard Amos. They all vowed up an' down that they was th' only ones what was smokin'. That afternoon all of us was a listenin' under th' Library window to hear what was goin' on. "Skew-ball" was a tellin' them how disgraceful it was to be caught smokin', an' he said to Red:

"Now, Marvin McCulloch, aren't you ashamed of yourself, spending all your money on cigarettes! Why, what would your father say, if he knew you were smoking?"

Red brightened up a trifle an' said, "Shucks, Mr. Simmons, Pappy don't keer—he's always a gittin' fags off a me. Besides, I don't buy 'em, I bum 'em!"

Babe Johnson chimed in an' says, "That's right, Mr. Simmons, I never seen him with a fresh'un yet!"

"Skew-ball" blowed up at this, an' give ever one of them a whippin'. He said he'd expell ever last one of them if he ever heard of them a smokin' agin. But he never did catch us agin, because we always had one of us to watch fer him while we smoked.

I helped Red out on our exams when examination time rolled around by nodding my head once't ever time th' answer was true and twice't when it was false. Miss Johnnie just thought it was a habit of mine. You know, lots of people has funny habits anyhow, when they're kids. I remember I used to squint my eyes somethin' awful.

Now, Red was a standin' in good graces in th' school when th' music season come along. He was th' only one in school who could beat a drum, so we made him play in the music quartet, composed of Dutch McMillin at th' clarinet, Stink Smith at th'

trombone, an' Sonian Armstrong at th' saxaphone. They done so well that old "Skew-ball" told them to cook up a short program fer chapel one mornin'. Well, when their day come around, they got through one or two numbers fine, an' th' curtain was rung down. Everybody clapped so much they had to come back out agin. An', of all things to play, they chomped down on th' tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Well, everbody knowed th' words, an' a whole passel started a stompin' their feet an' a singin':

"Oh, she jumped in bed an' covered up her head
An' swore I couldn't find her;
But I knew durn well she lied, so well,
I jumped right in behind her!"

Old "Skew-ball" musta knowed th' rest of th' words hisse'f, 'cause he got mad an' ordered them to ring th' curtains down. Then he really give them a mouthin' about playin' such trash, an' wanted to know why they done it. Stink blurted out that they didn't know any piece to play til Red suggested that. An' Red had done stepped in it agin up to his neck. "Skew-ball" raved an' ranted at him like he was a nigger, an' said he guessed you couldn't make a purse out of a sow's ear.

Well, we had lots of good times in th' eighth grade that I'll never forget. But just as we was all a headin' fer graduation, an incident occurred what old "Skew-ball" called th' worst disgrace in th' history of th' school. It happened this a way.

It was along about th' first of May when everthing was a gittin' warm agin. Th' buds on th' maple trees had even begun to sprout out, an' most of us boys had done took off our winter underwear. Back in them days no sensible person would think of makin' a winter without a stock of long, wooly underwear. Th' water was fine out at Bonner's Island an' lots of us had already started a goin' in swimmin'. Well, Nelly D. Crawford and Joe Billy Loving was th' first to git th' spring fever, so they got up a camp out at th' island. That Saturday night we was all out there a sittin' around th' fire a tellin' whoppers. Along in th' shank of th' night we heard old Wilkes Cullick an' Charlie Waddle a cussin' up a storm. They was headed our way, an' with them was Peely Woodard an' Plute Gill, two other town sots. They was all purty well lit up, an' we knowed trouble was a brewin'. Somehow or other they managed to git acrost th' river in a boat they had borrowed from Sam Tigert. Rab Raby put out th' fire right quick, an' we laid low a hopin' they'd pass us by, but old Charlie Waddle stumbled over Dutch an' let out an oath a mile long. Well, when they seen who it was they decided to stay. To make things worse, Peely had a jig of rot gut, an' they all insisted that we be sociable, an' take a drink. We knowed there'd be a fight if we didn't humor them along, so we all took a swaller. Some of us just turned it up an' made out like we was a drinkin', but not Goat Stevens. He really funneled it down. In a few minutes he was as drunk as they was. Then him an' old Charlie Waddle decided they was a goin' to fish, so down to th' river they went.

After a while we heard a big splash an' a lot of fancy cussin', an' we knowed Charlie had done fell in agin. We drug him out before he drowned an' tried to dry him out by th' fire. Goat got real hot an' passed out dead cold a singin' "Lamp-lighting Time In The Valley." We tried to bring him aroun', but he was long gone. Then he started a pukin', an' I never seen th' like of it. He was a layin' flat on his back a pukin' up, an' it was a fallin' right smack dab back in his face. Most of us purty near got the belly-cramp a laughin' at Goat, but Peely Woodard said there wasn't no sense in bein' common about it, so he commenced a slappin' Goat in th' face. Goat roused up an' told him to quit that damn slappin', but Peely kept on til Goat made a pass at him an' missed. The Peely cold-cocked Goat with a stick, a cuttin' a big gash in his head. That made Cullick mad as a bull an' he tore into Peely an' give him a worse beatin' than th' Yanks got at Bull Run.

Bless Pete, we'd no more'n got that kind of quieted down, when Carlos Bates an' Red got in a big fight on th' way home from school. It wasn't none of it Cullick's fault, 'cause I seen ever bit of it, but old "Skew-ball" had a heart as hard as an old maid's when he got his head set. Carlos had started it all when he called Red's sister, Cladie, a common huzzy. Red tore into him with murder in his eyes, but Carlos was a lot bigger'n Red an' soon got him down, an' was a stompin' th' fool out of him. It was th' dirtiest fightin' I ever seen. Somehow, Cullick managed to git up. He figured it wasn't no use a fightin' fair, so he grabbed up a sharp rock an' peeled it off of Carlos' head. That ended th' fight an' almost ended Carlos.

That was th' last straw. Old "Skew-ball" expelled Red from school just a week before graduation, said he wasn't fit to 'ssociate with decent white folks. Well, we all graduated except Red. He never did come back to school an' we seldom saw him. He seemed to prefer stayin' off to hisself. It wasn't long before we heard that Red an' Portion Clark had hied off to Texas. Portion used to drive old Uncle Matt Wilson around in his old Buick. Uncle Matt was a queer old duck—lived almost like a hermit down at th' Fair Grounds with a whole passel of fox-hounds. He practically raised Portion, in fact, he even give him his name. Portion's real name was Clarence Eugene Clark, but Uncle Matt changed it to Portion 'cause he always asked fer so many he'pin's of grits an' mush at meal-times. Well, th' longer Uncle Matt lived with them hounds th' crankier he got, so fin'ly Portion couldn't put up with it no longer. So he talked Red into goin' out to Dallas with him to make a prize-fighter of hisse'f. So they went, with Cullick as Portion's manager.

I lost touch of Red for almost four years then, in which time he could of been dead fer all I knowed. Then one day his daddy, old Wilkes Cullick, died. A handful of us buried him in th' lower side of th' cemetery next to th' nigger lots.

It wasn't more'n a week later til Red showed up. He had bummed all th' way from Texas as soon as he got wind of his pappy's death.

You know, it's a funny thing how far family loyalty will take a body. I never could see no reason atall fer Red a carin' a hip-hooray about his triffin' old pappy—but he did. I went up to th' cemetery with him an' showed him his pappy's grave. He just stood there all choked up with tears in his eyes without sayin' a word. Then we went by Harry Parkes' stone-works an' he paid a hundred dollars fer a tombstone fer old Wilkes.

I knowed he didn't have no money left, but he didn't seem to mind. He went by th' American Legion office to see about gittin' on a fight card. They put him on in a four-rounder, an' in his first fight Cullick beat th' sop out of Willie Speck. But it didn't look like to me he was much of a fighter, an' he told me he hadn't never fought much . . . he'd spent all his time a keepin' Portion from gittin' drunk an' carryin' on with th' women.

Well, he won several more fights, an' then they matched him with Sam Matlock, th' best fighter in town. Sam made short order of him. Then Cullick an' me decided we'd write Portion to come on home, that he could make more money a fightin' th' main bout fer th' Legion than he could a fightin' th' semi-windup out there. An' Portion come.

Portion was a tol'able good fighter, an' waded right through th' whole batch of fighters they had there. Then they started a gittin' pugs from Alabama fer him. Red an' Portion made a lot of money fer th' Legion, an' done right well by their ownse'ves.

Anyhow, Red made enough to marry Azzie Mae Whitehead from Huntsville on. Portion never was a hawg about her, an' said that th' real reason that they'd got married was on account of her pappy a catchin' them in bed together an' a makin' them marry.

After that leaked out Red never had nothin' else to do with Portion. He got a job a drivin' a truck at Borden's Milk Plant. It was a good job, an Red made a good man, Azzie Mae made Red a right good woman too.

When their first baby was borned, Red wanted to name it after me, but I wouldn't hear tell of it, so he named it Wilkes, after its gran'pappy. Well, I never seen a body as crazy over a young'un as Cullick was over that one. He 'llowed it was th' finest baby in all th' world, an' he swore it wasn't a goin' to have all th' hard knocks he'd had in life. He said people wasn't a goin' to consider it no nigger like they'd always done him, an' he laid five dollars in th' bank ever month to he'p educate it when it growed up.

That just goes to show you what responsibility an' a good he'p-mate can do fer a man. There him an' Azzie Mae was, as happy as if they'd had a million dollars. An' th' last time I heard about Dirty Red Cullick, he was still a doin' th' finest.

All this just makes me wonder what it really is that counts in life. It shore ain't all money an' blue-blood that counts. You know, some people has too mush blueblood an' not enough red blood. It's not always th' feller who's on top that's th' best man. He might of got there on account of his family name. I believe what really counts is what a feller really is deep down inside hisse'f.

But, you know, it's just like I said in th' first place—people are a lot like animals. They don't try to he'p a feller who's down an' out. No siree, they try to shove him further down. Animals act th' same way. You let a horse go lame—none of th' other horses in th' lot will stay around him. You let a chicken git sick an' droopy-like—none of th' other chickens in th' yard'll have anything to do with it—not even th' rooster!

I Ask No Heaven

I have outgrown all wish for heaven.
 The gift of peace from strife
 In no degree could solace me
 For loss of lovely life.
 For what eternal, perfect joy
 With cold saints could be worth
 One intricate, dissolving hour
 On this imperfect earth?
 I ask no heaven. But when life gives
 Me up to death's confusion,
 My love for you must struggle through
 The false clay's dissolution.
 I cannot think that all is lost,
 That life depends on breath,
 Or that this love will stand aside
 For the mere fact of death.

VIRGINIA HODGES, '40

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

(Continued from Page 1)

he is given comprehensive examinations over the whole of his two years' work.

Now, the first important thing to notice about divisional honors is that grades are eliminated. They no longer exist as the *end of this means*. If not grades, what? Knowledge!

The second important thing to note is that the student is no longer a passive subject, being told what to know. He is an active agent, searching out, more painfully, his knowledge. By its definition, honors is a system of *self-education*. As long ago as 400 B.C., Plato exhibited the merits of learning over and against mere teaching. This system is not dangerously radical. It is simply intelligent.

Now, it is our desire to clarify and simplify the issue for the campus, and to this end we want to avoid confusing details. It is necessary, however, to point out that as inaugurated last year the present system of divisional honors was designed solely for English major students, who were willing to minor in Philosophy and Fine Arts. It was recognized at the time that this choice of subjects was highly arbitrary, and reservations were made to broaden the scope of the scheme to include such fields as Political Science, Languages, History, etc. It is important to note this, for one of the charges being brought against divisional honors is that it is too narrowing; the two alleged reasons for the abolition of the system hinge around this—fallaciously! For this year the beginning of a broadening of the divisional honors scope was begun with the inclusion of Economics and Political Science.

Now we have examined briefly the three types of undergraduate education available here and concluded that in the class-lecture-room type, the professor is the agent, while the student is the passive subject. The means is the oral lecture, and the end is the grade. We found that departmental honors was a compromise system. An examination of divisional honors revealed that in this system the student is the agent, seeking by means of weekly papers and exhaustive reading done largely on his own initiative, knowledge. There can be no question of which system is to be adjudged the better. Obviously, the divisional honors system is infinitely to be preferred. Then why abolish it? Ah, that is the question.

There are two alleged reasons for the proposed abolition of this infinitely-to-be-preferred type of education. These are:

1. The force of argument of an article published in a Duke magazine by a Duke faculty member—ostensibly a philosopher, supposedly a “lover of wisdom.” We have read this article and found it soberly written. But, the writer offers no reason for the abolition of the present system of divisional honors! The reader can only imply that if his article is at all responsible for instigating the abolition movement, the personal prejudice of one man is responsible for doing irreparable harm to the whole of Duke University. The

cream of this jest becomes more sour upon this reflection: the writer of the article is a graduate of Cambridge, an institution sponsoring the type of departmental honors he would like to introduce at Duke; while Oxford, analogously as great a rival of Cambridge as Carolina is of Duke, sponsors the divisional system of honors, which he wants to abolish.

2. The fact that the son of one of the higher Duke administrators wanted to take divisional honors, but was not satisfied with one of the three subjects now offered, and that his complaint instigated the whole abolition movement.

We will not vouch for the truth of these rumors. But they are the things students talk about when they discuss the honors problem; and though it may not be tactful, these facts should be brought into the light. Even in our most cynical moments we would hesitate to believe that such superficial causes could be allowed to have such important effects. Preferring to retain the last few shreds of our illusions about our elders, we will assume that the above have the validity of most rumors and conjecture that the reason for the proposed abolition of divisional honors must be a monetary one. It may well be, for this is, in all colleges, one of the first objections to the system. When you change the ratio of professor to students from 1 to 125, to 1 to 7, there would seem to arise immediately the need for a horde of new professors.

But that need not be so. As an individual involved in divisional honors, we have become vitally interested in the fate of the system and have taken the trouble to look in the library's books on American education. And we have found that such a system as was introduced here last year, including 7 students and three groups of studies within its scope, could be broadened to include most of the subjects now taught at Duke, and half the student body—at no additional expense! It would take considerable planning, and would presuppose in the administration a whole-hearted endorsement of the system, but it could be done!

Since we have been at Duke, we have heard constantly lamented by the administration, the professors, and some of the students, the lack of spirit, the lack of “dynamic tone,” the lack of loyalty of the campus body. We believe all this is intimately connected with the way the students are educated. We further believe the way the students are now educated—the means—is cold and lifeless; and that the end of this means is cold and lifeless, and that the students cannot avoid participating in these qualities.

And the problem which we set out to clarify seems to have resolved itself into this: instead of fumbling around under the dark clouds of ugly rumor over such catchwords as we have dealt with above, the University should simply decide for itself which one of these questions it wants to answer:

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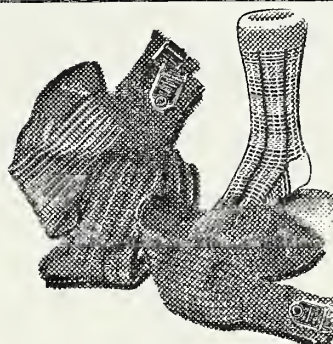
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DO PEOPLE
APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS? —



THE PHOTOGRAPHER snapped this just as Miss Reed leaped from a speeding car. While making pictures, Ione often has time for only quick snacks. "Smoking Camels always helps me to enjoy my meal more," she says. You'll find that those finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels mean much to *your* smoking.

— CAMELS ARE THE
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IN AMERICA

ONE SMOKER
TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me!"

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Duke Undergraduate Literary Monthly



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Editorial

MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!



Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their

nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"

says
**MEL KOONTZ to
PENN PHILLIPS**



"I guess you *have* to be particular about your cigarette, Mel. I've often wondered if Camels are different from other kinds."

"Take it from me, Penn, any one-cigarette's-as-good-as-another talk is the bunk. There are a lot of angles to consider in smoking. Camel is the cigarette I know really *agrees with me* on all counts. My hat's off to 'em for real, natural mildness—the kind that doesn't get my nerves ragged—or make my throat raspy. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic



ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it.....We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY



"I know the kind of tobacco used for various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I'm talking about what I *know* when I say Camels sure enough *are* made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Most planters favor Camels."



"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years," says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."



"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. Most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."

The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LI APRIL, 1938 NUMBER SEVEN

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the
Students of Duke University,
Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial
topics does not necessarily mean that the Edi-
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Swan Song

*Opposition unites. From what draws apart re-
sults the most beautiful harmony. All things take
place by strife.*

These seventeen words of ancient Heraclitus have
provided the philosophical foundation upon which
the ARCHIVE has found firm footing this year during
the many storms that have buffeted its typewriters and
broken around its head. Our chip-on-the-shoulder
policy, we feel, is its own defense. However, we'll
agree that a policy like the ARCHIVE's, since it has
been so severely censured, warrants, if not defense,
at least explanation. At the risk of our editorial
dignity we will versify the Hamlet-like dilemma which
has oftentimes this year sicklied over our editorial reso-
lution with the pale cast of thought. This has been
our problem.

To be written, or to be read,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of the outraged campus,
Or to take arms against the sea of campus comment,
And by opposing end it? To be read,—to be written—
No more; and by adoption of the latter policy to say we end
The slander and the thousand natural shocks
The ARCHIVE is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

You see, on the one hand we've adhered to the
fundamental conviction that the ARCHIVE is of, by,
and for the students who support it, and that in all

justice the ARCHIVE couldn't ignore the campus; yet,
we had to face the fact that the campus had long
ignored the ARCHIVE. The ARCHIVE, we were con-
vinced, had suffered unjustly at the hands of the cam-
pus, (why single us out for attack as constituting a
snooty clique when it is inevitable that interest in
writing should be confined to a minority, as an in-
terest in acting is limited to the Duke *Players*?); but,
we were forced to reflect, perhaps the campus had
suffered unjustly at the hands of the ARCHIVE, (the
Duke *Players* select their productions with an eye
to pleasing their audience, and any writer who is
not merely seeking his soul's expression writes to
someone or somebody without withdrawing himself
in egoistic hauteur). "For to him that is joined to
all the living there is hope."

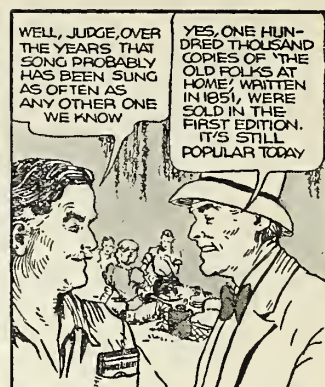
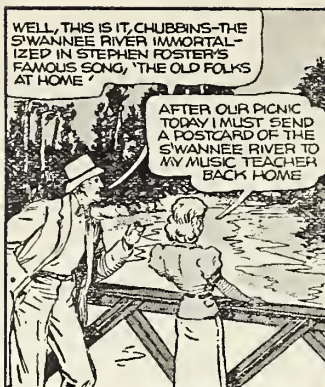
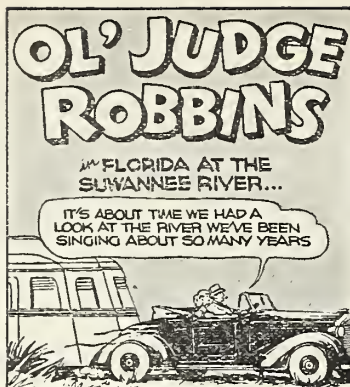
How to resolve the problem? How to rescue the
ARCHIVE from its ignominious position, and how to
get the campus to read our magazine without lowering
our standards?

But the problem wasn't as simple as all that, for we
began to trouble ourselves with the question: what
are the ARCHIVE's standards? After wrestling with that
question for a while, we decided: to hell with being
scientific in our thinking. So we put a half-nelson on
our pencil and this became the ARCHIVE's policy: to
print any *object d'art* upon any subject whatsoever,
as long as it be well written. If, we concluded, the
ARCHIVE is to have any policy, it shall be neither a
moral nor a political one, it shall be deliberately
neither a puritanical nor a democratic one—but it
shall be an aesthetic one.

Of course, were we to be strictly honest, we'd have
to admit that we have no policy. We'd have to admit
that we print what we can get, and then think up
good reasons why you should like it. A policy *propter
hoc*. But, of course, you won't ask us to admit that.
Is there any reason why the ARCHIVE shouldn't be
permitted, like everything and everybody else, its
philosophy of "as if." We can refer you to Hans
Vaihinger or Branch Cabell, (the former has written
a whole book on the subject), for corroboration of
that if you like. Oh, don't worry, we can quote you
authorities to justify everything the ARCHIVE has said
and done. You do it on the stage with mirrors;
in colleges you do it with textbooks.

By the way, we've been worried by the number of
people on the campus who seem not to be getting
an education. Here and now we'll show you in a
paragraph how you too can become a cognoscente,
and how you too can assure people you are a cultured
individual. First stir up in your mind an idea or
opinion or ARCHIVE policy. Now thumb through
the Encyclopedia Britannica (preferably the 14th
edition) and find someone who has been dead at least
two thousand years who had a similar idea, opinion,
or ARCHIVE policy. Memorize this name carefully.
You're up to your sophomore year now. The next
time you articulate your idea, opinion, or ARCHIVE
policy and someone dares to disagree with you, cas-
ually remark that Catullus, or Hesiod, or Heraclitus,
or Xenophanes held to a similar idea, opinion, or
ARCHIVE policy. By some magical process, of which

(Continued on Page 32)



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DUKE UNDERGRADUATE LITERARY MONTHLY

VOLUME LI



NUMBER SEVEN

April, 1938

A Senior's Balance Sheet

[1934-1938, as of June 6th, 1938]

WALTER A. SCHAEFER, '38

Debit (+)

KNOWLEDGE

I have gained some knowledge.....

Factual knowledge, but, better, a knowledge of a proper way to obtain desired information.

A mass of general information, vaguely related....

A statistical awareness of some of the problems of our day.

Deeper appreciation of discussions, lectures, etc. through knowledge gained in classes.

PERSONALITIES

I have met a great many people of my own generation, most of whom, because of circumstances, I will probably see but rarely after June. I have studied under one or two inspiring instructors.....

Lasting friendships

Manner of choosing friends and types chosen.

Harmonious cooperation and association in a small but supposedly intellectual community.

Associationship with a number of great minds.

Credit (—)

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....but it is lacking in correlation—the facts are synthesized only partially and imperfectly. I feel that it is largely the fault of a curriculum that divides knowledge too much into compartments.

....A tendency to think of peoples, their desires and reactions, in terms of dynamics.

A loss of animal sympathy.

A loss in visual imagery and imagination.

....A loss in ability to translate those statistics into terms of bread, coal, and sleepless nights.

....and have been bored by the majority.

....but loss of friends at home.

Less gregarious.

A certain respect for the methods and dreams of science and admiration for the humility of great scientists.

Successful love affair (I hope).

One fiancée.

SKILLS

Poise.

Character judgment.

Development of leadership qualities.

Ability to analyze critically what I read.

Certain types of athletic proficiency.

Improvement of personal habits in order to meet the popular girls.

WELTANSCHAUUNG, MISCELLANEOUS

Fuller appreciation of the value of a dollar.

Self-confidence.

Sense of humor.

More tolerance.

Acquisition of tact plus bluntness when needed.

A considerable improvement in facility of expression.

A greater degree of objectivity and skepticism. . . . The removal of a great number of prejudices and fallacious beliefs. A hesitancy to label things good or bad—right or wrong—with considerable loss in dogmatism. I am less easily fooled and have somewhat more valid standards of value.

A chance at better salaried jobs.

Pride on realization of cultural attainments.

A philosophy of happy romanticism touched with sufficient materialism to make it applicable to the world at large.

A conviction of the desirability of honor.

THE PROBLEM

You have spent four thousand dollars, and four years of your life. What have you got for your money? What else have you sacrificed or lost? How has this adventure influenced your personality? your chances for happiness and usefulness in this life?

APPLICATION

The question was put to a number of seniors—selected subjects—"campus luminaries" and a few who appeared to be somewhat introspectively analytic. All of the subjects had achieved some degree of success here at college—in terms of yearbook criteria. Above is a composite picture of their answers.

Loss of ability to appreciate some of the people back home.

Loss of idealism.

Loss of modesty or at least prissiness.

...all these at tremendous cost. Cost in terms of personal efficiency, self-confidence, ability to take strong positive action and, most important of all, the loss of roots with consequent damage to stability. Further I am inclined to underrate the importance of human values and human dignity, though that, perhaps, is a feature of our day.

Tendency to be cynical of whatever happens. Doubt as to whether or not I will get the job I want.

RESULT

The answers are printed, with as little editing as possible. Are they realistic? Are they pertinent? Did the subjects say what they really felt? (Most of the papers were returned anonymously.) How much objectivity have these people shown towards themselves and their investment?

A rather sharp-tongued fellow on looking over the replies said: "I doubt very much if these people got what they say they got. They've just been told that college should give you these things. Since they're graduating from college, it follows that they got them." How much justice is there to that remark?

The story is told that President Hopkins of Dart-

mouth College stood with a visiting Englishman watching students passing between classes. "Do you suppose they know what it's all about?" asked the visitor. "Ask one," suggested Hopkins. The Englishman put his question to the first passer-by. Came the answer—"Well, we don't know where we're going but we're on the way." Would that same answer with a slight change—"We don't know where we've gone but we think we've gotten there,"—be valid?

This way of putting the problem had one serious fault. Not always are things separable into + 's and - 's. One answer will illustrate this point—"The most that can be said of my four years of college is that they have been pleasant, uneventful years of easy living, uninterrupted by any great intellectual excitement, discovery or reward. My mind has been worked only enough to remain alive.

"There is very little I have gained at college that I could not have gained just as well outside. College has not taught me how to think—has not even required me to think. My freshman year was easier than any year of prep school—I drifted along on what I had learned before coming to college. My courses were all adapted to the needs of the majority of my

classmates, whose preparation was pitifully inadequate.

"Life at Duke, as at most other schools and colleges, tends to become an easy existence removed from the realities of life in the world. The 'red-bloods'* immured in a world basically so uncongenial to their natures take refuge in sports and 'swing.' The average discussion of world events or intellectual matters that one hears in college is rather puerile."

One co-ed refused to answer the question, saying—"It's a foolish idea. I won't know for ten years yet." Doubtless she is right. She won't *really* know for ten years—if then. Yet, when decisions have to be made, they always have to be made in the present—not ten years after. Clearly enough, the making of intelligent choices is of survival value.

It is not pretended for a moment that any kind of exhaustive study has been made here. Only a limited number of people were approached. This *Balance Sheet* is presented then more in the spirit of a question than of an answer. Ultimately that question is—"Is that final figure black or is it red?"

*The reference here is to an essay by Lowes Dickenson—*Red Bloods and Mollycoddles*—a discussion of intellectuals and "men-of-action." It may be found in *Models for Writing Prose*—Loomis.

Spring

MODERN

Subtly Spring and veiled in rain
hintingly fair then wrapped in cold again
came up and unsuspecting we are ta'en
toil-caught in Springtime thru' a window-pane
seems grey enough inside the room is cool

jonquils forsythia suddenly but gone
already violets Dame Nature with a yawn
starts up is busily about at dawn
. . . but she had toss'd all nite . . . while on the lawn
fine dances March wind-spun and frenzied fool.



TRADITIONAL

Spring, unexpected, paused in half a leap
Caught at a twig and tore it from its sleep
And blossoms followed fragile into sun.

Spring in swift running left his heel-prints deep
By muddy streams where salamanders creep
Made homes for hylas. So it was begun.

Spring in his madness poisoned all the air
With wind-blown wine, made drunken all that dare
To blossom. And the work was done.



This Was Tommy

A Story

BETTILU PORTERFIELD, '41

THE accident happened when he was eight. Johnny Morrow (he has since moved to Cleveland) and he were playing Indian scalping with an old hatchet which they pitched at a post. Johnny didn't know that he wasn't away from the post and threw crooked. It was awful—that big hatchet stuck in his head and his screaming dazedly. There wasn't any blood because the hatchet stopped the wound. He ran into the house and Johnny ran after, and he threw himself on the living-room floor, screaming and sobbing. His sister, Charlotte, came to him and sent Johnny next door for Doctor Farrel while she pulled out the dirty hatchet. Then it did bleed. All over the green nap of the carpet border it oozed and little gory rivulets ran in and out amongst the flower pattern like tendrils. He stopped screaming and fainted, and then the doctor came and sewed up the gaping skull. He was all right then, after a few weeks. All right, that is, except that he never grew any older in his mind. Oh, his body grew, yes. It grew beautiful and strong, quite the best body of all the boys in the crowd. But it didn't matter because he couldn't think like the boys in the crowd. He couldn't think any better than he had done when he was eight.

His mother and father had tutors and psychoanalysts for him. They sheltered him and encouraged him. His sister helped him to learn things that a young man should know. But his eight-year old mind couldn't learn them. Charlotte was so lucky. She had such a fine time and went so many places. He couldn't go because no one wanted him. He tried so hard to be brighter, to see things through the eyes of an eighteen year old boy. But ten years were gone that never could be recaptured within the blond, shapely head with the scar in back.

Once he had decided to learn secretly from books, and surprise everyone when he suddenly became as wise as they. He read over all his books . . . *The Rover Boys*, *Tom Swift*, *Detective Stories of the World* . . . laboriously spelling out all the hard words. It took him months of hard concentration. Then he tried some of the books downstairs in the family library. He got one called *An American Tragedy* because he liked the sound of the word "tragedy." He read it all through, not skipping a word and looking up all the hard ones. It took him three weeks of struggling, and when he had finished he went to his room and cried on his bed. He had read it all through, yes, but he couldn't understand what it was about. The people did and said such queer things, like his parents and Charlotte and Aunt Jane did when he didn't listen because he couldn't understand. He never tried to read adult books again.

He could play all sorts of games better than practically anyone else, and it was in them that he got his only touch of social life with people his own physical age. When the boys felt that they wanted a good game of tennis, or someone to swim all the way out to the bar and back at high tide, they would call him up.

"Hell," they'd explain, "he never does get around on account of he's so dumb, but he's one damn swell athlete. Anyhow, we want action, not words, this afternoon, and he can provide plenty of that. Might as well be nice to him if you can. It's hard to be, but, O hell!"

For he could remember all the rules of outdoor games and he could give them their money's worth in playing. He usually won, but they didn't mind because it made them feel somehow like God, since he was so dumb.

Somehow Lynn Stone didn't hear about him when her family first moved to Miami. She saw him at the tennis court the third day after her arrival, and she immediately liked this tall, bronzed youth who banged the white balls with such skill. When he came off the court she asked Lorrie Howard, who had brought her, to introduce him to her. Lorrie thought she would be amused by him, so he got him over to their table.

"Lynn, this is Tommy Hargreaves. Tommy, Lynn Stone. Have a lemonade with us, Tom?"

"How do you do, and thanks, Lorrie, please." Tommy's heart almost leaped out when Lorrie was so nice to him. Maybe he was getting better and didn't know it.

He didn't say much because he wanted to be careful. Here was someone who didn't know that he was to be shunned because he couldn't think as everyone else did. As he left to shower and change for dinner, Lynn whispered at him with a smile, "Why not come over tonight about seven-thirty, Tommy?"

"May I really . . . you mean it, don't you? Gosh, sure I will. Gosh." He almost stumbled as he raised his tall muscular body and went off surrounded by an aura of happiness.

He knew all about dates because of his observations of his sister's affairs. He saw boys come and take her out, or stay and wittily talk to her for an evening. And he had heard her appraisal of them, so he knew which ones "went over" and why. Now that he had a date he was frightened, although it was something he had longed for for many years. As he dressed he wondered what he should do when he called. Sometimes boys took Charlotte to the movies. He didn't like any movies but westerns and Mickey Mouse, but he

guessed it was better to take Lynn to one than sit and talk with her. He was getting shy about talking, because somehow people never did seem to listen, even if he told them interesting things like what he had seen the little squirrels doing in the woods that morning, or about how exciting it was when he went with his father to see a house burning the other night. He knew he should tell jokes, but he couldn't see why the ones his contemporaries told were funny and the boy next door (who was only ten) had told him that a joke which Tommy thought particularly funny was old stuff. Yes, definitely the movie was best.

The evening went off pretty successful except for one or two incidents. When he got to Lynn's house and had met her parents, she insisted upon showing him a piece in the paper about their arrival. It was embarrassing because he couldn't read well without moving his lips and spelling the words out, and he didn't want to seem dumb. So he just said "uh-huh" when he had looked at the black type for a minute or two. Then they went to the movies and he was not bored although it wasn't a western because somehow he felt a strange sensation sitting beside Lynn. It was this sensation, which grew stronger and stronger all evening, that worried him. He could not understand it, it was different from any he had ever experienced.

Several times in the next four days he saw Lynn. They went to more movies, they played tennis and swam, they drank lemonade and ate ice cream. Lynn liked Tommy, he knew, and he worshipped her as a friend.

"You're so funny, Tommy," she said one day when they were sitting in the sand making a fort and eating ice cream cones (he had thought of it). "You're just like a little boy, aren't you? But it's fun, doing crazy things like this. I don't like people who are too sophisticated."

"Uh-huh," said Tommy, because he didn't know what "sophisticated" was.

And during all the time he was with her he had this strange sensation. It bothered him always, he couldn't tell what it was. Like a child he shunned problems the solution of which was not easy, and now he found that he could not solve this one. It had something to do with Lynn's body, this sensation. He knew this the first time that they went swimming, and he saw her firm, young breasts pushing against the blue wool of her suit. He couldn't take his eyes off those breasts all day, and each time he looked, the sensation grew. Then he noticed how round her body was, in curves all over, and her eyes and lips were round too. It was the night they walked home from the movies that he noticed how round her lips were. (He couldn't drive a car, the city wouldn't let him have a license because *they* knew.) When he

said goodbye at the door that night, she raised them to him, and without thinking, he kissed her lightly, as he kissed his mother goodnight. But it wasn't like kissing his mother goodnight, for there was the sensation again, stronger and more aching. He knew it was because of her body, and he knew that it was a longing sensation, but he didn't connect the two until the night of Henry Stowell's party.

Henry had asked Lynn to come and wanted to know whom she would like to come with. When she said Tommy, he was surprised, but then everyone had noticed that the "village idiot" had seemed to improve in the last few days—in fact, it was the chief topic of conversation among the crowd, and Henry thought it would be fun to see just what was going on. Tommy thought he had changed, too, and so he accepted

gladly when Lynn told him about the party. As he sat on the back terrace the afternoon before the party, he thought that he had never been so happy in his life. He flipped a ball attached to a rubber band back and forth, and thought how lovely it was . . . how lovely everything was. There was Lynn and there was that strange sensation which was so much better than the things that had made him happy before, like swimming out to the bar or winning a hard game. It was more exciting than seeing a western with Buck Jones, even. And he was glad to be going with Lynn that night for he had something new to try. He had seen Charlotte and her date on the porch the night before . . . they didn't see him . . . and they had been kissing each other.

Not like he had kissed Lynn the night before, but a long kiss which they seemed to enjoy much better. And the sensation made him want to try a long kiss with Lynn.

At first the party was fun. They danced and he was a good dancer because he was so graceful and because he had had lessons of the best teacher in Miami. They sang lots of old songs to which he knew the words and his voice was good. The crowd even unbended a little and some of the other girls were nice to him, but still in a curious sort of way, as though they expected him to do something awful any moment. That was the underlying current of the whole party except Lynn and him—curiosity and guarded politeness. They all seemed to expect him to be a bad boy. Then it happened.

Karl Graham and Henry and John Williams got out in the kitchen with some liquor and they drank it all straight down. Then they came in and began being nasty, as Tommy thought. Everyone else thought they were funny.

"I know wha' lesh do," Karl announced boisterously, "I godda fin' plan, kitts. Lesh play that new guessin' game!"



It seemed everyone but Tommy knew what the new guessing game was, and they explained it carefully to him, the three drunks often contradicting each other so that he was terribly mixed up. One person was to go out of the room and the others were to think of a magazine or book. When he returned, he was to guess what book it was by the answers they gave to his questions. He could only ask the name of the book once, and if he missed he was defeated. The drunks insisted upon Tommy's going out first.

"Make it an easy one for Tommy, please," one of the girls who had been nice to him all evening pleaded, "Don't make it embarrassing."

Lynn smiled serenely at her and told her that Tommy was one of the best read people in the group and you couldn't catch him up. She was surprised when everybody laughed and looked queer.

They chose *Esquire* because everyone said that was certainly an easy one. Karl muttered something about it that sounded dirty, but no one really heard.

Tommy came in, trying not to look scared. He remembered his experience with *An American Tragedy*.

"Is it a book?" he asked. They told him no. Then it was a magazine. He hadn't read many magazines, except dime thrillers, and even they were rather hard to understand sometimes. Besides, it was so hard to spell out all the words.

"Is it a mystery magazine?" No, they laughed, and Karl asked did he mean *Snappy Detective Stories*, and someone else said, "Well, anyway you're on the right track."

"Does it have colored pictures?" He hoped not, because few of the ones he had read did have anything but crude black and white illustrations. When he found out it had, he thought of *Youth's Magazine* and asked if it were for young boys.

"You're getting it now, son," laughed John Williams, "It's the young boy's bible." Some of the girls twittered at this and all the boys laughed aloud.

"Are the stories about great doings of boys?" They all laughed again and one of the boys said they sure were and some of the girls blushed. Tommy thought he had it now, and he was happy because it finally did seem that he was getting along fine with people his own age. He tried one more to be sure.

"Is it a pretty big magazine with sort of funny cover pictures?" Yes. He grew bold and said, "Then, it's *Youth's Magazine*, isn't it?" At first Lynn and one or two of the other girls thought he was kidding, but they soon realized something was wrong when they heard the cackling laughter of the boys and saw the look of utter misery which replaced the triumphant smile on Tommy's face when he discovered that he had again ruined his chances of equality with these boys and girls.

"Well," grinned Karl maliciously, "What more can you expect from the village idiot?"

"Gosh," said another boy, "I should think even an eight-year old mind would know about *Esquire*." Someone laughed brittily.

"My little brother catches on to the jokes and he's only eight and a half," lisped Mary Lou Johnson.

"Yeah, but eight-year-old minds have changed since our day, Mary Lou, . . . that is, all except Tommy's," yelled Karl, but someone shushed him up. The girls looked aghast because this was the furthest anyone had ever gone in baiting Tommy. Lynn couldn't understand. She felt silly and embarrassed and so horribly sorry for Tommy because he let them make fun of him. She knew inside of her that something was really wrong, this wasn't the usual kidding among her contemporaries. Was there something wrong with Tommy?

Tommy glared at them all and then nearly cried out, "I'm going home. I won't play. You're all mean, nasty . . . nasty . . . things, that's what you are. I hope you die. I'm going and never come back to play again. Come on, Lynn." Lynn went with him, and they heard Karl and John Williams yelling nasty things at them all the way down the road.

Tommy and Lynn walked home because Tommy hadn't waited to call his father to bring the car and fetch them. They were both quiet, but Lynn saw that Tommy was breathing heavily and seemed to be almost choking back sobs. It wasn't far to Lynn's house and no one was home, so they sat on the cool porch.

Suddenly Tommy could stand it no longer and broke out into long, hard, childish sobs. Lynn was frightened and tried to comfort him. She pulled his head to her breast and soothed him.

"Please don't cry, Tommy. They were only teasing. I . . . I never saw a boy cry before."

"I'm so sorry," he muttered against her dress.

"It's all right," she said, "But why did you act so childish? You really didn't think it was that *Youth's Magazine* or whatever you said, did you?"

"Yes, it's about the only magazine I have ever read," he said it low, but she heard it echo in the still night heat.

"Only one you ever read? But, why, Tommy, everybody . . ." here Tommy had stopped sobbing and discovered where he was lying. The sensation, washed away for a while by the utter misery of his humiliation, came back again, and he rubbed his face against the points of her breasts under the thin stuff of her dress. Then he remembered the kiss, the long kiss, and he reached up for her face, cutting her sentence short with the kiss. It was so strange, so new and strange. He couldn't tell why, but he wanted to hold her, to kiss her, to touch her warm soft flesh. His body did all these things, while his little mind wondered what it was. This was something that his little brain could not comprehend, but his long, lean body felt innately. Lynn no longer worried about Tommy's reading matter. They were both in love, terribly in love. Lynn knew, and she was frightened and happy at one time. Tommy didn't know it was love, for he thought love was what you had for mother and father. But he knew it was something. He knew he should never be able to live without touching and kissing

Lynn again and again. He knew now what he wanted in future life. When he had thought about the future, he had had visions of being successively a motorman, a detective, and a cowboy. Until last week, in fact, he had longed to be a cowboy. But now he wanted Lynn. He wanted to do as he was doing now every night and in the daytime too.

Finally the lights of Lynn's parents' car came down the street and they had to let up. He kissed her once more and went home. She was full of exaltation that comes with first love, and wanted to tell her parents. They were happy for her.

"If it is really love," her mother said, "I'm glad. If it isn't, it is an experience. He is a nice boy, from what we've seen of him. Awfully quiet, though, as if he didn't know what to say."

Lynn had a sudden sinking feeling of remembering the guessing game, but she stifled it and smiled agreeably when her father said, "Family good people too. Father wealthy, good business . . . probably going to take the son in after he finishes school. By the way, what school does he go to?"

Lynn didn't know. She remembered he had said something about always being tutored, but not having lessons any more. The sinking feeling came back, and the telephone peeled loudly in the quiet house. It was for Lynn. She answered it downstairs and her parents went up to bed.

"Hello, Lynn? Sorry to get you up. Oh, you weren't in bed? Fine. This is Henry, yeah, Henry Stowell. Look, about that awful thing that happened tonight. Awfully sorry. But didn't you know about Tommy? I mean about his mind? O-h-h, I see. Well, yes, there is something wrong with him, kid. Guess I better tell you, if you don't know. Better for you to know. Listen, don't take it hard, willya?" And he told her the whole story in a nutshell.

Lynn almost fainted when she heard. But she gathered enough strength to say: "Thanks for telling me, Henry. Good night."

"Listen, kid, listen . . . you haven't fallen for that idiot have you? Listen, if you have, . . . have you, Lynn?"

"No, I guess not," she said it dully.

"Well, that's swell." You could hear his sigh of relief. "That would be one hell of a mess . . . to fall for an imbecile. Listen, I'm glad nothing happened. It's maybe a good thing you found out in time, huh?"

"Sure, Henry, sure. Thanks, goodbye."

"Goodbye."

No, she hadn't fallen for him. No she hadn't . . . she sat on the step and cried horribly into her hands. But she had. She loved him better than anything or anyone in the world. And he was a . . . he was a . . . Oh say it, He Is An Imbecile! God, an *imbecile*! An eighteen-year old with an eight-year old mind.

She wondered idly what eight-year old minds think about. What was it Henry had said? "One hell of a mess." That was it. "One hell of a mess" was right. "One hell . . . of . . . a . . . mess!" She whispered it to herself as she rose, wiped her eyes, and went up to bed.

All night she thought about it. At six o'clock she had made her decision. Tell Tommy it's all off. Can't ever see you again, Tommy. Ask mother if she can go visit Aunt Mary for the rest of the summer and then away to college in September. She could do it and she would do it. But it would hurt. Tell Tommy. That was hardest.

He came over at nine to take her to play tennis. She told him as soon as they had turned the corner.

"Look, Tommy, I like you lots, see. But I can't play tennis with you this morning. I can't ever play tennis with you, or swim, or anything with you again. I can't ever see you again, ever . . . Look, Tommy, understand, I do like you, but . . . Oh, I can't ever . . . goodbye." She ran off home, but her heart tore as she heard his great sobs behind her. The great baby, standing there on the street corner crying because his candy had been taken away. The great baby. . .

She went to the movies all afternoon to try to forget the boy who had stood on the corner and cried. But she couldn't. After the movie she went to the Goody Shoppe for a sundae. Everyone in the crowd was in the Goody Shoppe.

They had all been madly talking, but as she entered, the room grew as still as a church. She was frightened. It was Tommy.

"What's wrong with Tommy?" she cried.

"How did you know?" Henry asked her, eyes staring.

"It is, then, it is. What's wrong with Tommy?" She beat her hands against Henry's chest to force the explanation out of him.

They made her sit down and then they told her. He had gone swimming about noon time, out to the bar. Someone had seen him go out to the bar. Someone in a boat had been paddling out there and yelled to him, "Hey, kid, where you goin?" and he had answered—this was the funny part—he had answered, "I'm going to find God, and ask him what to do." Just like that he had answered. And then he had swum out farther, and the men in the boat didn't think anything of it because they knew it was the crazy Hargreaves boy and just thought he was talking funny. Well, anyhow, they just found Tommy's body a few minutes ago when the tide came in, washed up in the cove. Yeah, drowned. "Going to find God. . ." Well, he found him. Yeah, poor kid. Ever since the accident when he was eight years old. Yeah, gone to find God.

Chastity

PAUL ADER, '40

I

INTEREST in the subject of chastity is perennial; the problems raised by a consideration of chastity are mulled over and argued over by every normal human being from 16 to 60. The writings upon the subject are so numerous as to be appalling. Here, however, we can consider the subject only briefly and sketchily. We cite no cases; rather we speak in general terms and usually present conclusions, in lieu of the entire process of reasoning through which we have gone to reach that conclusion.

What place has reason here, anyway? Much more than we might expect at first. Intelligence is a "major virtue," according to the rating given by Mr. Aldous Huxley, and chastity is minor, in view of the evils which chastity itself gives indirect rise to. Intelligence, therefore, is the bar before which chastity must come for judgment.

II. THE REWARDS

It is obvious that we should consider chastity as it is related both to the individual and to society as a whole. Now, of course, individuals are of various types, psychological and physiological. In general, however, we must divide them into two groups: the average, sensual man who frequently allows his emotions to overcome his intelligence; and the truly intelligent individual who desires from life the greatest happiness and is willing to pay for it. It is with him that we are chiefly concerned.

The sensual, emotion-controlled person is congenitally more inclined to indulge, and it is he who tends to become "attached" to the practice, to acquire a "physical addiction." The intelligent individual knows that non-attachment is the desired state of existence—indeed, the goal of the intelligent being is non-attached awareness to life—and he knows that addiction, whether to alcohol, cocaine, or sex, is an evil.

Sex is an evil when it becomes a physical addiction, when it becomes a means of gratifying a lust for power or for social vanity, or as an instrument of domination. Writes Mr. Huxley, "Like virtue, it (addiction) is its own reward; and the reward it brings is misery and the torment of mind and body." The benefits of sex are obvious: union of two unselfish, unpossessive individuals, with one another and with the universe of which they are a part, etc.

The intelligent individual, with his goal of non-attachment and his intolerance of stupidity and unawareness, perceives the benefits of sex, but is careful to avoid addiction. Furthermore the latter individual considers not only himself but society also.

In his very significant book, *Sex and Culture*, Dr. J. D. Unwin says that the culture of a society rises in proportion as it imposes "pre-nuptial and post-nuptial restraints upon sexual opportunity." "The group within the society which suffers the greatest continence displays the greatest energy and dominates the society." In short, as long as there is pre-nuptial continence and strict limitation of post-nuptial sexual opportunity by means of absolute monogamous marriage, just so long will society behave in a civilized manner.

Sexual continence develops energy. The generation which does not suffer continence is bound pretty soon to show a laxness in mental and social activity. History shows us that the average civilized society does not practice continence for any extended period. One generation will develop an enormous amount of energy by pre-nuptial restraint and limitation of post-nuptial opportunity. The next generation will desire sexual freedom and will wish to retain their social energy. But, says, Dr. Unwin: "Any society is free to choose, either to display great energy or to enjoy sexual freedom; the evidence is that it cannot do both for more than one generation. . . . Sometimes a man has been heard to declare that he wishes both to enjoy the advantages of high culture and to abolish compulsory continence. The inherent nature of the human organism, however, seems to be such that these desires are incompatible, even *contradictory*."

True culture, therefore, cannot coexist with unrestrained sexuality. The energy developed by continence exhibits itself in two forms: "expansive energy," an aggressive, colonizing, trading tendency, and the like; and, secondly, in "productive energy." A society which is the heir of a few generations of social energy developed through continence becomes highly productive: in science, art, literature, social reform, etc. Dr. Unwin adds, "No society can display productive social energy unless a new generation inherits a social system under which sexual opportunity is reduced to a minimum. If such a system be preserved a rich tradition will be created, refined by human entropy (increased refinement and accuracy)."

III. THE EVILS

Continence itself produces no immediate harm, either psychological or physical. There is, however, one major evil, which is due not so much to sexual restraint as to human ignorance and stupidity.

It is quite obvious, of course, that energy can be turned into either good or evil channels. Continence produces the energy. Man, with or without his mind, directs this energy into activities either desirable or

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The Nature of the Soul

(Plato on)

FREDA LIVERANT, '39

THE conviction of the reality and utter indestructibility of the human soul was ever with Plato. His belief in the present, previous, and continued existence of the spiritual in man is an ever present thread running through his works. When he is not engaged in proving the point, he is assuming it as an undeniable fact. From beginning to end in Plato one finds that the soul is the highest and noblest part of man—it is the voice of the gods and immortality speaking within him, speaking rationally and urging him to seek wisdom, in order that he might have virtue.

Plato's development of the theory of the soul is both logical and obvious and inextricably bound up with the highest point of his philosophy, the Ideas. The soul is explained as that part of man which should rule his life and in this ruling capacity the soul is immortal. It is by means of the soul and its functions that Plato endeavors to bridge the gap between the eternal world of the Essences and the world existing in time, for the soul which exists within the body is yet able to apprehend the Essences. It naturally follows that the soul because of its participation in the Essences is like them, simple, unchanging, invisible, and indissoluble.

Belief in the immortality of the soul existed before Plato. As far back as Homer there is mentioned the life after death and some of its implications, but this after-death life is but a shadowy counterpart of full-blooded life on earth. The Pythagoreans' philosophy, however, stands as closest influence on Plato's thought. Their belief in the transmigration of the soul, probably coming to them from Oriental sources, caught hold of Plato's imagination. Perhaps, a potent factor in his adopting this doctrine was the fact that it fits in so readily with his conviction in the remedial nature of punishment which he everywhere expresses.

It is to be noted that in his arguments and consequent proofs for the immortality of the soul, Plato has collected many elements, mystical, ethical, and dialectical in nature, which are not readily reconciled with one another. One of the points brought out in the *Phaedrus* is that the immortality of the soul is supposed to rest upon its being the principle of motion. In the *Republic* there is advanced the belief of the natural continuance of the soul, which, if unimpaired by the corporeal pollution of the body, is pretty much above being harmed by any other evil.

It is the Creator who in the *Timaeus*, indirectly gives the soul to man. Here it is also stated that after death, depending upon the goodness of the life lived,

the soul ascends back to its kindred star and its dazzling contemplation of the Essences, or sinks into a lower animal. In the *Symposium*, the first notion of immortality is only in the way of natural procreation, and posthumous fame and glory. There is a certain naïveté in Plato's theory of immortality, in his statement that the soul is immortal because it contains a principle of imperishableness. In so saying he does not seem aware that he has added nothing to human knowledge. Taylor says, "he is merely reasserting the Eleatic being divided by the Pythagorean number against the Heracleitean doctrine of perpetual generation." Whatever he has done, he has worked out a valid system of metaphysics—a system which retained its validity for many centuries.

Why is the soul immortal? How can we be sure of the lasting quality of the soul when we have visible proof of the total disintegration of the body, of the loss of harmony when the lyre is broken, and the one coat which finally outlasts the wearer? Plato answers these questions simply and logically and dualistically. First of all there is complete divorce between the body and the soul. The soul is only temporarily housed within the flesh because of its fall from the vision of truth. Throughout her existence in time she must fight against the evil designs of the body which strives to enlist her collaboration in its fleshly enterprises.

Such resistance is duly rewarded by a quicker ascension back to the train of those who follow the Essences and the gods. One of his proofs for immortality hinges on the doctrine of recollection; namely, that our knowledge of perfect equality, goodness, and beauty could not have been obtained from the world through our sensations, and hence the soul must have had previous existence and instruction, and such a previous existence implies future existence. With his theory of the Alternation of Opposites, Plato strives to prove through illustrations from the plant kingdom and the natural world that all processes, if the world is to go on, must be reciprocal, thus, as death follows life so must life come out of death. A third proof is the likeness of the soul to the essences themselves—both are simple, indissoluble, and invisible and, consequently, the soul like the essences is immortal. And lastly, the soul is the principle of life and cannot admit of death—with this the obstacle of the final coat is dismissed.

Plato's immortality, unlike that of Christianity, is not a personal one. Nothing is further from his mind than a contention of, or a belief in, the endless per-

sistence of the individual personality. Fuller says that we find in Plato "no sense of the continuity of self-consciousness and the feeling of identity such as Christianity affirms. The thousand year periods in which the individual soul retains its individuality are mere prolongations of a type of existence essentially concrete and quasi-physical and are mere drops in the bucket of eternity."

Whether or not we personally are convinced of such life after death as Plato describes (and to a large extent such a life is compatible with Christianity), we cannot help being impressed by the apparent validity of his logic. Having admitted any one premise, you have irrevocably committed yourself to the conclusion. We must never forget that the world of the *Essences* was the real world for Plato; that through contemplation and not sensations came wisdom. The reality of such a world implies of necessity the existence of a kindred element in man.

Three seems to be a cardinal number in Plato. There are three classes in his *Republic*, three groups of men, and three elements or faculties in the soul. These divisions—reason, spirit, and appetite are first clearly stated in the *Republic* where it is made the means of classifying the different forms of government. Virtue is the harmony or accord of these elements, when the dictates of reason are enforced by passion against appetite, while vice is the anarchy or discord when passion and appetite join in rebellion against reason. This tripartite division is portrayed in the *Phaedrus* in the form of an image—a chariot-*eer* and two horses, one black and one white.

Reason or the rational element is the chariot-*eer*, the white horse is a love of honor tempered by moderation and respect. Seeking synonyms for him, we may call him righteous indignation, or spirit; in him we find the foundation for courage—moral, physical, and intellectual. However, we must remember that although he generally sides with reason, and does not rebel against punishment justly inflicted, he is a negative rather than a positive element, and may join with the black horse's desire to thwart reason. Correspondingly, the black horse represents the concupiscent or sensual element. It is he who seeks fleshly satisfaction rather than being satisfied with mystical contemplation. To attain virtue and harmony the black horse must be severely chastized by the chariot-*eer*, and until he has been thoroughly tamed the soul is in danger of completely losing its touch with the essences and becoming immersed in the mire of earthly pleasures (?). Moreover, it is the weight of this irascible element which causes the soul's first fall and her resultant sentence of passing ten thousand years in the world of Time and in Hades before she can return to eternity.

The fact that Plato thus divides the soul into three faculties, raises the question as to whether these psychological elements are totally distinct or only partially so. Book Four of the *Republic* answers this question indirectly. It would seem that in order to maintain a parallel with society, which Plato is most

desirous of doing, it is necessary that these three elements be distinct only so far as they can interact on one another.

The criterion of such distinctness is the Law of Identity or Contradiction—that is, quoting Bosanquet, "The same thing cannot at the same time with the same part of itself act in contrary ways about the same thing. Opposing dispositions toward the same object at the same time imply distinct psychological elements." An example of this warring of the faculties is seen in the story of Leontius. It appears that the gentleman by this name passed a spot outside the walls of Athens where there were dead bodies lying. He felt a desire to see them and also an abhorrence of them. Finally, he tore open his eyes and said, "Take your fill, ye wretches, of the fair sight."

It is not hard to see that the Platonic ideal lies in the complete and beautiful perfecting of the human soul, which is man's spiritual and immortal part. Plato was a great lover, for him the material and spiritual are blent and fused together—a lover of temperance, of beauty, of wisdom. Were we seeking to draw autobiographical material from his *Dialogues*, it would not be hard to infer that Plato's own black horse required considerable management. It is, perhaps, an awareness of the struggle which makes his belief seem so more a vital, living thing than it might otherwise have been.

I hold no brief for the validity of Plato's doctrine. I say only that while the mystical element does without doubt give it an other-worldliness view which the Catholic Church was later to emphasize, there is a large practical element entering into the concept. Plato does not advocate withdrawal from the contaminating influences of the temporal world, but instead advances a practical solution for the counteraction of the evil. And it is this practicality, this knowledge of the visible world which makes his creed live and flourish. That it did persist, diluted and changed though it may have been, we can see for ourselves in the theology of the Church and in the psychology of the Faculty psychologists of the eighteenth century.

Summarizing the complete cycle of the soul, we may briefly say that souls drop from their place in the circuit of the spheres contemplating the eternal essences because of the irascibility of the black steed. After ten thousand years—for wings cannot be regrown in less—(unless it be the soul of a philosopher)—of being housed in human bodies and of paying for earthly crimes and misdeeds in Hades, the soul may once more ascend to the place from whence she came.

No discussion of the nature of the soul would be complete without a reference to the universal soul. Before the Creator created the intelligible animal, which is our universe, he created the soul for that universe. This soul he compounded out of the indivisible and the unchangeable and out of that which is divisible and has to do with material things. This soul, because of the substances out of which it was compounded, is akin to both the eternal world of the

(Continued on Page 20)

What Every College Student Should Know

PETER J. COSTIC, '40

THE WORLD of today is filled with wars and rumors of wars, with dictators riding unbridled over the continent, with democracies struggling valiantly to preserve their form of government. Brazen young men with colored shirts and raucous slogans led by a former paperhanger and a blacksmith continue to spread an idea of political argument which is a blow on the back of the head with a blackjack or a concentration camp. These events offer a challenge to the world and to us. What are we going to do about it? We can not do much if we are not aware of the facts, if we do not understand what is Naziism or Stalinism or Fascism or Vargaism or whatever other isms are now being practiced in the name of some new autocratic form of government.

It is the sincere purpose of the writer, with his limited store of knowledge, to attempt to answer a few of these questions. To attempt to show what these groups stand for and how they go about achieving their ambitions.

FASCISM AND NAZIISM

A political philosophy which can be summed up in three words, "Might is Right," is the keystone of Fascism and Naziism. Evolved by a former blacksmith and his henchmen and later pursued to the extreme by an Austrian paperhanger under the guise of Naziism, it has brought chaos and instability to the continent of Europe and the world.

A form of government that relies on showmanship and symbolism, its power is gained through violence, intimidation and working on the emotions of the illiterate electorate. Heretofore, the individual was regarded as the supreme end, and the state as its means, but here we have a new doctrine in which the state exists for the Race and the nation to which the fate of the individual is subordinated. Fascism and Naziism have destroyed all individualism, have regimented industry to such a degree that the people are but mere cogs in a fanatical machine which lusts for power and glory. It has made orphans of children and widows of wives in its selfish quest for power. The widows, however, have received medals from the dictator personally for their sacrifices, only to be later collected and melted for gold with which to carry on more wars.

They claim that they have given the people an efficient government and a well-organized industry, but it is a grave question whether having one's trains on time is to be preferred to having free speech.

Intense nationalism is fostered by first uniforming the members of the party. Black shirts, brown shirts,

and even silver shirts ornamented with medals are provided. Adults and children are all required to wear them, parades and rallies are held to aid in whetting the peoples' emotions. A trick hand salute welded in with dramatic speeches helps to keep the people in a state of high emotion for the dictator and the country. The dictator presents himself as an instrument of the Divine sent to the people to perform a designated mission. He tells them their army must be second to none; and the country's merchant marine, aviation, industry, agriculture and population must be first. They must breed to provide soldiers for future armies and to carry on the glory of the empire.

Governments opposed to representative democracy developed in Italy, Germany, Poland and Japan as a result of the demoralized conditions during the post-war period. The people were willing to try anything. Seizing the opportunity these leaders quickly organized the people behind them, offering them untold spoils in trade for dictatorial powers. They broke opposition by force and purge, and did away with all democratic institutions and principles. As Mussolini proudly said, "Today we solemnly bury that lie—democratic universal suffrage."

This is Fascism and Naziism as it spreads its octopus-like hands over all of cowering Europe and the world. In the form of *Anschlüsse* and axes it has gradually enveloped the weak democracies, seizing all opportunities. The democratic world has not as yet accepted the challenge.

COMMUNISM

We now come to the antithesis of Fascism and Naziism—Communism. This is also a government of force, purge and mass killings. To understand this façade of democracy, let us look into the supposedly new democratic constitution as announced by Stalin himself, and put before the surprised world by several well-known correspondents who seemed to believe that it would provide a haven for the oppressed.

A careful consideration of the draft of the constitution and of its political background shows that the new basic law will be but a façade of democracy behind which the political oligarchy of the Communist Party will—for good or bad—continue to rule autocratically.

The writer shall deal with the draft mainly under the aspect of whether it means the establishment of democratic government.

From all outward appearances, the draft contains the familiar characteristics of traditional democracies.

The Supreme Council, "supreme organ of the state power," as well as other "soviets" are elected by the citizen directly and secretly. All citizens, 18 years of age, have the right to vote, regardless of their sex, race, nationality, religion, social origin, past activity and property status. All these provisions could not be more democratic. But the charter has still another face that looks just like the old familiar face of Soviet dictatorship. Everybody knows that Russia is being ruled by a few leading Communists. The most powerful of them, Stalin, rules Russia not in capacity of official of the Russian state; he rules as a Secretary General and virtual leader of the Communist Party. This state of things is not being changed by the new charter. The Soviet State in the future will be as in the past, determined exclusively by the Communist Party and its doctrine.

The draft contains in its Chapter I, the doctrine of the Communist Party in its present shape, and provides a social doctrine and organization according to the principles of Marxist Socialism. Indeed, every constitution is based on certain principles, but the characteristic of democracy in this regard is that they concern only the method of government, not its philosophy. Freedom of speech, of the press, and of assembly define the ways in which public opinion can be shaped. They are procedures and not ends in themselves. On the other hand, a totalitarian state also formulates the doctrine that determines political action. It does not give the people the freedom to decide on political, social and economic issues as do the traditional democracies which are not committed constitutionally to any preconceived doctrine.

The new Communist doctrine does not even give the power to the people to determine by whom the doctrine is to be carried out. The citizen has the right to vote but he does not get the right to put forward candidates for election. This right is assigned exclusively to the Communist Party; its organizations, trade unions, cooperatives, youth organizations and cultural societies. But the charter states that the Communist Party represents "the nucleus of all organizations having the right to put forward candidates, or, in other words, that the party has the monopoly of putting them forward." This is COMMUNISTIC DEMOCRACY.

Free elections require a choice between several possibilities. The Soviet citizen will have to choose between men who have been nominated by the bosses of the ruling party. The organs of the Soviet State will remain, though in forms borrowed from democracies, rubber stamps in the hands of Communist leaders.

This constitutional trick is not new. National Socialist Germany, for instance, has never abolished the right of citizens to elect the Reichstag by direct and secret vote. However, since all parties besides the Nazi Party have been suppressed, the German citizen only has the right to vote for the Nazi list presented to him. It is well known what overwhelming

majorities in favor of the rulers such a system produces.

One might say that the principle of unlimited membership is necessarily replaced by a selective electorate, consequently an intelligent electorate. Let us look at this in the Communist constitution and assume that the Communist Party applies methods of selection that—in contrast to other dictatorships—privilege the morally, mentally and bodily best fit citizen. In this case it is conceivable that at least within this body of selected men and women—acting as trustees of the nation—a democratic regime is being applied. The leader could be elected by, and could be responsible to, their comrades.

The Communist Party does not take this risk. It does not touch at all the constitution and organization of the Communist Party. Instead it proceeds on the basis of an absolute military discipline imposed on the membership and threatening them permanently with the famous "purges" to eliminate the unreliable element.

The writer wishes to give a further illustration of this double-faced nature of the new Soviet law, by examining the so-called essence of the newly established freedom of the press and freedom of religious worship.

The charter gives the freedom of the press, but only "for the purpose of strengthening the socialist system." Of course, the government itself decides whether an utterance serves this purpose or not. Furthermore, there exists no private ownership of presses and other necessary supplies. The Soviet government has to place these things "at the disposal of the toilers and their organizations." This is freedom of speech and of the press under Communist rule.

The charter recognizes "freedom to perform religious rites and freedom of anti-religious propaganda," for all citizens. That means implicitly that propaganda in favor of religion is not admitted. The reason is simple. It fights religion, according to the principle that religion is opium for the people. Under these new provisions the faithful or different denominations have undoubtedly the "freedom" of worship. But this is not the point. The younger generations will go on being subject to anti-religious propaganda, but cannot be influenced efficiently in favor of religion. All this means that religion is "taboo" in Communistic circles. It means that Communist rule will remain unchanged in religious circles as well as in all other fields.

One cannot blame the illiterate peasant of Russia or the unschooled masses of America for being influenced by these subversive forces, but one can blame the supposedly educated younger generation which looks with indifference upon these ever growing forces of rule by force. Acquainting oneself with the facts of these movements through conscientious search for the truth is the only effective way to check these forces.

DEMOCRACY

The democratic form of government is rapidly disappearing from almost every part of the world. England and a few of the smaller countries of Europe cling to it. So does South Africa. South America never quite realized the meaning of this pleasant arrangement between those that are being ruled and those who did the ruling. It accepted the name but rejected the substance. As for Asia, it has ever been a mystery to us, and will probably continue so. Its people are blessed with many virtues, but I am afraid that a democratic attitude toward life is hardly one of these.

If you want to convince yourself of the sad truth of this statement, I suggest that you take a pencil and get out your atlas and check off those countries which are now being ruled by some great big strong man on horseback (usually he is four foot nine and has to stand on the back seat of his car in order that he may be noticed by his followers), and in which all

him. We might indulge in a similar prayer. Anyone who contemplates our democracy from a distance is at once struck by a curious fact: In a democracy (once it has been established) everybody seems to take it for granted that from now on, it will be a sort of self-perpetuating establishment, and that therefore it is really nobody's business to get excited about its subsequent adventures. A most agreeable dream, but one that is apt to lead to a very unpleasant awakening. For democracy is the most exposed and delicate of all political structures, and unless you watch it day and night, you are bound to have a disaster.

It is always dangerous to make a blanket accusation and call an entire student body to task. But since I happen to prefer a democracy over any other form of government, I may be pardoned if I take this matter rather seriously. And I feel so strongly that political indifference is really our one besetting sin, that I must mention it, though I realize that the subject is far from welcome, and makes most people

GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD

<i>Facism</i>		<i>Communist</i>	<i>Monarchies</i>		<i>Democracies</i>	
Germany	Peru	Russia	Yugoslavia	Egypt	United States	Chile
Italy	Hungary	Mexico*	Albania	Sweden	England*	China
Poland*	Cuba	Spain	Greece	Rumania*	France*	Central America*
Japan	Paraguay*				Finland	Uruguay
Brazil					Argentina	Czechoslovakia
FASCISM*—Semi-Fascists		COMMUNISM*—Semi-Communist	MONARCHIES*—Semi-Monarchial		DEMOCRACIES*—Semi-Democratic	

remaining vestiges of a parliamentary form of government have long since been sent to the firing-squad and the concentration-camp. You will be surprised and shocked and greatly disappointed!

It would be very flattering to our pride if we could truly convince ourselves that this situation was merely due to the natural "cussedness" of all races except our own, and if we could make ourselves believe that those other people were so steeped in inner darkness that they were unable to appreciate the blessings under which we ourselves happen to live. But I am afraid that that would be hardly true. Our neighbors are really not more "cussed" than we happen to be, and they are by no means conscious of living in a state of spiritual darkness. On the contrary, they feel convinced that they are dwelling in the brilliant light of a new spiritual, economic and social revelation, and that they have at last discovered a beacon of hope which is bound to guide them ultimately toward a future filled with happiness and contentment. And when you ask them how they happened to adopt so strange a creed, they will willingly talk to you, and you will then perceive that we ourselves have made them what they are, and that triumphant autocracies are invariably based upon the ruins of some democratic form of government which had sadly failed to live up to its glorious promises.

The late Robert Burns asked the gods to bestow upon him the blessing of seeing himself as others saw

turn for the nearest radio or sport page, where their interests primarily are.

We hear many noble speeches by well-meaning professors who point with pride to the "increasing interest" which the younger generation is taking in practical politics as a result of our recent and lamentable depression. So they are; but from a rather close study of the subject, I would feel inclined to say that their interests go almost exclusively toward Moscow or some other foreign city-way, toward the left of their River of Reason, along the banks of which the cowardly elder generation preferred to dwell.

The origin of this, as many people angrily protest, is not to be found in the natural "indifference" of the present younger generation. All younger generations, since the beginning of time, have been naturally "indifferent." Just as all younger generations, since the days of the cave-men, have insisted upon some cause upon which they could bestow their surplus energies and enthusiasms. This well-known fact has been duly appreciated by all the dictators of Europe. They have provided the boys and girls with something they could get excited about. Meanwhile we ourselves have played bridge or have hired others to play football or baseball for us, except on the Fourth of July, when we have made the same sort of speeches we had been making during the last century and a half, and to which nobody any longer

cares to listen, for even our official purveyors of Patriotism, Inc., have little that is new to offer upon the subject.

What remedy can I offer? Well, I can think of a whole lot of remedies; but before I start on a cure, we should first of all agree upon a diagnosis. And that diagnosis as offered here and now by the writer of this article is a case of complete political and spiritual indifference. Once in a while we awaken for a moment from our lethargy to denounce the knavish brutality of all the autocracies both of the left and of the right. But we forget that our enemies-on-horseback in every part of the world would never

have attained their present elevated positions if we had not encouraged them (both directly and indirectly) by our own complete indifference about a form of government for which everybody, at the moment of a great national crisis, seems willing enough to die, but for which, during normal times, few people care to live in such a way that the democratic form of government stands revealed as a manifestation of all that is best in our national existence.

The gods, by and large, are quite long-suffering. But there is one thing they will never tolerate, and that one thing is the most disastrous word in the dictionary: it is called "indifference."



Polyphonic Atonality

O, softly singing scherzo Sea,
With how great sorrow do I come
To seek some recompense for life.
Inert my heart; my breath comes short;
Weighted my body with solitude.

My ideals have proved to be but futile thought,
Evanescent illusions, incongruent to reality.
Hampered by emotions embryonic and confused
I seem an enharmonic element.

And yet I know this dissonance
Of reason, emotion, and innate ideals
Can be not final
Nor an aimless succession of psychical states
To be experienced mechanically.
For oft when I have courted prematurely Death,
A will has urged me onward to transcend
The limitations of my homophonic immaturity.

Standing thus in muted grief,
Groping for some tangible truth,
I turn to thee, O Sea.

I listen to the gentle lapping of your waves and am aware
That however provocative your melody, it can be no more
Than contributory to a four-voiced symphony;
That winds, whispering through pliant pines;
That sands, aglow with phosphorescent light;
The moon that gilds each plunging wave,
Are not in unison, subversively,
But each disclaims its theme *contrapuntal* to
The percussive reiteration of the sea.
O, Night, with infinitesimal depths of hallowed stillness,
O Stars, of ivory purity,
Teach me your cosmic hieroglyphs that I
Through rhythmic identification may attune my mind
To comprehend life's polyphonic atonality.

—ELIZABETH LEWIS, '39.

Look this way
for **MORE**
PLEASURE



*Three things that add up
to more smoking pleasure...*

Chesterfield's refreshing mildness...
good taste... and appetizing aroma

They Satisfy
..millions

BOOKS

The University should congratulate itself upon the publication of Dr. Newman White's *The Unextinguished Hearth, Shelley and his Contemporary Critics*. The assembled material covers the years 1810-1822, and forms, as Dr. White points out, a very respectable total of comment for the poet's lifetime, sufficient to destroy the myth that Shelley was neglected. The work is such as to make a professional reviewer take much thought before judging any verse publication, for it is obvious to us that Shelley was a genius, but no less obvious to a student of the criticism that he should be damned with faint praise and mountainous obloquy. Fortunately for him time has at least confused the identifying of the man who called *Prometheus Unbound* "drivelling prose run mad."

The reviews present a career dogged incessantly by scandal; even friendly critics lamented that Shelley misemployed his powers, and in the case of his first favorable reception by a review, there seems to be a suggestion that the reviewer was as little disinterested as the unfavorable critics. We have also the sad spectacle of Shelley in professed indifference to criticism, condescending to "pouch the reviewers" (*pouch* as in *money-pouch*). According to Dr. White the unfriendly publications were motivated in many cases both by perception of the poet's genius and fear of his principles. His friends, particularly Hunt, "the most notorious radical in England," often harmed his cause more than they could aid it. Here is a sample of a review with a very modern sound.

"When the slightest tendency to immorality and impiety pollutes a book, then no wit, no humor, nor all the elegant and splendid ornaments that genius can impart, ought to preserve it from the severest lash of criticism. . . . Criticism should be alert when any man, however humble in talent, assails the pillars that support society; but when men high in literary fame abuse their talents in composing writings of such a tendency, it becomes every man to rally round these supporters of the community, those moral and religious principles which, if eradicated from the minds of our youth, their loss must be followed by the downfall of the empire."

Now the reviewer has an eminently sound idea. Stalin, Hitler, and the Pope all endorse it, but the error of such critics is that they identify their own four-and-a-half-percent with the pillar of the social structure. Shelley thought that Love and Liberty (with capitals) were the ideal basis of society. But Shelley is the crown prince of young fools.

The young fools are such as add to inexperience and enthusiasm a taste of the constant tradition of rebellion and of progress. The rest of the young are merely stupid, but if the fools live, God save toriyism,

or capitalism, or Himself if he can; they will scrap the world and make a better one. They are not the actual dictators and controllers, but it is upon their spirit and its survival that the world depends whether for amusement or improvement. They show their power in youth and folly or never. Goethe past three score and ten is merely fulfilling the promises of the age of "storm and stress."

Dr. White's book has an attraction above that of usefulness to English students because it is the outside view of the greatest literary figure born within the last hundred and fifty years. Percy Bysshe Shelley, even the name, has become the archetypical poet. His erratic career is the popular symbol of the belief that "poets are impractical." One might blame on this boy, drowned a hundred and twenty years ago, succeeding generations of long-haired young men with open collars and persecution complexes, who are like as not atheists to boot—that is, who should be booted.

It is just about impossible to review such a work for college students, interesting as it may be to a few, for the object of a review is to sell the book by flattering someone. Say that the book has a great and valuable message, though this statement cannot be in spite of Shakespeare, the Bible, *Das Kapital*, and *How to Win Friends and Influence People*; or say that the reader will be amused, which is true in exact proportion to the reader's ability to amuse himself. The other reason for buying books is never hinted at by reviewers; that is the possibility that the book may be of some practical convenience. Dr. White can expect few sales other than those for pure scholarship, but we trust that these will be sufficient, for the work is unique and not unimportant. The book will be of great interest if you interest yourself in such matters, which, being genuinely worth while, are not obviously entertaining.

An undergraduate, moreover, would be doing well to provide himself with a copy of this as an example to what scholarship is and means. Why do college students remain four years in complacent blindness of the intellectual life of their institution?

The Unextinguished Hearth is a very attractive volume, well bound and printed, though we regret that the printer was not in a few spots more careful. Only the introduction is written by Dr. White himself, with the exception of necessary notes, but the labor involved in the obtaining and presentation of the matter was very great. We consider Dr. White to be well rewarded in the production itself, and look forward to the publication of the life of Shelley which he is completing.

—K. HAYES.

Emancipated Women

RUTH BENNETT

IT ALL begins in a spirit of good clean fun and therein hangs a tale. I suppose thousands of girls, like myself, think that they've never lived till they've worked a year in New York. I can laugh at it now because I'm one of the few who called a halt, but during the last weeks there I could muster only a feeble smile at the brave new world which doesn't exist—either for me or the thousands of “me's” who catch the subway every morning in a frantic dash to punch a time clock by eight.

Of course, in some ways it is thrilling to be financially independent, to live alone, to have an apartment, to choose one's own friends, to have every aspect of life dependent on your own likes and dislikes. In the first months everything is an adventure. You've broken the shackles. You're an emancipated woman and you defy anyone to deny it! Let freedom ring; merrily we roll along.

You may go on for months, even years, thinking you're a smart young thing, and may be very happy in the illusion. Then one fine day, with pen in hand, you write a jingle about the emancipated woman, sort of automatic writing. As you read it over, you find, with a kind of horror, it is “con” instead of “pro.” This is usually enough to start some serious thinking on your part.

At this point you may do any one of a number of things. Some dash home frantically, marry John and breathe a sigh of relief, of resignation or happiness, as the case may be. Some set themselves a time limit and allow themselves so many more months of “career,” then, with iron-willed determination, they, too, turn their backs on the metropolis. These are the “haves”—either have an income, a fiancé, or over-indulgent parents—and can be dismissed in this paragraph.

It is the host of “have-nots” who really form a pathetic part of New York's teeming millions. After one has been in New York, for any time at all, one realizes that old ties, old friends, familiar scenes, familiar faces, are nil! A visit back home will dispel the last shreds of doubt you may have in your mind. To many girls there is no “turning back,” so they go on year after year, living in girl's residence clubs, eating alone, walking alone, subscribing to the *Book-of-the-Month Club*, spending hours bettering themselves physically and mentally for a two dollar a week raise, and kidding themselves into believing they aren't in a rut because when one has a job and is living in New York, that's an impossibility—isn't it?

But it isn't an impossibility. Thousands who have turned their faces to New York to “get out of a rut” find themselves caught in a trap—in a rut so deep that

only drastic steps will afford an escape—and here's why:—

The average girl, with the average college education, is relegated to the ranks of the eighteen dollar a week salesgirl, stenographer, model or hostess. Time and ambition do not raise the income to much above \$25 or \$30 a week. Advancement is slow, tedious work. Of course, I'm not talking about girls who are *made* to shine, who walk into a theatrical agency and “wow” 'em, or with that dazzling efficiency and overwhelming energy are made a buyer in no time at all. Neither am I thinking of those obnoxious sweet young things with Uncle John's or Uncle Bill's at the head of department stores or other enterprises. I'm speaking of the average girl with no connections. The income of the average girl, if she is quite independent, is not enough. It covers necessities like room and board and clothes and subway fare, but it doesn't leave much to spend on theatres, side-trips and luxuries like finger-waves, manicures and facials.

In spite of the *Cosmopolitan* and *Good House-keeping*, Miss G doesn't marry the junior partner and live happily in a pent-house ever after. In fact, she doesn't even rate a section manager! There is a caste-system in business which is hard to overcome, and equally hard to swallow, but which is a solid reality and cannot be blasted from its foundations. Miss G's friends are usually in the same wage earning scale as herself. Miss G is sweet, she can talk fairly intelligently about various and sundry topics of the day, but under such economic conditions, marriage is out of the question. Her friendship with Mr. J may be either Platonic or otherwise, depending on Miss G. In New York, as in other places, you may choose your own weapons, so to speak. The average man in the Metropolis marries much later than the usual small town “jeune homme.” Marriage in New York offers more complexities than in Middletown. Money is, of course, the prerequisite, and there's no getting around that, it costs more to live in New York than elsewhere, to live, that is, by standards a college graduate is accustomed to having. Then children. There are millions of babies in New York, but money, fresh air, nourishment—. It's hard. Soooo—Nine chances out of ten, Miss G will go on year after year knowing, admiring, liking Mr. J; but, being a reasonable creature, recognizing the impossibility of it all. There are lots of Miss G's who have no Mr. J. I know dozens of girls who have lived year in and year out in girl's residence clubs, having an occasional date with a visiting Elk or Rotarian from their hometown, or going out with Jr.'s roommate from New Haven who came down for the big game.

New York is the loneliest place in the world: a trite statement with a ludicrous touch. People don't seem to feel the need of human companionship so acutely, because there is so much to do in which this element is conspicuously absent; the legitimate theater, art exhibitions, bus rides, hurry and bustle, movies. Miss G has lots of time to think about herself, her emotions, her desires, her lack of this or of that. When an individual is alone, this tendency towards introspection is accentuated, and all his emotions are intensified. Miss G will be acutely happy or acutely miserable, but she'll be one extreme or the other, and if she's alone, she'll be acutely aware of it.

Miss G might not be too enthusiastic about her present job, but as it is so confining that she has no time at all to look for something else, it's best to stay on as long as they'll have her, to work for advance-

ment; in the meantime reading *Books in Brief* or the *Readers Digest* so that she may continue to "be up on things."

All this sounds rather dreary. It is, especially when Miss G wakes up one morning and looks in the mirror, and realizes that she has passed her twenties, that her two dollar a week raise hasn't prevented a few lines around her mouth. Sounds melodramatic. Now the orchestra should break into *Hearts and Flowers* and Miss G should bravely shrug her shoulders, put on her hat, gulp breakfast, and rush to catch the seven-thirty train to punch the clock by eight. Well, you needn't be disappointed, Miss G does just that.

And so the tale—therein hangs an admonition—; which is—don't. There are too many Miss G's in New York already, and they don't need you to help swell the never-diminishing number.

THE NATURE OF THE SOUL

(Continued from Page 12)

essences and to the physical world. It partakes of reason and harmony and lives a never-ceasing rational life, and being made by the best of intellectual and everlasting natures, is the best of things created. The intelligible animal and its soul, which is interfused everywhere within it, is a moving image of eternity—an image moving in time, whereas eternity is an everlasting present.

Mortals' souls were created by the Creator-created gods, since if they had been created by the Creator himself they would have been equal to the gods. These souls were created of the same elements as the universal soul but diluted to a second and third de-

gree. Incidentally, evil in the world is accounted for by the fact that the Creator made as far as possible the fairest and best out of things which were not fair and good.

The whole of Plato's philosophy is bound up with his theory of the human soul. On the basis of the power of reason, which can and should guide man, he has erected his Republic. As the man is happy and virtuous when his feelings and his passions are obedient to his intellect, so is the state its own master when the rulers' commands are obeyed by the people and when each of the three classes is satisfied with its position.

Every Man

Every man turns upon himself to see
 His self and longs to find a thing in him
 Immutable that can define his life,
 His death, his aim and certain failure. But,
 There is a dull impending doom that falls
 Upon the man who looks into his heart
 And knows the springs of his desire and learns
 The formula that solves his puzzled soul.
 'Tis then he knows the perfect whole and brings
 The last, eternal failure down on him.
 No man is more than half a man; no man
 Who knows his need can ever be a whole:
 To him who never asks all things are given.

EDWARD POST, '38.

Keats

The Philosophical Ideas in his Poetry

JANET RETTEW, '39

IN THE works of any great poet can be found the germs of his own personal thought, no matter how objectively he treats his subjects. To some poets, a sonnet or an ode becomes simply an instrument for the delivery of philosophical thought; to another, it may become the means of spreading political or social ideas; to another, it may become just an expression of a sentiment or an emotion. But in all great poetry, it seems to me, there must be exposed consciously or unconsciously, part of the writer's mind and soul.

The amount of philosophical thought is determined largely, I think, by the writer's theory of poetry. In the poetry of Wordsworth and of Shelley, a definite purpose is being fulfilled. Wordsworth, as one of the first great Romanticists, had so many changes to offer to the subject matter and treatment of poetry that his ideas become perfectly exemplified in his work. The development, or rather, the transition of Wordsworth's ideas, particularly in his political theories, can be traced in his poetry. Shelley, likewise, is an example of a poet of radical political ideas who used his pen as his means of procuring reforms. Shelley's philosophical thought attained a rare depth, and in his devotion to the ideal of "intellectual beauty," and to an altruistic love of mankind, he develops a system of philosophical thought that is profound and universal.

The work of Keats is somewhat limited, at least in its philosophical implications, by his theory of poetry. In his letter to John Taylor, he sets forth three axioms of poetry that he follows devotedly. The first of these is this: that "poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity. It should strike the reader as a working of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance." Certainly this axiom can be illustrated by almost any of Keats's poems, chosen at random. The excessive piling up of effects is even responsible at times for a lack of clarity, especially in his earlier works, when the imagery becomes cloying. Take, for example, this passage from *Sleep and Poetry*, in which sleep is described as:

Soft closer of our eyes!
Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
Light hoverer around our happy pillows!
Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping willows!
Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses!
Most happy listener! when the morning blesses
Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes
That glance so brightly at the new sun-rise."

And this is a relatively mild example.

The second axiom of poetry is this: "Its touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the

reader breathless instead of content." I hardly think that Keats would be guilty of violating this rule—his poetic descriptions are redundant with beauty, and his images, although sometimes confusing, are usually sustained and completed.

The third of these axioms argues for the spontaneity of good poetry: "If poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all." Apparently, it came just that naturally to Keats; there is nothing forced or strained about the spirit or subject matter of his great poems.

These three axioms contain the core of Keats's theory of poetry. There is no mention of the need of poetry to fulfill any spiritual or intellectual obligation, or to satisfy or consider anyone except the writer himself. Even though Keats undoubtedly felt that he was under a certain obligation to use his talents and to devote his life to the furtherance of the best in English literature, yet his poetry was extremely personal in nature, and his subject matter is drawn, not from humble life, as was Wordsworth's, nor from a spirit of revolt, as was Shelley's, but from his own observations and deep passions.

One of the basic divisions of philosophy is epistemology. What is the source of our knowledge, and what is the standard of our judgment? Through the years, only two solutions have been found that answer the question at all adequately. Our knowledge comes to us primarily through our senses; or, our knowledge is a result of the exercise of reason. Keats, perhaps as much as any poet of any age, believed in the doctrine of knowledge through the senses. His sensualism is closely connected with his aestheticism, but we will speak of that later. Through our five senses, primarily those of sight and hearing, we gain true knowledge; scientific study is never rewarded with happiness. Keats's sensualism is shown in the passion and intensity of his verse, as well as in the wide extent of the scope of his feelings. He becomes so excited, and is moved so profoundly by what he writes that at times he overwhelms his reader with the objects which his senses, efficiently aided by a powerful imagination, have evoked. Notice the awareness of nature and of physical reality as it is exemplified in the Hymn to Pan in *Endymion*:

"O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms: O thou, to whom
Broad-leaved fig trees even now foredoom
Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow girted bees

Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
 Their fairest blossom'd beans and poppi'd corn:
 The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
 To sing for thee: Low creeping strawberries
 Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies
 Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh-budding year
 All its completions—be that quickly near,
 By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
 O Forester divine!"

Keats's imaginative powers were amazing, resulting in the beautiful imagery that glorifies the reality of the physical world. For to Keats, this world is a very real thing. Shelley came to accept the view of reality as a fleeting and transitory experience; Keats also accepted human life as a thing of the moment and mortal in essence; but while to Shelley, it was to be seen only "as through a glass darkly," to Keats it could be seen "face to face."

I mentioned above the fact that Keats ran the gamut of sensation. In the pleasure he enjoyed through the medium of his senses, he was not the calm and somewhat ascetic Epicurean, who would limit the sphere of his pleasures to ascertain their fulfillment without the experience of subsequent pain. Pain and sorrow, or rather, a certain melancholy of spirit, played its part in Keats's poetry. An excellent example of this is the lovely *Ode on Melancholy*. There is a perfect expression of the increased beauty of pleasure that is tinged with sadness.

"She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
 Bidding adieu; and aching pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous
 tongue
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung."

There is a strain of Platonic thought running through Keats's poetry, especially in his Ideal of Beauty. I think it is safe to say that Keats's philosophy was identical with his aestheticism. Certainly it is true that Beauty was of the essence of reality to him, and that in his partial deification of it, we reach the highest levels of his work. The reality and truth of Beauty is the theme of Keats's impassioned song. In the intuitive experience of imagination and in the direct knowledge of our senses, the truth of an aesthetically valuable object can be seen. In any rational process, or any less complete grasp of the object's value there can be no truth. For the essence of an enduring work of art is its universal beauty—that alone endures when the mortal life of man has passed away—that alone will remain irrespective of war or peace, of danger or security, of life or death. In its immortal and universal essence, Beauty is a truth more profound and enduring than any other, and only intuitively can it be grasped. The best examples

of this are to be found in the odes; *The Ode to a Grecian Urn* contains the exquisite stanza beginning:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on."

The Ode to a Nightingale expresses this same thought in the stanza:

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
 home,
 She stood in tears among the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Keats never betrayed his discipleship to Beauty. His love of it was pagan and glorious; his poetry reflects his devotion. This belief certainly contains Platonic idealism, although it differs from that of Shelley. It also explains his exaltation of the imagination over reason. The intuitive grasp of reality is applicable not only to the beauty of an object, but to the innermost feelings of the heart of man or woman. Keats's poetry does not mainly concern actual people, yet in *The Eve of Saint Agnes*, the portraiture of both Porphyro and Madeline is made possible not only by the rational description of tangible features, but by the imaginative projection of the poet into the souls of his subjects. The sympathetic identification of self with the object of thought is not one of the outstanding characteristics of Keats's poetry, but it does serve as another example of the sensualism and imaginative rapport of Keats. Loss of personal identity within the grandeur of his subject is essential to the great poet. Keats believed that through gradual observation and knowledge, he could become immersed in the essence of reality. In *Endymion*, we find this passage:

"Wherein lies happiness? In that which beck
 Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
 A fellowship with essence; till we shine
 Full alchemiz'd, and free of space."

Even though this may sound like complete spiritualism, yet spiritualism, for Keats, was obtained through sensualism, and in the final belief in the truth of Beauty as an actuality.

Keats was not primarily interested in the poetry of intellectualism, and yet his aestheticism was not completely sensuous. His love of the beautiful extended far back to the time of Greek and pagan culture. He caught the beauty of the ancient art, and felt the power of its classical purity. Its myths fascinated him, and his two longer poems, as well as many short ones, are based on this subject. Every work of art calls up a rich field of suggestions and images that he makes his own and develops into speculative thought. He does this in the sonnet *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, and often in his later

poems. He recognized his defects and his deficiency in a broad general culture, and he followed his intellectual curiosity into new fields. But Keats was only twenty-five when he died; the intellectual quality of his work would probably have developed with his years, had this not been avoided by his death. As it is, however, this side of his nature is completely overshadowed by his more sensual side.

There are certain definite statements of thought to be found in a careful reading of Keats's poetry. He evidently believed in a God, but this deity was simply a source of the essence of Beauty. Such Beauty as Keats's Ideal is by nature divine. It is the capacity for appreciation of Beauty that constitutes man's highest part, or soul, and man's happiness consists in its complete freedom to explore the heights of truth where Beauty dwells. On these heights also dwells Love, and neither of the two can be known through reason. In a letter to Benjamin Bailey, Keats says: "I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affections, and the truth of the imagination. . . . What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth, whether it existed before or not, for I have the same idea of all our passions as of love: they are all, in their sublime, creative of essential beauty."

There is a quality of pessimism in Keats's poetry, that may be the result of the co-inciding events of his life; every man's writings are, to a degree, autobiographical. Thus in his glad acceptance of the fact of death's certainty, in his attitude towards melancholy, and in his love of solitude there is a darker

strain that is more characteristic of the real Keats than such a lightly colored poem as that on Fancy, Notice such lines as these in the *Ode to a Nightingale*:

"The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here where men sit and hear each other groan:"

* * *

"I have been half in love with easeful death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain, . . ."

But the pessimism is not unnatural, and is necessary lest the reader think that Keats so lost himself in the love of the beautiful that he was utterly blind to any ugliness or vice. That this is not true can be seen in the poem, *Isabella*.

I shall not treat *Endymion* and *Hyperion* as poems of philosophic thought. Of *Endymion*, let it be said that the allegorical meaning of the poem shows that Keats was sincere in his desire to free poetry from the errors and thralldom of a preceding age. *Hyperion* contains beautiful expression of thought, but in its unfinished state, adds nothing new to Keats's doctrine.

Although Keats cannot compete with Shelley in the depths of his thought, at least there is the excuse that in this case the years might have brought "the philosophic mind," and there is only the conjecture as to what might have been.



Last Lines of a Spanish Loyalist

I'd never take the time to write—not I!
Not since the bombing here in camp last night—
Now, there's my friend, for instance, Miguel.
Putting down words—poor Miguel, my friend!
He sat so quiet, nibbling at his pen.
He should have kissed and run and kissed again—
Roasted fresh meat and apples on a stick,
Or lain and felt the sun upon his face.
Anything real, that smacked of mother earth,
Of life itself—Oh, I shall use this day
So well that it will equal all the years
I'm sure to miss—I'll start this very hour.
I'll—Ah, but that noise! They said it wouldn't come
Until tonight at least.
Why, that's not—

JAMES CLEES, '41.

Dust Unto Dust

A Story

J. WILLIAM VINSON, '39

MISS PINKIE and her sister, Miss Mattie, lived on the street behind the Methodist church. It was a rough narrow street—almost an alley. In the winter rains it would become mushy and slippery and sliced with ruts.

You could scarcely see their thin little house from the street. It was covered with vines and the yard was filled with tall shrubbery and flowers. It was as though they had grown luxuriantly in order to hide the weather-washed house. Up from the street on a clay bank it was. You climbed up the crude steps cut into the clay and then you walked only a few feet on the irregular path until you reached the rickety steps that led to the three room house.

You felt that life here was measureless, timeless. It was like an artesian spring which flows patiently for years, for centuries, and then one day dwindles away and runs dry. Miss Pinkie and Miss Mattie lived here; they seemed to grow no older. It was as though time had remained resting for them, resting and waiting.

It was never hard to find Miss Pinkie. She would usually be in only one of three places: at her sewing machine, in the swing on the front porch, or in her flower garden. You could hear the whirring of her sewing machine even before you reached the porch steps, and you would have to enter the room and place a hand on her bent shoulders before she would be aware of your presence. Especially around graduation time you would find her busy at her machine. She was Placer's seamstress and always in June masses of white material would flow from her sewing machine.

Or if you came upon her in the porch swing, she would be sitting there sewing and swaying back and forth with the swing's creaking motion. There was a coral vine shading the porch from the morning sun, and bees would drone monotonously as they zigzagged from cluster to cluster of the pink blossoms. Miss Pinkie with deft wrinkled fingers would ply the needle in and out with great swiftness. Her glasses would sit on her peaked nose, and her blue eyes would carefully watch the needle. Inside from the left side of the house you could hear the comfortable rattling of pots and pans as Miss Mattie washed up the breakfast dishes.

Or late in the afternoon when the summer sun was about to set and darkness would be only an hour or so off, you could find Miss Pinkie in her flower garden. Peaceful it would be, with no sense of violence. There were her tall dahlias—much higher than Miss Pinkie herself. At this time of year they would be loaded with great shaggy blossoms: white and yellow, violet and red. Strong sturdy plants with firm moist

stalks. Miss Pinkie liked the yellow ones best. They were a soft saffron, the color of a party dress that she had had when she was a girl. She would gaze longingly at them, and then reach up her hand to break off a dead blossom. It would feel dry and soft in her hand, and the brown petals would drop silently to the red clay earth.

Close to the house would be her small flower bed. She loved to lean over and break the crusty earth around the candytuft, the larkspur, and the musty sweet alyssum.

Her neighbor, Miss Eillen, walking down the road, would call to her through the dusk: "Your dahlias sure be pretty this year, Miss Pinkie. I ain't had such good luck with mine."

"They've done right well," Miss Pinkie would answer. There would be pride in her voice. "Why don't you send Eddie over for some? I've got so many."

Above her on the porch Miss Mattie would appear, and in a high plaintive voice call: "Supper is ready, Pinkie. Come on in."

"I'm a coming," Miss Pinkie would answer. She would pick her way to the steps, careful not to trample on any of her flowers.

Miss Mattie and Miss Pinkie took turns with the housework. One week Miss Mattie would cook the meals and wash the dishes while Miss Pinkie cleaned the house and washed the clothes. Then the next week they would change about.

It happened the second week in August. It had been a hot midsummer. The negroes in the cotton fields had plucked the white balls from seared plants, their tough bare feet scorched by the dry caking ground. The peach trees were withering for want of rain and the peaches were hard and small and sour.

Even Miss Pinkie had despaired over her flowers. Every evening her tiny shoulders ached from carrying large pailfuls of water to dash on the dry earth around her dahlias and asters. She grew melancholy as the ground became hard like a board and her flowers thin and dry. At noon she would sit listless in the swing and fan herself, looking silently at the withering garden.

Miss Pinkie remembered it was the second week in August because it had been her turn to do the cooking and dishwashing. She remembered it was a Wednesday evening because they were going to prayer meeting.

Dusk was slowly drifting into the house, and although she had finished eating, Miss Pinkie still sat at the supper table. Miss Mattie had eaten quickly. She had dressed and gone up the street. "I'm going

to mosey up to Miss Jamie's, Pinkie. We'll meet you at prayer meeting," she had said.

Miss Pinkie sat in the approaching darkness, hearing only the hiss of the kettle as it boiled on the little iron stove in the corner of the room. She would have to rise soon and wash the dishes before the fire in the stove went completely out and the water stopped boiling. The air in the room was heavy with steam and the smell of fried ham. Even with the windows and doors open the air was hot and stagnant. In a few minutes she would have the dishes washed and could sit in the swing before dressing for prayer meeting. She rose from the table, pushing back her chair on the board floor. As she turned toward the sink with a handful of dishes, she saw a man standing in the back door.

Miss Pinkie stopped, afraid. She had not heard the thud of his feet on the stairs. The dusk was fading into night and she could not recognize the man. There was only his outline; huge and solid in the doorway.

Miss Pinkie saw that it was not a negro. He was dark; dark brown from the sun.

"Pinkie," the man whispered.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"It's me, Lem."

"You ain't Lem. You don't sound like him."

"Light the lamp, Pinkie."

She set the dishes on the table and hurried to light the lamp. Her knuckles gleamed when she struck the match. Her bony fingers shook so she could hardly keep the flame to the wick. She clamped the chimney back on the lamp. As she turned up the wick the whole room came slowly into focus. They stood blinking at each other in the soft new light. The man walked to the table and took the lamp in his hand. He held it slightly above his head and then set it back again on the wooden table.

"Lem, it's really you," she said, beginning to cry.

"Yes, it's me," he answered.

Miss Pinkie stood there looking at him with wet eyes, wanting to put her arms around him like she had done when they were children. He was the youngest in the family. But he looked so strange to her now. She could hardly tell that he had been the little boy who had cried until they had called the doctor when their mother had died. He had tried to jump in her grave when they lowered the coffin.

But he said: "Where is Mattie?" And pulled down the shades at all the windows.

Miss Pinkie wanted to ask him where he had been for the last ten years, what he had been doing. There had been only that one letter from him seven years ago. It had been sent from Alabama and he had been

getting married. Miss Pinkie had wanted to be there—to see her brother, the one she had cared for since their mother had died—to see him marry.

But Lem sat there with his elbows on the table and stared into the flickering lamplight.

Miss Pinkie tried to talk to him. "Mattie will be so happy to see you, Lem. It's been so long. Remember the circuses we used to have in the barn?"

"Yes, I remember," Lem said.

"Something's the matter, Lem," Miss Pinkie said. "What's ailin' you?"

Lem didn't answer. Miss Pinkie walked over and placed her thin arm on his shoulder. "Can't you tell Pinkie what it is?"

"Ain't nothin' the matter," he said.

"You ain't natural, Lem," she said.

She took her hand from his shoulder and began to clear the table. The lamp burned quietly in the still hot room and cast weird shadows on the ceiling. The shadow of Lem's head, sunk on his hands, loomed gigantic. It looked as though he were choking himself.

Finally he said: "Why don't you go on to prayer meeting, Pinkie? They'll miss you if you don't, and start asking questions."

She had poured the hot water into the dishpan and now she turned and looked at him. The gold rims of her spectacles sparkled in the light. She began to cry, attempting to stop her tears.

"Lem," she said, "you're a hurtin' me."

He looked grim. "I'm a going to hurt you more, Pinkie," he said.

"Lem?"

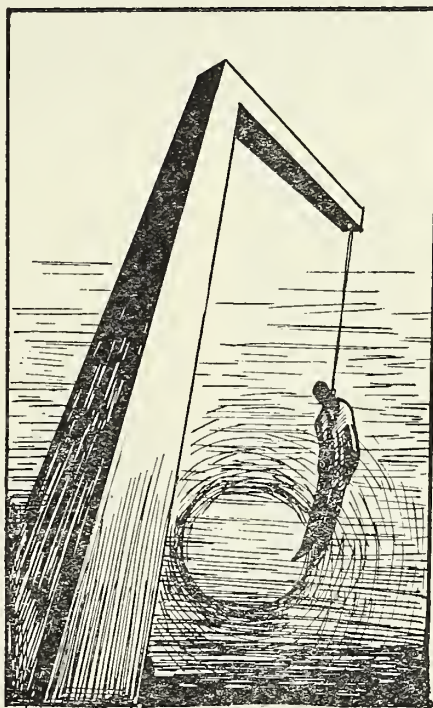
"I killed my wife—I killed a man."

* * *

When Miss Mattie came home from prayer meeting, she hurried to the steps, wondering at the drawn shades and calling anxiously, "Pinkie, Pinkie," even before she was inside. She stepped through the doorway. The lamp on the mantelpiece was burning quietly with a faint acrid odor. Small brown moths butted themselves against the hot lamp chimney and fell to the floor. In the air was the stuffy smell of dry dress goods, piled neatly on the bed. The bare wood walls reflected the light. Standing with his back to the room, Lem looked out the back door into the night. Miss Pinkie sat mute in her chair.

When Miss Mattie stepped over the threshold, Lem turned around and looked at her. Mattie recognized him at once and rushed to him, crying: "Lem, Lem." But he only sighed and glanced at Miss Pinkie.

"T'aint no use. They'll be a coming to get me tomorrow or the day after."



Miss Pinkie rose and said: "O, no. They won't find you here."

Now since Miss Mattie had come Lem wanted to talk. He walked back and forth in the small room, pausing occasionally by the back door and looking at the darkness.

"There ain't much to tell, Pinkie. I wrote you when I married, come seven years ago this September."

Miss Mattie pushed over the dress material and sat on the edge of the bed. Her eyes were bright and big and frightened.

"Yes," she said. "Seven years come September."

"Ever since we married, I knowed she ain't been so happy. Always a hankering after things she knowed I couldn't give her. I ain't done so well, but I made a living. I had a farm and we always et regular and had enough clothes to wear.

"But she wasn't so satisfied. I ain't had cause to complain cause she always took right good care of me. It was something different. I'd come home at night and find her pining.

"It was long about then that she got an interest in religion. She took to going to meeting twice on Sunday and during the week preacher came to make missionary calls. He was a fat-bellied man with droopy jowls and black hair. He used to stay for supper and eat up everything on the table. I can see him now, a sopping up bacon grease with his biscuit and a sucking it down his fat belly.

"Last Tuesday he come to pay a missionary call and he stayed for supper."

Lem had stopped his pacing and was standing near the lamp. The sweat made his face shine in the yellow light. His faded blue denim shirt stuck to his body and his sunburned neck showed at his throat. The coarse brown hair on his neck held drops of perspiration.

"I had to take a load of truck vegetables, after supper, to ship them on the midnight train. It was late when I got back and I noticed that preacher's trap was still at the side of the house. I didn't think nothing about it 'til I got inside. And there they were."

Lem's face was hard, sweaty, bright. "I took my shotgun and shot both of them. I ain't never had a feeling like that before. It's something you can't say. It's something you can't talk about. I knowed I shouldn't have done it, but when your own wife . . . Well, something sort of snaps inside you. . ."

* * *

In two days the police came after Lem. It was in the late afternoon and the dark clouds that had been shifting uneasily all day in the sky, massed together to form a solid black ceiling. The farmers spit tobacco juice from their mouths onto the crusty ground and

said the rain had come too late to help the ruined peach crop. The dahlias in Miss Pinkie's garden were mere dried stalks, motionless in the oppressive calm. The clouds sank lower and lower, seeming to press the breath out of the earth. Miss Pinkie and Miss Mattie kept looking anxiously out of the front windows and down the road. They had been watching for two days now; they couldn't hope for much longer. Every man that would come up the street would frighten them. Their hearts would beat furiously until he was out of sight. Lem would sit silent, looking out the back door. He didn't seem to care whether they came for him or not. He seemed to be ready for them.

Miss Pinkie was watching from the window when she saw three men approaching. One was the sheriff.

"Lem," she said, "They're a coming."

Miss Mattie rushed to the window.

"There's Sheriff Mullin," she said.

Lem rose from his chair.

"I killed them," he said.

Miss Pinkie sobbed.

"O, Lem," she said.

"An eye for an eye," he said.

"They're a looking this way," Mattie said.

"Run, Lem," Miss Pinkie said. "You can get out the back way."

"A tooth for a tooth," he said.

"Don't let them get you, Lem."

"I done right," he said.

"They're a coming up from the street," Mattie said.

Pinkie threw herself on Lem.

"Hurry, go, Lem," she sobbed.

"They're a doing right, too," he said.

"They're a coming up the path," Mattie said.

There were thuds on the frail step. The house trembled slightly. Miss Pinkie fell crying to the floor. Outside a flash of lightning cleaved the ceiling of the sky. The lean house shook from the thunder. There was a knock on the door. No one answered. It was dark in the room. Another knock. The three men came in.

Lem put up his hand and said, "You've come to get me!"

He stooped and kissed Miss Pinkie and then Miss Mattie. Then he followed the three men out of the house. Down the rickety steps, down the path, across the street. Across the state to be tried and hanged.

When he left, the rain began to fall. It beat heavily on the house, on the garden. Miss Pinkie went to the door and looked out. The skeletons of her flowers were being broken to the ground. Miss Mattie stood at the window, holding back the shades with her wrinkled hand and staring down the street with big frightened eyes.

Imaginary Conversations

ROBERT C. WILSON, '38

Persons of the Dialogue

LL.D.

PLATO

(The president of almost any
American university)

(This dialogue opens with a discussion of the relation of education to religion, wherein Plato makes the suggestion that the School of Religion be abolished on the grounds that the religious approach to knowledge is incompatible with and an impediment to the scientific approach, the last of which Plato insists is the only honest and intelligent approach. He is vehement in his contention that the two greatest evils that ever beset mankind—fear of gods, and a turning away from the here-and-now to an imagined life hereafter—are being anachronistically carried into the twentieth century from the twelfth century, via the church, and offer a serious obstacle to man's progress. When the conversation threatens to end in fisticuffs, Plato rapidly shifts his attack to the professors. That part of the dialogue in which he promulgates his famous dictum that the professors must be philosophers is presented in this selection.)

I insist, LL.D., that we abolish the professors.

But why, Plato? We've done away with the football team, we've introduced sexual communism among our men and women students, why, pray, intimidate the poor professors?

Because they're degenerate.

You don't mean that!

But I do, LL.D.

Degenerate?

Yes, degenerate and misshapen and ugly.

You'll have to explain that, Plato. I've never heard of such a thing.

Well, imagine, LL.D., how a man would look who spent his life exercising no part of his body but his left arm. How would he look?

Why, funny, I guess.

He would certainly be all out of proportion?

Yes.

Isn't that what one means when they say "misshapen"?

Why, yes.

His left arm would be big and strong, and the rest of his body small and weak?

Yes.

Such a man would not be of a beautiful appearance?

No.

He would be ugly?

Yes.

Well, LL.D., that is just how the brains of your professors look to me. They exercise just the left arm of their minds, and our conclusion must be that their minds are misshapen and ugly.

But, I don't . . .

Now, LL.D., this man of ours with the strong left arm; would he be good for much?

No, I suppose not. He could lift things.

No, he couldn't even lift things, at least not easily, LL.D., for remember that the rest of his body is undeveloped and weak, and for a beautiful physical

activity it is necessary that the whole body cooperate and lend the strength of all its parts.

Yes, I guess that's true.

You couldn't call healthy such a body as our man would have?

No.

A healthy body is a body in which all the parts are proportionate to and in harmony with all the parts; is that not so?

Yes.

Were we to speak with strict accuracy, we would have to deny that a man, even if the rest of his body is in perfect condition, is unhealthy if, say, he wears glasses.

That is true, Plato. Most of our professors do wear glasses too.

The reason is that glasses are not natural, I think. Don't we posit a norm of naturalness by which we measure the healthiness of the body?

I suppose so, Plato.

Well then, LL.D., if you attempt an application of this same train of reasoning to the mind, and it is just to do so since your new sciences of psychology and psychiatry have shown beyond doubt that there are natural laws by which the health of the mind can be ascertained, that the brain of man is an organism of parts, and that when a part is distorted or out of harmony with the whole, the mind can be spoken of as an unhealthy one, our only conclusion is that our professors' minds are unhealthy. Isn't that so?

Why, in a way. But . . .

I mean, LL.D., that they can be said to be unhealthy from a point of view that considers the parts of the brain as an isolated whole and that considers it with relation to its component parts. I mean if one part of the brain is out of harmony, then the whole must be said to be unharmonious.

Yes, that is true. But . . .

Now your professors' minds can be adjudged to be

in ill health from another point of view too, L.I.D. Your scientists have also proved to my satisfaction that the mind is not, as Aristotle and I once thought, a psychic entity, but exists as a function. It is related to the body in the same way that cutting is related to a knife. The mind and body are so closely related, as a matter of fact, that it is difficult to speak of them as separate things. Now don't you see that the broken-down bodies of your professors (you said yourself that they all wear glasses), must have detrimental effects on their minds? From this point of view your professors' minds cannot be said to be healthy. And on these two counts, L.I.D., won't you agree that your professors' minds are seen to be so sickly as to warrant the adjective "degenerate"?

Well, in a way, Plato, all you say is true. But these men are specialists.

Yes, I know they call themselves that. The term, I believe, is of their own invention.

But wait a moment, Plato. The extent of man's knowledge today is such that it is impossible for one man to grasp more than a part of it during his lifetime.

Hold on, L.I.D. According to your modern scientists, (the physicists to be particular), the boundaries of man's knowledge have finally been set—in the dizzy reaches of vast spaces and in the time-space relativity of the erg.

Ah yes, Plato, those facts are true. But think a moment. Who discovered those facts? Specialists. Degenerate men. More than that, Plato, these same scientists are on the verge of proving that the velocity of light is not constant, and these same scientists seem to be about to come forth with an important modification of the second law of thermodynamics; facts which, if proved, will cause revolutions in the theories of man and his knowledge as startling as those created by Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin, and Einstein. Specialists are discovering those facts, Plato.

Of course that is true, L.I.D. And that bears directly on my argument. These specialists should not be professors—because our university is not interested in turning out specialists. Specialists produce specialists, L.I.D. And that's not what we want. Have you forgotten the purposes to which we have dedicated our university?

No.

To refresh your memory, L.I.D., we agreed that we would bend our energies to the training and breeding of good citizens, artists, and rulers. Was that not so?

Yes.

Perhaps, L.I.D., we should elaborate the implications of such a policy as that. We can only limit those implications by the boundaries of this country, L.I.D. Our university, we may say, is dedicated to the service of the State, or, if you wish, the United States. Now if our university receives the sanction of the people, as we hope it will, this country's presidents and governors and mayors of the future will no longer be

common men chosen at random by the people. They will be men trained in our university for the sole purpose of ruling.

You mean ours is to be a school for training administrative officials for the whole United States?

Yes. We must keep that in mind as our ultimate goal as our discussion proceeds. Now the important thing here, L.I.D., as it bears on the expulsion of these specialists, is that our professors will be philosophers. That shouldn't be news to you, L.I.D. You recall that passage in my *Republic* where I said: "Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of the world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never have rest from their evils,—no, nor the human race, as I believe,—and then only will this our State have a possibility of life and behold the light of day."

Yes, I remember that, Plato.

—Well, that passage is pertinent to the broad point of view from which we a moment ago considered our university as dedicated to the services of the State.

—Now, L.I.D., let us narrow our point of view and consider our university in relation to itself and its students. From this point of view, I insist that: *until your administrators and professors have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the other are expelled as degenerates, your university cannot give the service to which it is dedicated and your students can never claim to have been educated*, —Do you now better understand why we must rid our university of the specialists?

Well, Plato, before you were condemning the professors as being degenerate and having unhealthy minds. Are you now condemning them for not being philosophers?

That is about it, L.I.D. But degeneracy and unhealthiness are properties of specialism. I am not condemning them on two grounds, but on one and the same ground.

Yes, I can see that, Plato. But are you not also condemning them because they are not rulers or because they do not produce rulers? If this is so, why not just add a few specialists who could give courses in ruling? We do have some professors who teach courses in government, Plato.

Yes, and you also have some professors who teach philosophy. But what they teach, L.I.D., is not philosophy or government. They merely teach a history of philosophy or of government. But I see you still don't understand.

I think, Plato, that it might help to clear things up if you would be more definitive about these philosophers and just how they differ from our specialists.

I think you're right, L.I.D.

(At this point L.I.D. and Plato get all tangled up in problems of epistemology. Plato surprises L.I.D. by admitting with Kantian candidness the possible impossibility of man's ever knowing anything valid about himself and his world, and even goes so far as to admit that man may be the measure of all things—if not man, who? But Plato pleads heuristic licence, and L.I.D. gives it to him. Plato then goes on to draw fine distinctions between opinion and truth, being and not-being, the true and the false philosopher, and concludes)—

Then, L.I.D., the true philosopher is a lover of truth, not of power or of personal glory, but of objective truth for its own sake?

Yes, that is agreed.

Our philosopher does not love one part of the truth, but is like the true lover who loves not only his friend's nose or hair, but all of her. And he will not love, say, only that section of English literature from 1660-1690, but will be interested in all of English literature. And he will not be interested merely in all of English literature, but will be desirous of knowing all of science and all of logic and all of sociology, etc.

That would seem to be rather presumptuous of him, Plato.

Seem what it may, our philosophers will seek to survey all time and existence, and they will take all knowledge to be their province.

That's all very well, Plato, but is it possible for one man in one lifetime to know all of man's knowledge? You know that it is on the assumption that it is not possible that the specialists exist.

Yes, L.I.D., in a sense it is. My quarrel with the specialists is just that—faced with the illimitable number of facts which the world has accumulated, they pick out a very few, spend a greater part of their life memorizing these facts, then pass this on to their students under the name of education. Of course, it is not possible for one man to know all the facts that are stored away in the millions of books in your thousands of libraries. Our philosophers will be well aware of this, and their approach to the situation will involve an attempt to search out the most important of the facts, the most valid of the theories, and to synthesize these for the purpose of gaining, not a skill in teaching, *but an attitude of life, and a store of wisdom with which to rule our State justly and intelligently.*

Do you not see? The facts and the theories will not become ends in themselves, but merely a means to a greater end. Let these specialists go off somewhere and bury themselves in their unimaginative accumulation of facts. They will be the drones of our hive, providing the material from which the philosophers will make the honey of their minds.

But won't they too be specialists?

In a sense, yes; specialists of non-specialability. But don't become confused, L.I.D. They will be philosophers of a different degree than those men you now adjudge to be philosophers, who are really logicians.

Perhaps I can better explain what I mean, L.I.D., if I briefly examine for you our curriculum, which will include three subjects: poetry, science, and logic. Now these subjects will all be taught by one man, our philosophers. Now the poet handles his material according to laws of feeling; the scientists his facts according to the laws of mathematics; and the logician according to the laws of semantics. Now our philosophers will combine in their personalities all three of these temperaments, and they will think will all three sets of these laws—and with a higher law, that of synthesis.

Our philosopher-professors when they come to teach poetry will not teach merely the history of poetry, when such and such a poet lived and died, etc., but what poetry is, and how it is made, and the poetic temper of mind; and when they come to the teaching of science they will not bother themselves with the drudgery of experimentation and the accumulation of a minute number of facts, but will teach the scientific method and the results and implications of scientific investigation as carried on by the "drones"; and when they come to teach logic they will not content themselves with a mere examination of what I thought or what Aristotle or Kant thought, but will teach the laws of thought and the laws of the mind's health. And above all they will seek to inspire in their students a love of wisdom for its own sake. There are many other things we should examine about these philosopher-professors, the necessity of their possessing a certain magnificence of mind, and of holding human life to be cheap, and not fearing death, and being not "covetous or mean, or a boaster, or a coward . . ."

But, L.I.D., we cannot drag on like this interminably. You see, if you grant me my premiss that the end of education, at least for the purposes of our university, is political wisdom, you are irrevocably committed to my conclusion that specialist-training must be supplanted by a training in philosophy, such as I have only touched upon this afternoon. I want to know if you will but give my scheme a chance?

Where are you going to get your philosopher-professors to start with, Plato?

Well, there are two fit candidates on your campus now, L.I.D. We can start with them; in time we will have trained and bred a sufficient number for our purpose.

Well, Plato, I think we must discuss this at more length, but I'll give it a chance.

Thank you, L.I.D. You know, perhaps eventually the other countries of the world will follow our example and set up colleges for the training of philosopher-rulers. That's the only possible way I can see of forever abolishing war, L.I.D.; when the philosophers are ruling the world.

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CHASTITY

(Continued from Page 10)

highly undesirable. And it is an empirical fact that he directs this energy into evil channels quite as frequently as he directs it into good channels.

He can use it to bully and exploit the poor; the energy can be used, indeed is being used in certain totalitarian societies, to breed a generation of "highly energetic militarists." This is true in Germany and Italy, and we note a significant fact, that this enforced monogamy carries with it the subjection of women. We shall mention this again later. The dictator utilizes this energy to develop an aggressive imperialism among his subjects. The individual utilizes it to realize selfish ends.

The whole problem, of course, is to direct the energy into only desirable and worthwhile channels. Science, art, literature, music, social reform . . . the motive power for which must be developed by sexual restraint.

There are perhaps three possible courses which society can take. One, it may remove restraint on pre-nuptial and post-nuptial sexual opportunity, and in that way, reduce its social energy. Or second, society may tighten the bonds of restraint and increase the amount of social energy, without however increasing the "ethical quality" of that energy. That is, without seeing to it that the energy is directed into desirable channels. Or thirdly, society may enforce pre-nuptial chastity and strict monogamy, at the same time taking care to maintain *absolute equality between the sexes*, and endeavoring to establish a co-operative, non-violent, progressive system in political, economic, religious and educational fields.

For society as a whole, therefore, the course we *should* take is apparent: the third one recommended. Continence, particularly among the upper classes, equality between men and women, and activity toward and adoption of a desirable system of human relations. Such a scheme (see Aldous Huxley: *Ends and Means: Ethics*) has never been given a fair trial heretofore.

IV. BACK TO YOU

All that's very good, you may be saying, but what about me, now? Am I to practice continence because my generation practices continence, or am I to be loose sexually because my generation happens to be that way?

Obviously, the answer depends upon the individual. The average man will probably accept the fashion. But the intelligent individual will realize that restraint, no matter what the fashion, is highly desirable. Absolute pre-nuptial chastity is, of course, the logical solution of the problem for those wishing the maximum of happiness from his or her life.

How about love? Love for one creature tends to make one love all creatures. "Moreover," says Mr. Huxley, "to be in love is, in many cases, to have achieved a state of being in which it becomes possible to have direct intuition of the essentially lovely nature of ultimate reality." One cannot hope to achieve this ideal end without accepting the means: absolute love and respect for the object of affection, unpossessive and unselfish love, which has its consummation in marriage, and which entails pre-nuptial chastity and limitation of sexual opportunity after marriage. The man who loves a woman enough that he wishes to marry her and who requires her to be a *virgine intactae*—as what thinking man doesn't?—cannot do less than retain his own virginity.

In other words, true unselfish love imposes continence on both individuals. Most intelligent men *do* require virginity of their wife-to-be, but they have little right to expect this if they themselves are unchaste. A word to the girls: The intelligent man—the one who you will want to marry—will require virginity of you, and if he is worth his salt will be as chaste as he expects you to be. Also, if your "true lover," even be you engaged, requires the bed before the marriage, then he becomes not a "true lover" but a common seducer. He becomes a selfish lover, seeking attachment rather than union and non-attachment, and what sensible girl wants to bind herself to such an individual?

Chastity, we conclude, is a great virtue in that it generates social force and makes for "individual awareness and non-attachment." This energy must always be directed by the two even greater virtues, love and intelligence.

Without chastity we cannot hope to rise to any kind of moral life superior to that of the animal. Chastity is the pre-condition to high ethical living. This is perhaps a hard conclusion, but we must remember (in the words of Mr. Huxley) that "our human nature is such that, if we are to realize the highest ethical ideals, we must do something which automatically makes the realization of those ideals more difficult."

Chastity, therefore (we repeat, because the conclusion is so very significant), is the difficult but the desirable, nay the necessary, course, if we are to realize all the powers of our physical, emotional and mental self. Unselfish love and controlling intelligence stand above chastity to direct the accumulated energy of continence into desirable, productive channels. This conclusion is inevitable in view of the overwhelming evidence of recorded experience which presents itself to the interested investigator.

SWAN SONG

(Continued from Page 1)

only college professors know the secret, your idea, opinion or ARCHIVE policy will immediately gain an indisputable validity. Strange, isn't it, that such familiarity with the dead should be the criterion of a live mind?

We'd like to add here, parenthetically, that while the ARCHIVE's policy can be stated positively as an aesthetic one, it can be stated negatively as being anti-pedantic. We're convinced that if Plato can handle the lofty ideas of his *Republic* without the aid of adverbs and adjectives, college students can express what semblances of an idea they possess in quite comprehensible phraseology, losing nothing thereby; gaining, as a matter of fact, in honesty. Pedantry, (educationality and intellectuality also), consists of nothing more than a blind faith in the profundity of polysyllabic obscurity.

However, back to our policy. We have intended it to be a little more subtle than as stated. We've secretly hoped that by "barking" our publication with the aid of a brass band, by printing something on a topic of universal interest—say, an article on the sex life of an acorn—you might, while you've had the magazine in your hands, be tricked into reading something worthwhile—say, an article on why most of you should quit college. That's hardly to be called subtle. Simple child psychology. You've all taken *Cascara*.

One of the more obvious aspects of our policy, our belligerence, has often brought upon us charges of *contra bonos mores*. Our reason for that is a conviction we can give you in two quotation marks. "Every beast is tended by blows." We're serious about that, however, for we have firm convictions about the atrophied state of the average college mind; cf. ARCHIVE, 1938; Vol. LI, No. 5; *College Mind*, pp. 2 and 28. It's a fact that were Alighieri Dante to rise up in this century to distribute the justice of his *Comedy*, college students would certainly be relegated to the most unpleasant part of his Hell.

If you want that part of our policy in the language of sport: the ARCHIVE believes that a good offense is the best defense. The ARCHIVE, you can be sure, never punts on first downs.

To broaden our point of view a bit, we'd like to state as another modification of our policy the firm belief that Duke University sadly needs a radical, extreme force in its midst—whether it wants one or not. Things, we felt, and still feel, needed and need stirring up. An extreme of inertness and sluggishness needs to be combatted with an opposite extreme. How do you set a pendulum in motion? By giving it a hard push to the left. Yes, even pure destructive criticism is better than none.

Of course, it is well known that anyone who indulges himself in the pleasures of criticism along Tobacco Road puts himself in an unenviable position, for any critical observations about Duke University are always assumed to have their origin in an anti-Duke spirit. A little more thought would show that more often than not such criticism springs from a more vital affection and interest in Duke than a sit back and say nothing attitude. If there is any reason for Duke University's sensitiveness, it is not at all flattering, for it would seem to betray a nervous consciousness of grave weaknesses.

As a matter of fact, Duke University recently disappointed many of its thinking students by publicly dedicating itself to a policy condoning the stultifying atrophy of its student body. In committing itself to a policy that includes the determination to remain aloof from the "pressure of immediacies," Duke University is showing itself to be as blind and dogmatically childminded and unprogressive as the medieval Catholic church, which succeeded for centuries, with a similar creed, in keeping its peoples groveling on its knees in ignorance and superstition.

Now we do not hold any individuals at fault for this, nor do we think Duke offers a unique case of freedom suppressed, though it might exemplify an extreme example. A university that is dependent upon rich benefactors with all sorts of political and monetary affiliations cannot be free. And many colleges other than Duke yearly burn their Brunos at the stake of that myth, "academic freedom." There are very few American colleges that can boast of freedom of speech, supposedly the most inalienable of all man's rights. Those facts in mind make one more tolerant, and constitute an explanation, but they in no way constitute for Duke or any other university an excuse.

What would we suggest? Two things. That Duke University rid itself of its narrow patristic attitude towards its student body and recognize that it is the privilege of its students to make intellectual fools of themselves and that their efforts along those lines are more of a credit to Duke University than none at all. And that underneath its creed of *erudito et religio* it add: "I heartily disapprove of what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it."

Well, back to the ARCHIVE. It is inevitable that in the future the ARCHIVE will slip back into its rut of dull pedantry, "safe" harmless mental torpor. But we are satisfied if we've given it a little life, if we've put a little color into its cheeks, if we've made it a little more attractive. It has been too much like a girl with glasses these past years. What it is now we can only quote you authorities for and hope that the bloom in its cheeks is not that of the consumptive.

Duke University

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